



[Becket]
(Shakespeare)

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[Becket]
(Chakrestear)

[Gay Andrew Becket]

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A

C O N C O R D A N C E

T O

S H A K E S P E A R E:

SUITED TO ALL THE EDITIONS,

IN WHICH

THE DISTINGUISHED AND PARALLEL PASSAGES
IN THE PLAYS OF THAT JUSTLY ADMIRERD
WRITER ARE METHODICALLY
ARRANGED.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

THREE HUNDRED NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,

ENTIRELY NEW.

[By Andrew Becket]

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR G. G. J. AND J. ROBINSON,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

M.DCC.LXXXVII.

1787.

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M DCC LXXXIII.

ADVERTISEMENT.

SHAKESPEARE is deservedly placed at the head of our Dramatic Writers. There is not, however, at this time, any necessity for inquiring into his several merits and excellencies: they have been already particularly pointed out by his very numerous commentators. The design of the present publication, is to bring into one view the parallel passages of the poet, so as to form a kind of Concordance to his works. The utility of such a compilation must be obvious, and indeed especially so, when it is considered, as is observed by Dr. Johnson,—“that the plays
“of Shakespeare are filled with practical ax-
“ioms and domestic wisdom; and that a sys-
“tem of civil and economical prudence may
“be collected from them.” The Editor is therefore in hope, as it has been his study, in the following selection, to make choice of such particular passages of his author, as might serve to confirm the justness and propriety of

the preceding remark, that he may stand acquitted in the opinion of the public, as to any error in judgment, with regard to the undertaking now before them. In a word, he wishes it to be remembered, that the plan is not entirely his own, but that he has in a great measure fallen in with, and adopted the sentiments of the eminent writer already named.

The method pursued throughout the work, will be seen in the following sketch or example :

H O N O U R.

——— For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare : for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. *Winter's Tale, A. 3, S. 2.*

——— This thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoken of it ! In me 'tis villainy ;
In thee it had been good service. Thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour :
Mine honour it. *Antony and Cleopatra, A. 2, S. 7.*

——— Rightly, to be great
Is not to stir without great argument ;
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When Honour's at the stake. *Hamlet, A. 4, S. 4.*

A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of
honour. *All's well that ends well, A. 4, S. 5.*

Mine

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate :
 Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
 Holds honour far more precious dear than life.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 5, S. 3.

—— Honour but of danger wins a scar;
 As oft it loses all. *All's well that ends well, A. 3, S. 2.*

Set Honour in one eye and Death i' the other,
 And I will look on both indifferently :
 For let the gods so speed me, as I love
 The name of Honour more than I fear Death.

Julius Cæsar, A. 1, S. 2.

—— Let higher Italy see that you come,
 Not to woo Honour, but to wed it.

All's well that ends well, A. 2, S. 1.

—— His honour,
 Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
 Exception bid him speak, and, at that time,
 His tongue obey'd his hand.

All's well that ends well, A. 1, S. 2.

A jewel in a ten-times barr'd up chest,
 Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
 Mine honour is my life; both grow in one :
 Take honour from me, and my life is done.

Richard II. A. 1, S. 1.

—— I am not covetous for gold;
 Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost;
 Such outward things dwell not in my desires :
 But, if it be a sin to covet honour,
 I am the most offending soul alive. *Henry V. A. 4, S. 3.*

Well, 'tis no matter; Honour pricks me on. Yea, but
 how

how if Honour prick me off when I come on? Can Honour
set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the
grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery
then? No.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 5, S. 1.

In like manner with the above, the Editor has endeavoured to exhibit the most striking sentiments of the "*great poet of nature*," cleared of all impurities, of all "eye-offending" drofs*. He has broken and disjointed several of the speeches, but this must not be urged against him as a fault:—The nature of the work demanded it; and as the reader is referred to the act and scene of every play, in which the more beautiful of such speeches are to be found, and as there are likewise innumerable compilations in which they are given entire, there is consequently the less occasion for apology. It is hoped, moreover, that no one will object to the arrangement of any of the passages, by saying, "I would have disposed them in a different manner," but rather remember, that there is no particular rule or standard by which to be governed

* It must not be imagined, from what is here said, that the Editor has at any time presumed to alter a single expression of Shakespeare; but only, that he has occasionally omitted an exceptionable line or two.

in such a matter. The Editor, indeed, is sensible that the order in which they are placed, is not always strictly proper. This, however, is not occasioned by negligence, but from an unwillingness to multiply the heads, or divisions, which are already sufficiently numerous. In fine, he has regulated them in the way which to him appeared the best. The Editor repeats---The intention in the present selection is, to make the poet sometimes speak in *maxims* or *sentences*, according to the idea of Dr. Johnson; and at other times to give his description of one and the same affection or passion, as it is seen in different persons and at different seasons: or, as it may be called forth by accidental, by foreign and opposed circumstances*.

With respect to the notes, which are to be met with in the following pages, and which are distinguished by the initials A. B. they are the efforts of a young, but zealous critic; of one who is desirous of rendering Shake-

* Such particular passages, however, as are intimately connected with the fable and characters, or which, from the train of the dialogue, would scarcely be understood when standing alone, are not to be expected here.

peare as clear and perspicuous as possible *. The indulgence of the reader is requested for them; and if the writer shall be found to have thrown a light on some of the obscurities of a favourite author, the world will no doubt readily acknowledge it, and amply reward him for his labours.

L O N D O N,
October 31, 1787.

* He has likewise in his possession a considerable number of observations on such passages of the poet as come not within the plan of the present work. If duly encouraged, he means to publish them without delay.

A

CONCORDANCE

T O

SHAKESPEARE.

A B S

A C Q

ABSTINENCE.

HE doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others. *Meas. for Meas.* A. 4, S. 2.

ACQUAINTANCE.

¹ Talk logick with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetorick in your common talk.
Taming of the Shrew, A. 1, S. 1.

[¹ *Talk logick.*] The old copies read *Balcke* logick, &c. MALONE.
“Balke logick” is right: *Balke*, with the writers of Shakespeare’s time is *omit.*—“Never regard truth, says Tranio, in
“your worldly transactions; but be flourishing and rhetorical
“in your ordinary discourse.” This is the language of a man
who knows the world. A. B.

B

ACT,

A C T, A C T I O N, A C T I O N S.

——— Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens. *Wint. Tale*, A. 4, S. 3.

——— If powers divine
Behold our human actions (as they do),
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. *Winter's Tale*, A. 3, S. 2.

——— Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
Hamlet, A. 1, S. 3.

——— Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue, hypocrite; ¹ takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths. *Hamlet*, A. 3, S. 4.

——— Her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful: do not shun her,
Until you see her die again: for then
You kill her double. *Winter's Tale*, A. 5, S. 3.

——— The rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance. *Tempest*, A. 5, S. 1.

¹ *Takes off the rose.*] Alluding to the custom of wearing roses on the side of the face. WARBURTON.

I believe Dr. Warburton is mistaken; for it must be allowed that there is a material difference between an ornament worn on the forehead, and one exhibited on the side of the face. STEEVENS.

It is not a little extraordinary that the commentators should be for considering literally, expressions that are purely metaphorical. Rose is beauty, and blister is deformity. The meaning plainly is, renders love, which is naturally beautiful, ugly and deformed.

A. B.

——— Look

—— Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable.—Do not look upon me,
Lest with this piteous action, you convert
My stern effects.

Hamlet, A. 3, S. 4.

Either our history shall, with full mouth,
Speak freely of our acts; or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph¹.

Henry V. A. 1, S. 2.

As many several ways meet in one town;
As many fresh streams run in one self sea;
As many lines close in the dial's center;
So may a thousand actions, once a-foot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat.

Henry V. A. 1, S. 2.

My lord of Hereford, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
And if you crown him, let me prophesy,—
The blood of English shall manure the ground,

¹ *With a waxen epitaph.*] The quarto, 1608, reads with a *paper* epitaph.

Either a *waxen* or *paper* epitaph, is an epitaph easily obliterated or destroyed; one which can confer no lasting honour on the dead.

STEEVENS.

“Waxen” is hardly right; for to say that his tomb should *not* have a waxen epitaph, *i. e.* one that is easily obliterated, is entirely adverse to the meaning of Henry. We must, therefore, read,

“Not worshipp'd with a *wissen* epitaph.”

To *wisse* is to *teach*, to *instruct*.

The meaning is, *without an epitaph, to set forth his virtues or his deeds in arms.*

After all, however, “a paper epitaph” may be right. But *paper epitaph* must not be interpreted literally: it means not an epitaph written on paper to be placed on a tomb—but an *history*, the memoirs of Henry's life. Unless we effect the business in hand (says the king), we wish not to be honoured, or to have our memory respected. Thus the reasoning is just and pertinent.

A. B.

And future ages groan for this foul act.

Richard II. A. 4, S. 1.

There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head but I am thrust upon it: Well, I cannot last ever: but it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 1, S. 2.

Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done;
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful.

Julius Caesar, A. 3, S. 1.

But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye.

King John, A. 5, S. 1.

—— If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb,
Will serve to strangle thee.

K. John, A. 4, S. 3.

—— What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cry'd up
For our best act.

Henry VIII. A. 1, S. 2.

—— We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear

¹ *By sick, &c.]* The modern editors read, *or* weak ones; but *once* is not unfrequently used for *sometime*, or at *one time or other*, among our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

The disjunctive particle *or* is certainly wrong; *once* is not, in this place, to be taken in the sense which Mr. S. would willingly affix to it. The meaning is, “interpreters who are at once sick
“and weak.” We may read, perhaps,

“By sick interpreters *and* weak ones, is”

A. B.
To

To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd. *Henry VIII. A. 1, S. 2.*

My lords, I care not, if my actions
Were try'd by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so even. *Henry VIII. A. 3, S. 1.*

I have done as you have done; that's what I can:
Induc'd, as you have been; that's for my country:
He, that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act. *Coriolanus, A. 1, S. 9.*

Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it (here be with them),
Thy knee buffing the stones, for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears. *Coriolanus, A. 3, S. 2.*

Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries;
As motion, and long-during action, tires
The finewy vigour of the traveller.
Love's Labour Lost, A. 4, S. 3.

—— We are oft to blame in this—
'Tis too much prov'd—that, with devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself. *Hamlet, A. 3, S. 1.*

Hear me profess sincerely:—Had I a dozen sons,
each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine
and my good Marcius—I had rather have eleven die
nobly for their country, than one voluptuously sur-
feit out of action. *Coriolanus, A. 1, S. 3.*

A C T O R.

POL. The actors are come hither, my lord.

HAM. Buz, buz!¹

POL. Upon mine honour,—— *Hamlet, A. 2, S. 2.*

B 3

ADVAN-

¹ *Buz, buz!*] Mere idle talk; the buz of the vulgar. JOHNSON.
Buzzer

ADVANTAGE.

Thus says my king :—Say thou to Harry of England, though we seemed dead, we did but sleep: Advantage is a better foldier, than rashness; Tell him, we cou'd have rebuked him at Harfleur; but that we thought not good to bruise an injury, till it were full ripe.

Henry V. A. 3, S. 6.

ADVERSITY.

A wretched foul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much or more, we should ourselves complain.

Comedy of Errors, A. 2, S. 1.

Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

As you like it, A. 2, S. 1.

AFFECTIONS.

—When his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,

Buzzer, in a subsequent scene of this play, is used for a *busy talker*.

“And wants not *buzzers* to infect his ear.”

It is therefore probable, from the answer of Polonius, that *buz* was used, as Dr. Johnson supposes, for an idle rumour, without foundation.

MALONE.

When Hamlet says “*buz, buz!*” he cannot mean by it *mere idle talk*, because he had already been informed by Guildenstern that the players were actually arrived. I understand the expression thus:—The Prince is vexed at the officious intrusion of Polonius into his presence, and exclaims, “*buz, buz!*—now shall I be tormented with your chattering.” Polonius mistaking Hamlet, and thinking that he doubts the truth of his news, replies—“upon mine honour,” &c.

A. B.

O, with

O, with what wings shall his affections fly,
Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay !

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 4. S. 4.

I saw Bassanio and Anthonio part :
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return ; he answer'd—Do not so,
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
And with affection wond'rous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

Merchant of Venice, A. 2, S. 8.

What he hath taken away from thy father per-force,
I will render thee again in affection ; by mine honour,
I will ; and when I break that oath, let me turn
monster.

As you like it, A. 1, S. 2.

My wife comes foremost ; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection !
All bond and privilege of nature, break !
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate. *Coriolan. A. 5, S. 3.*

—Brave conquerors !—for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires.

Love's Labour Lost, A. 1, S. 1.

If drawing my sword against the humour of affection
would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it,
I would take desire prisoner, and ransom him to any
French courtier for a new devised court'sy.

Love's Labour Lost, A. 1. S. 2.

—Beseech you, let her will
Have a free way. ¹ I therefore beg it not
To please the palate of my appetite ;

Nor

¹ ————— I therefore beg it not
To please the palate of my appetite ;
Nor to comply with heat, (the young affects,
In me defunct) and proper satisfaction ;
But, &c.]

Nor to comply with heat, (the young affects,
In me defunct) and proper satisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:
And heaven defend your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant,
For she is with me. *Othello*, A. 1, S. 3.

I remember, one said, there were no *fallets* in the
lines², to make the matter *favoury*; nor no matter
in the phrase, that might indite the author of *affec-*
*tion*³: but called it an honest method; as wholesome
as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine.
Hamlet, A. 2, S. 2.

O, she, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her! *Twelfth Night*, A. 1. S. 1.

Very many notes have been written on these seemingly difficult
lines, but without discovering the poet's meaning. A very slight
change will give sufficient clearness to the passage, and consistency
to *Othello's* speech. I read,

(the young affects,

In me conjunct), &c.

The meaning will therefore be,—I beg it not to comply with
heat, nor yet in consideration of the young affections (alluding
to his recent marriage), which may very naturally be supposed to
be *conjunct*, or joining, in this my request; but, &c. A. B.

² *There were no fallets in the lines.*] Such is the reading of the old
copies. I know not why the latter editors have adopted the al-
teration of Mr. Pope, and read, *no salt*, &c. STEEVENS.

“No *fallets* in the lines” is nonsense; and *no salt* in the lines
is not right. The poet has here, as is very common with him,
adopted a French word, viz. *saletés*, i. e. *smut*, or *smuttiness*. *Dire*
des saletés, is, *to talk lewdly*. *Saletés* having been at first printed
without the accent, was read *saletes*, and thence arose the
mistake. A. B.

³ — *indite the author of affection.*] i. e. Convict the author of
being a fantastical, affected writer. STEEVENS.

“Affection” is not, in this place, I believe, *affected* or *fantasti-*
cal. “No matter in the phrase that might indite the author of
“affection,” seems to mean, *that he was a cold, uninteresting writer,*
that he did not speak from the heart. A. B.

AFFLICTION

AFFLICTION.

—Tell my friends,
 Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
 From high to low throughout, that whoſo pleaſe
 To ſtop affliction, let him take his haſte,
 Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
 And hang himſelf. *Timon, A. 5, S. 2.*

—Had it pleas'd heaven
 To try me with affliction ; had he rain'd
 All kind of ſores, and ſhames, on my bare head,
 Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips ;
 Given to captivity me and my utmoſt hopes ;
 I ſhould have found in ſome place of my ſoul
 A drop of patience. *Othello, A. 4, S. 2.*

—O, you mighty Gods !
 This world I do renounce ; and, in your fights,
 Shake patiently my great affliction off :
 If I could bear it longer, and not fall
 To quarrel with your great oppoſeleſs wills,
 My ſnuff, and loathed part of nature, ſhould
 Burn itſelf out. *Lear, A. 4, S. 6.*

—Henceforth, I'll bear
 Affliction, till it do cry out itſelf,
 Enough, enough, and die. *Lear, A. 4, S. 6.*
 Proſperity's the very bond of love ;
 Whoſe freſh complexion, and whoſe heart together,
 Affliction alters. *Winter's Tale, A. 4, S. 3.*

—What's gone, and what's paſt help,
 Should be paſt grief : Do not receive affliction
 At my petition, I beſeech you !
Winter's Tale, A. 3, S. 2.

I think, affliction may ſubdue the check,
 But not take in the mind. *Winter's Tale, A. 4, S. 3.*

—Nay,

——Nay, forfooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions¹,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here.

King Henry VIII. A. 3, S. 1.

A G E.

——The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
And his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound.

As you like it, A. 2, S. 7.

A I R.

——When he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences.

Henry V. A. 1, S. 1.

——Thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white, up-turned wond'ring eyes

¹ ——— *weigh out my afflictions.*] This phrase is obscure. To *weigh out*, is, in modern language, *to deliver by weight*; but this sense cannot be here admitted. To *weigh* is likewise to *deliberate upon*, to *consider with due attention*. This may perhaps be meant. Or the phrase, *to weigh out*, may signify *to counterbalance*, *to counteract* with equal force. JOHNSON.

To *weigh out*, is the same as to *outweigh*. STEEVENS.

I understand the passage thus: The Queen would insinuate that she is the child of affliction, as we would say; and that such she must be content to remain. She at the same time hints, however, that her friends, who in such a case would *weigh out*, or *apportion her afflictions*, and who would consequently make them as easy and light as possible, were absent; and that she has nothing to hope for from the Cardinals, who would rather endeavour to heap misfortunes on her head.

A. B.
Of

Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Romeo, A. 2, S. 2.

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of you common men.

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 3, S. 1.

—— You leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-piercing air,
That sings with piercing.¹

All's well that ends well, A. 3, S. 2.

All those which were his fellows but of late,
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.

Timon, A. 1, S. 1.

¹ ——— move the still-piercing air,
That sings with piercing.]

The words are here oddly shuffled into nonsense. We should read,

“—— pierce the still-moving air,
“This sings with piercing.”

i. e. pierce the air, which is in perpetual motion, and suffers no injury by piercing.

WARBURTON.

Perhaps we might better read, “The still-piecing air,” *i. e.* the air that closes immediately.

STEEVENS.

“Still-piecing air” is very harsh. The old copy reads, “Still peering air.”——*Peering*, I think, may have been printed in mistake for *fleering*, and the words which immediately follow (“that sings with piercing”) somewhat strengthens my conjecture. “Pierce,” says Helena, “the air, that regards not your attack—that *fleers*, that mocks, that laughs, in short, at your power, but do not touch Bertram.”

A. B.

—— What,

—— What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moist trees,
That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? *Timon*, A. 4, S. 3.

—— The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! *Winter's Tale*, A. 5, S. 1.

—— The air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses¹. *Macbeth*, A. 1, S. 6.

A M B I T I O N.

As Cæsar lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was
fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour
him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: There
are tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour,
for his valour; and death, for his ambition.

Julius Cæsar, A. 3, S. 2.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

¹ *Unto our gentle senses*] How odd a character is this of the air,
that it *recommends itself* to all the senses, not excepting the sight
and hearing. Without doubt we should read “Unto our general
“sense,” meaning the *touch* or *feeling*, which not being confined
to one part, like the rest of the senses, but extended over the
whole body, the poet, by a fine periphrasis, calls the *general*
sense. WARBURTON.

Senses are nothing more than each *man's sense*. Gentle sense is
very elegant, as it means *placid, calm, composed*, and intimates
the peaceable delight of a fine day. JOHNSON.

There is no necessity for Dr. Warburton's alteration. As to
Dr. Johnson's explanation of the present reading, it is no way
satisfactory. I read,

—— The air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself:—
Gentle unto our sense.

i. e. Soft, bland, pleasing to the sense.

A. B.
Whose

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
 When that the poor have cry'd, Cæsar hath wept ;
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
 And Brutus is an honourable man !

Julius Cæsar, A. 3, S. 2.

—— ¹ 'Tis a common proof,
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
 Whereto the climber upwards turns his face :
 But when he once attains the upmost round,
 He then unto the ladder turns his back ;
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
 By which he did ascend. *Julius Cæsar, A. 2, S. 1.*

Ah ! gracious lord, these days are dangerous !
 Virtue is choak'd with foul ambition,
 And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand ;
 Foul subornation is predominant,
 And equity exil'd your highness' land.

Henry VI. P. 2. A. 3, S. 1.

—— Fare thee well, great heart !
 Ill weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk !
 When that this body did contain a spirit,
 A kingdom for it was too small a bound ;
 But now, two paces of the vilest earth
 Is room enough. *Henry IV. P. 1. A. 5, S. 4.*

You all did see, that, on the lupercal,
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
 And, sure he is an honourable man.
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.

Julius Cæsar, A. 3, S. 2.

¹ *Common proof.*] Common experiment. JOHNSON.
 Rather, continually *seen* or *found*. The substantive for the verb.

— Urge them, while their souls
Are capable of this ambition;
Left zeal, now melted, by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

King John, A. 2, S. 2.

— Love, and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition;
I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Henry VIII. A. 5, S. 2.

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels, how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.

Henry VIII. A. 3, S. 2.

A M I T Y.

Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity. *Merchant of Venice, A. 3, S. 4.*

A N G E R.

— To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first: Anger is like
A full-hot horse; who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. *Henry VIII. A. 1, S. 1.*

Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding—Come, let's go:
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. *Coriolanus, A. 4, S. 2.*

— It engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere, that both of us did fast,—
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are cholerick,—

Than

Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.

Taming of the Shrew, A. 4, S. 2.

—— Touch me with noble anger!

O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,

Stain my man's cheeks!

Lear, A. 2, S. 4.

A N G L I N G.

The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish

Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,

And greedily devour the treacherous bait.

Much ado about nothing, A. 3, S. 1.

A N S W E R.

The answer is as ready as a borrow'd cap^r.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 2, S. 2.

A P P L A U S E.

O, thou fond many! with what loud applause

Did'st thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,

Before he was what thou would'st have him be!

And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,

Thou beastly feeder, art so full of him,

That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 1, S. 3.

^r *The answer is as ready as a borrow'd cap.*] But how is a borrow'd cap so ready? read a *borrower's cap*, and then there is some humour in it; for a man that goes to borrow money is of all others the most complaisant; his cap is always at hand.

WARBURTON.

Perhaps the old reading, *a borrow'd cap*, might be right. Falstaff's followers, when they stole any thing, called it a *purchase*. A *borrowed cap* might be a *stolen* one; which is sufficiently ready, being, as Falstaff says, *to be found on every hedge*. MALONE.

Perhaps we should read, *as ready as borrow'd crap*. *Crap*, in vulgar language, is *money*. The expression is such as may well be expected from Poins.

The meaning will be, that borrowed money, as it is easily gotten, so it is frequently squandered with little thought; or, according to the proverb, "lightly come, lightly go." A. B.

—— No

—— No man is the lord of any thing,
 (Though in and of him there is much confisting)
 Till he communicate his parts to others :—
 Nor doth he of himself know them for aught,
 Till he behold them form'd in the applause
 Where they are extended.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 3, S. 3.

A R R O W.

I go, I go ; look, how I go ;
 Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 3, S. 2.

In my school days, when I had lost one shaft,
 I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
 The self-same way, with more advised watch,
 To find the other forth ; and by advent'ring both,
 I oft found both. *Merchant of Venice*, A. 1, S. 1.

That which I owe is lost : but if you please
 To shoot another arrow that self way
 Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
 As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
 Or bring your latter hazard back again.

Merchant of Venice, A. 1, S. 1.

A R T.

—— Graves, at my command,
 Have wak'd their sleepers ; op'd and let them forth
 By my so potent art. *Tempest*, A. 5, S. 1.

—— I must
 Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
 Some vanity of mine art *Tempest*, A. 4, S. 1.

I would I had bestow'd that time in the tongues,
 that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-bating ;
 O, had I but followed the arts !

Twelfth Night, A. 1, S. 3.

Navarre

Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.

Love's Labour Lost, A. 1, S. 1.

A T T E M P T.

The quality and hair of our attempt¹
Brooks no division. *Henry IV.* P. 1, A. 4, S. 1.

A U T H O R I T Y.

—— So please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens (thine and ours) to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power², and thy good name
Live with authority. *Timon of Athens*, A. 5, S. 2.

I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him

¹ *The quality and hair of our attempt.*] The *hair* seems to be the complexion, the character. The metaphor appears harsh to us, but perhaps was familiar in our author's time. We still say something is *against the hair*, or *against the grain*, that is, against the natural tendency. JOHNSON.

I am not satisfied with this interpretation, and therefore read,

“The quality and *aire* of our attempt.”

An *aire*, or *airy*, is the nest of a bird of prey: which nests are always built on the tops of the loftiest trees. The sense of the passage is,—our attempt being great and *towering*, &c. A. B.

² *Allow'd with absolute power.*] This is neither English nor sense. We should read,

“Hallow'd with absolute power.”

i. e. thy power shall be held *sacred*. For absolute power being an attribute of the gods, the ancients thought that he, who held it in society, was become sacred, and his person inviolable. On this account the Romans called the tribunitial power of the Emperors, *sacrosancta potestas*. WARBURTON.

Allowed is *licensed*, *privileged*, *uncontrolled*. So of a buffoon, in *Love's Labour Lost*, it is said, that he is *allowed*, that is, at liberty to say what he will, a privileged scoffer. JOHNSON.

“Allow'd with absolute power,” is, *absolute power shall be allowed or granted thee*. What can possibly be clearer? A. B.

with any convenience, an he were double and double
a lord. *All's well that ends well*, A. 2, S. 3.

—— My authority bears a credent bulk,
That no particular scandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather.

Measure for Measure, A. 4, S. 4.

—— Authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top.

Measure for Measure, A. 2, S. 2.

B.

B A B E S.

AS looks the mother on her lovely babe,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see, the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast!

Henry VI. P. 1, A. 3, S. 3.

Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their babes?

Henry VI. P. 1, A. 2, S. 3.

—— In thy fight to die, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle babe,
Dying with mother's dug between its lips.

Henry VI. P. 2, A. 3, S. 2.

—— Spare not the babe,
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle

Hath

Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,
And mince it fans remorse. *Timon, A. 4, S. 3.*

Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
Hover about me with your airy wings.
Richard III. A. 4, S. 4.

Thus lay the gentle babes, girdling each other
Within their alabaster innocent arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other,
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd.
Richard III. A. 4, S. 3.

B A C C H U S.

Come thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne.¹
Antony and Cleopatra, A. 2, S. 7.

B A C H E L O R.

When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not
think I should live till I were marry'd.
Much ado about nothing, A. 2, S. 3.

Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again?
Go to, i' faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck
into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sun-
days.
Much ado about nothing, A. 1, S. 1.

¹ ——— *with pink eyne.*] Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary, says a pink eye is a small eye, and quotes this passage for his authority. Pink eyne, however, may be red eyes. Eyes inflamed with drinking are very well appropriated to Bacchus. STEEVENS.

“Pink eyne,” in this place, I believe, are neither small eyes nor red eyes, but twinkling eyes; and such as are usually observed in drunken persons. To pink, is to wink with the eyes. “He is quite pinky,” for “he is quite fuddled,” is now made use of in ordinary conversation. A. B.

———¹ Thy broom groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves.

Tempest, A. 4, S. 1.

B A N I S H M E N T.

When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me: and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:

'Till then I banish thee. *Henry IV.* P. 2, A. 5, S. 5.

——— Ha! banishment?

It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.

Timon of Athens, A. 3, S. 5.

B A N K R U P T.

Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?

As you like it, A. 2, S. 1.

B A R B A R I S M.

Whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism², and policy grows into an ill opinion.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 5, S. 4.

B A S E-

¹ ——— and thy broom groves.] A grove of *broom*, I believe, was never heard of, as it is a low shrub, and not a tree. Hammer reads *brown* groves. STEEVENS.

Broom is here used adjectively, I believe, for *thick*, *close*. The broom shrub is remarkably close knit, and almost impervious. A. B.

² ——— to proclaim barbarism.] To set up the authority of ignorance, to declare that they will be governed by policy no longer. JOHNSON.

To *proclaim*, means in this place, I think, to *shew*, and not to

B A S E N E S S.

——— Thou art not noble ;
For all the accommodations, that thou bear'st,
Are nurs'd by baseness. *Meas. for Meas.* A. 3, S. 1.

B A S I L I S K.

Yet do not go away ;—Come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight ;
For in the shade of death I shall find joy ;
In life, but double death, now Gloster's dead.
Henry VI. P. 2, A. 3, S. 2.

Make me not fought like the basilisk :
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so.

Winter's Tale, A. 1, S. 2.

B A T T L E.

Lift his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music :
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter. *Henry V.* A. 1, S. 1.

——— I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. *Lear,* A. 3, S. 2.

Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontrol'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.

Richard II. A. 1, S. 3.

to declare. *The Greeks, by their actions, seem degenerating into barbarism—They shew an inclination to barbarism.* This, I believe, is the meaning, and not, as Dr. Johnson supposes, that they openly declare they will not any longer be governed by policy. A. B.

Little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself. *Othello*, A. 1, S. 3.

— Of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm;
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws;
And being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on,
To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 3, S. 2.

The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them. *Julius Cæsar*, A. 2, S. 2.

'Tis positive 'gainst all exception, lords,
That our superfluous lacqueys, and our peasants,
Who, in unnecessary action, swarm
About our squares of battle,—were enough
To purge this field of such a hilding foe.

Henry V. A. 4, S. 2.

— Their executors the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.
Description cannot suit itself in words,
To demonstrate the life of such a battle
In life so lifeless as it shews itself.

Henry V. A. 4, S. 2.

B A W C O C K.

Why, that's my bawcock¹.

Winter's Tale, A. 1, S. 2.

B E A U T Y.

¹ *Why, that's my bawcock.*] Perhaps from *beau* and *coq*. It is still said, in vulgar language, that such a one is a *jolly cock*, a *cock of the game*.

B E A U T Y.

—— Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it.

Merchant of Venice, A. 3, S. 2.

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

As you like it, A. 1, S. 3.

—— My beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Nor utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.

Love's Labour Lost, A. 2, S. 1.

As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak.

Henry VI. P. 1, A. 5, S. 4.

Oh fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly;
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands.
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.

Henry VI. P. 1, A. 5, S. 4.

'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;
But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small:
'Tis virtue, that doth make them most admir'd;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at.

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 1, S. 4.

She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to faint-seducing gold:

Mr. Steevens is right, I believe, in saying that "bawcock" comes from *beau* and *cog*; but it can hardly be supposed that Leontes, a king, should call his son a *jolly cock*, or a *cock of the game*.

"That's my bawcock," *i. e.* that's my fine fellow.

The Scots say, "Bra Cock." *Bra* is contracted of *brave*. A. B.

O, she is rich in beauty !

Romeo and Juliet, A. 1, S. 1.

—— He lost a wife,
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes ; whose words all ears took captive ;
Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serve,
Humbly call'd mistrefs.

All's well that ends well, A. 5, S. 3.

Your beauty was the cause of that effect ;
Your beauty which did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Richard III. A. 1, S. 2.

I never su'd to friend, nor enemy ;
My tongue could never learn sweet soothing word ;
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart fues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

Richard III. A. 1, S. 2.

You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes ! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride ! *Lear, A. 2, S. 4.*

My lord and master loves you ; O, such love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty ! *Twelfth Night, A. 1, S. 5.*
'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.

Twelfth Night, A. 1, S. 5.

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright !
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an Æthiope's ear ;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear !

Romeo and Juliet, A. 1, S. 5.

—— Black masks
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder

Than

Than beauty could display'd.

Measure for Measure, A. 2, S. 4.

The hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good: the goodness, that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, should keep the body of it ever fair.

Measure for Measure, A. 3, S. 1.

—— Beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

Much ado about nothing, A. 2, S. 1.

B E G G A R.

I see, Sir, you are liberal in offers:

You taught me first to beg; and now, methinks,

You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Merchant of Venice, A. 4, S. 1.

B L O O D.

O, what authority and shew of truth

Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,

To witness simple virtue?

Much ado about nothing, A. 4, S. 1.

Wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body,
we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory.

Much ado about nothing, A. 2, S. 3.

—— Why, how now, gentlemen?

What see you in those papers, that you lose

So much complexion? look ye, how they change!

Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there,

That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood

Out of appearance?

Henry V. A. 2, S. 2.

—— He, to day that sheds his blood with me,

Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,

This day shall gentle his condition;

And gentlemen in England, now a bed,

Shall

Shall think themselves accurs'd, they were not here.

Henry V. A. 4, S. 3.

——— Tell him, we will come on,
Though France himself, and such another neighbour
Stand in our way. If we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour.

Henry V. A. 3, S. 6.

——— Those that could speak low, and tardily,
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him : so that, in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others. *Henry IV. P. 2, A. 2, S. 3.*

Prince Harry is valiant : the cold blood he did
naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean,
steril, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled,
with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good
store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot,
and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first hu-
man principle I would teach them, should be,—to
forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to
sack.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 4, S. 3.

——— The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity, till now :
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea ;
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 5, S. 2.

O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !

Julius Cæsar, A. 3, S. 1.

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,

Who

Who else must be let blood, who else is rank :
 If I myself, there is no hour so fit
 As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument
 Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
 With the most noble blood of all this world.

Julius Cæsar, A. 3, S. 1.

Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
 Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
 It would become me better than to close
 In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

Pardon me, Julius! *Julius Cæsar*, A. 3, S. 1.

¹ She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,
 Which, like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
 Did run pure blood ; and many lusty Romans
 Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
 And these does she apply for warnings, and portents
 And evils imminent.

Julius Cæsar, A. 2, S. 2.

I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat,
 In drops of crimson blood².

Henry V. A. 4, S. 4.

———— Be

¹ *She dreamt to-night she saw my statue.*] The defect of the metre in this line, and a redundant syllable in another a little lower, show, that this passage, like many others, has suffered by the carelessness of the transcriber. It ought, perhaps, to be regulated thus :

She dreamt to-night she saw my statue, which,
 Like a fountain with a hundred spouts, did run
 Pure blood ; and many lusty Romans came
 Smiling, and did bathe their hands in't ; and these
 Does she apply for warnings, and portents
 Of evils imminent.

MALONE.

It will read better thus :—

She dreamt to-night she saw my statue, which,
 Like to a fountain with a hundred spouts,
 Did run pure blood ; and many lusty Romans
 Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
 These she applies for warnings, and portents
 Of evils imminent.

A. B.

² For, *I will fetch thy rym out at thy throat,*
In drops of crimson blood.] We should read,

I will

——— Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low crooked curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.

Julius Cæsar, A. 3, S. 1.

——— Age, thou art asham'd:
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, 'till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls incompass'd but one man?

Julius Cæsar, A. 1, S. 2.

I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. *Julius Cæsar*, A. 4, S. 3.
Here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,

I will fetch thy ransom out of thy throat.

WARBURTON.

I know not what to do with *rym*. The measure gives reason
to suppose that it stands for some monosyllable, and beside,
ransom is a word not likely to have been corrupted. JOHNSON.

It appears from Sir A. Gorges' translation of Lucan, that some
part of the intestines was anciently called the *rimme*.

“ The slender rimme, too weak to part

“ The boiling liver from the heart.”

——— *parvusque secant vitalia limes*. L. 623.

I believe it is now called the *diaphragm* in human creatures,
and the skirt, or midriff, in beasts. STEEVENS.

In the passage quoted from Gorges' translation of Lucan, *rimme*
has certainly the same meaning as the Latin word *limes*; and may
stand for the diaphragm, or that membrane which divides the
upper cavity of the body from the lower. But the *rym* is pro-
perly the peritoneum, or caul, which covers the bowels.

Pistol's expression seems equivalent to the one now used. “ I
“ will not be so easily satisfied—I will have your *heart's blood*.”
Such, I believe, is the meaning. A. B.

I found

I found it in his closet, 'tis his will :
 Let but the commons hear this testament,
 (Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)
 And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood !

Julius Cæsar, A. 3, S. 2.

Look ! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through :
 See, what a rent the envious Casca made :
 Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ;
 And, as he pluck'd his curst steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it.

Julius Cæsar, A. 3, S. 2.

I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;
 I tell you what, which you yourselves do know ;
 Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb
 mouths !

And bid them speak for me.

Julius Cæsar, A. 3, S. 2.

Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
 Sit like his grandfire cut in alabaster ?
 Sleep when he wakes ? and creep into the jaundice
 By being peevish ? *Merchant of Venice, A. 1, S. 1.*

The brain may devise laws for the blood ; but a
 hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree.

Merchant of Venice, A. 1, S. 2.

Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
 Only my blood speaks to you in my veins.

Merchant of Venice, A. 3, S. 2.

—— Lord Angelo is precise ;
 Stands at a guard with envy ; scarce confesses
 That his blood flows, or that his appetite
 Is more to bread than stone.

Measure for Measure, A. 1, S. 4.

—— A man

———— A man whose blood
Is very snow-broth. *Meas. for Meas.* A. 1, S. 5.

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness? *Meas. for Meas.* A. 2, S. 4.

———— Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in every thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.
Henry VI. P. 1, A. 5, S. 5.

———— King Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom¹.
Henry IV. P. 2, A. 4, S. 1.

Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left.
Comedy of Errors, A. 5, S. 1.

What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's death:
O, may such purple tears be always shed
From those that wish the downfall of our house!
Henry VI. P. 3, A. 5, S. 6.

The wrinkles on my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;

¹ *Such a jaded groom.*] This epithet appears to me so strange, that I suspect some corruption. The quarto reads either *lady* groom, or *jady* groom, it is difficult to say which. MALONE.

“Jady groom” is the right reading (*jadis*, Fr.) “heretofore.” The sense of the passage is—Thou who wert heretofore a groom, and held my stirrup. A. B.

For who liv'd king but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile, when Warwick bent his brow?

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 5, S. 2.

—— His sword (death's stamp)
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries¹. *Coriolanus, A. 2, S. 2.*

—— The breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords contending. *Coriolanus, A. 1, S. 3.*

He was not taken well; he had not din'd:
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes, and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts. *Coriolanus, A. 5, S. 1.*

—— Succeed thy father
In manners, as in shape! thy blood, and virtue,
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness
Share with thy birth-right!

All's well that ends well, A. 1, S. 1.

See, his face is black, and full of blood;
His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man:
His hair up-rear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with strug-
gling,
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd

¹ ——— *every motion*

Was tim'd with dying cries.] The cries of the slaughtered regularly followed his motions, as music and a dancer accompany each other.

JOHNSON.

There is no necessity for this ludicrous explanation. The sense is easy. Wherever he shewed himself the cries of dying men were heard.

A. B.

And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.

Henry VI. P. 2, A. 3, S. 2.

Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good

Timon of Athens, A. 4, S. 12.

Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son.

Richard III. A. 1, S. 2.

Curst the blood, that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!

Richard III. A. 1, S. 2.

Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! but I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin;
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Richard III. A. 4, S. 2.

—— I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 1, S. 3.

—— She bids you
Upon the wanton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 3, S. 1.

He

He presently,—as greatness knows itself—
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 4, S. 3.

By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. *Lear, A. 1, S. 1.*

For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so
much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a
flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Twelfth Night, A. 3, S. 2.

Here is your husband, like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love: for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, 'tis humble,
And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
Would step from this to this? *Hamlet, A. 3, S. 4.*

For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute.

Hamlet, A. 1, S. 3.

—— What if this curfed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
To wash it white as snow? *Hamlet, A. 3, S. 3.*

———— Can foddren water,
 1 A drench for sur-reyn'd jades, their barley broth,
 Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?

Henry V. A. 3, S. 5.

B O D Y.

———— This common body,
 Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
 Goes to, and back, lackying the varying tide,
 To rot itself with motion.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 1, S. 4.

———— The publick body,—which doth seldom
 Play the recanter,—feeling in itself
 A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
 Of its own fall, restraining aid to Timon²;
 And sends forth us to make their sorrow'd render.

Timon, A. 5, S. 2.

I once did lend my body for his wealth³.

Merchant of Venice, A. 5, S. 1.

¹ *A drench for sur-reyn'd jades.*] The exact meaning of *sur-reyn'd* I do not know. It is common to give horses over-ridden, or feverish, ground malt and hot water mixed, which is called a *masb*. To this he alludes. JOHNSON.

“*Sur-reyn'd*” is *old, worn-out*. The French word *suranné* Anglicised, and then corrupted. It should be printed *suran'd*. A. B.

² ——— *restraining aid to Timon.*] I think it should be *restrain-
ing aid*, that is, with-holding aid that should have been given to
Timon. JOHNSON.

I believe we should read the passage thus :

———— feeling in itself
 A lack of Timon's aid: *and* sense withal,
 Of its own fall---restraining aid *for* Timon,
 Now sends us forth, &c.

Restraining seems to be used in the sense of *keeping, reserving*. A. B.

³ ——— *for his wealth.*] For his advantage; to obtain his hap-
piness. JOHNSON.

It would perhaps be better to read “for his health,” *i. e.* for
his *good*, for his *welfare*. A. B.

B O N D.

If every ducat in fix thousand ducats
Were in fix parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

Merchant of Venice, A. 4, S. 1.

Till thou can'st rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud :
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin. *Merchant of Venice, A. 4, S. 1.*

I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak :
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors.

Merchant of Venice, A. 3, S. 3.

—— Speak not against my bond;
I have sworn an oath, that I will have my bond :
Thou call'dst me dog, before thou hadst a cause;
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs.

Merchant of Venice, A. 3, S. 3.

—— By our holy sabbath have I sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond :
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.

Merchant of Venice, A. 4, S. 1.

A bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his
head on the Rialto;—a beggar that used to come so
smug upon the mart; let him look to his bond: he
was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his
bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian
courtesy;—let him look to his bond.

Merchant of Venice, A. 3, S. 1.

B O S O M.

—— I have trusted thee,
And priest-like, thou

Hast cleans'd my bosom ; I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd. *Winter's Tale*, A. 1, S. 2.

But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught ; leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. *Hamlet*, A. 1, S. 5.

Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life ; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer thanks.

All's well that ends well, A. 4, S. 4.

B O U N T Y.

Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor ;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. *Richard II.* A. 2, S. 3.

—— For his bounty,
There was no winter in't ; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping : his delights
Were dolphin-like ; they shew'd his back above
The element they liv'd in : in his livery
Walk'd crowns, and crownets.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 5, S. 2.

—— Tell me, my daughters,
(Since now we will divest us, both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state),
Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most ?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge¹.

Lear, A. 1, S. 1.

¹ *Where nature doth with merit challenge.*] Where the claim of merit is superadded to that of nature, or where a superior degree of natural affection is joined to the claim of other merits. STEEVENS.

“Challenge,” in this place, seems to be rivalry, competition.
“Where nature doth with merit challenge”---where nature and merit are contending for superiority. A. B.

—— I thank

—— I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. *Richard II.* A. 4, S. 1.

Use every man after his desert, and who shall
'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour
and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit
is in your bounty. *Hamlet,* A. 2, S. 2.

—— I presume,
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour
more

On you, than any; so your hand, and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Henry VIII. A. 3, S. 2.

B O U R N.

From the dread summit of this chalky bourn¹:
Look up a height;—the shrill gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Lear, A. 4, S. 6.

¹ *Chalky bourn.*] *Bourn* seems here to signify a *hill*. Its common signification is a *brook*. Milton, in *Comus*, uses *bosky bourn*, in the same sense, perhaps, with Shakespeare. But in both authors it may mean only a boundary. JOHNSON.

“Chalky bourn”—we should read “*borne*,” a *boundary*, to distinguish it from *bourn*, a *brook* or *river*. *Bourn*, as Dr. Johnson observes, is in this place a *hill*.

Hills, it is well known, serve in several parts of the world as boundaries of particular countries, such are the Alps, the Pyrenees, &c. &c. The term *borne*, therefore, which originally signified nothing more than *boundary*, was at length corruptedly employed to signify the hill itself—and thence “chalky borne,” “bosky borne,” &c. A. B.

B O W E L S.

I do retort the solus in thy bowels :
For I can take.¹

Henry V. A. 2, S. 1.

B O Y.

There's nothing here that is too good for him,
But only she ; and she deserves a lord,
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly, mistress.

All's well that ends well, A. 3, S. 2.

—— I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple :
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys.

Much ado about nothing, A. 5, S. 1.

Good faith, this same young sober blooded boy
doth not love me ; nor a man cannot make him
laugh ;—but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine.
There's never any of these demure boys come to any
proof.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 4, S. 3.

—— Shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd filken wanton brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike foil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check ?

King John, A. 5, S. 1.

—— Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy : I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way ;
And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me.

King John, A. 3, S. 3.

—— Father Cardinal, I have heard you say,

¹ *For I can take.*] I know not well what he can take. The quarto reads *talk*. In our author to *take* is sometimes to *blast*, which sense may serve in this place. JOHNSON.

“Take” is undoubtedly the true reading. The meaning is,
—I am not to be *bullied*, I am not to be affronted with impunity.

A. B.

That

That we shall see and know our friends in heaven ;
If that be true, I shall see my boy again.

King John, A. 3, S. 4.

—— Where is your darling Rutland ?
Look, York ; I stain'd this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
Made issue from the bosom of the boy :
And, if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 1, S. 4.

—— My mother bows ;
As if Olympus to a mole-hill should
In supplication nod : and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, Deny not.

Coriolanus, A. 5, S. 3.

—— Why dost not speak ?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs ?—Daughter, speak you ;
He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy ;
Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons.

Coriolanus, A. 5, S. 3.

We were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to day,
And to be boy eternal.

Winter's Tale, A. 1, S. 2.

That most ungrateful boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem ; a wreck past hope he was :
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love.

Twelfth Night, A. 5, S. 1.

B R E A T H.

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels :

D 4

Hath

Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath ?

Richard III. A. 4, S. 2.

—— Hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap ; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent.

Timon, A. 4, S. 3.

She speaks poniards, and every word stabs : if her
breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were
no living near her, she would infect to the North star.

Much ado about nothing, A. 2, S. 1.

—— Here are fever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath ; so sweet a bar
Should funder such sweet friends : here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs.

Merchant of Venice, A. 3, S. 2.

—— Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction : never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 4, S. 1.

—— Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her ; what fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath ? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Winter's Tale, A. 5, S. 3.

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice herself to break her sword ! Once more.—
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after.

Othello, A. 5, S. 2.

A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable ;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you^r.

Lear, A. 1, S. 1.

B U S I-

† *Beyond all manner of so much.*] Beyond all assignable quantity.

BUSINESS.

—— But this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. *Tempest, A. 1, S. 2.*

This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes. *Tempest, A. 1, S. 2.*

I will seek him, sir, presently ;¹ convey the business
as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.
Lear, A. 1, S. 2.

—— My business in this state
Made me a looker on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it o'er-run the stew.
Measure for Measure, A. 5, S. 1.

Our hands are full of business : let's away ;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.
Henry IV. P. 1, A. 3, S. 2.

tity. I love you beyond limits, and cannot say it is *so much*,
for how much soever I should name, it would be yet more.
JOHNSON.

The present reading is harsh. I would strike out the preposi-
tion *of*, and read and point thus :

“ A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable

“ Beyond all manner. So much I love you.”

*i. e. A love which cannot be expressed in words---a love of which you
can have no conception.* A. B.

¹ *Convey the business.*] Convey, for introduce. But convey is a
fine word, as alluding to the practice of clandestine conveying
goods, so as not to be found upon the felon. WARBURTON.

To convey, is rather to *carry through*, than to introduce ; in
this place it is to *manage artfully*. We say of a juggler, that he
has a clean conveyance. JOHNSON.

“ Convey the business” can mean nothing more than *make him
acquainted with the business*, or *break the business to him*. Edmund,
though he really means to manage artfully, would never intimate
so much to his father ; but on the contrary, appear open and
plain in his dealing. A. B.

I am

I am sorry

To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on

The business present.²

Henry VIII. A. 1, S. 1.

C.

C A L U M N Y.

PRAISE her but for this her without-door form,
(Which on my faith deserves high speech) and
straight

The shrug, the hum, or ha; these petty brands,
That calumny doth use:—Oh, I am out,
That mercy does; for calumny will fear
Virtue itself;—these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
When you have said, she's goodly, come between,
Ere you can say she's honest.

Winter's Tale, A. 2, S. 1.

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou
shalt not escape calumny.

Hamlet, A. 3, S. 1.

—— My place i' the state,
Will so your accusation over-weigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny.

Measure for Measure, A. 2, S. 4.

I am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly afunder: for, I know,

* *I am sorry*

To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on

The business present.]

I am sorry that I am obliged to
be present, and an eye-witness of your loss of liberty. JOHNSON.
Does it not rather mean, I am sorry you are deprived of liberty,
by which you will see, or discover, what business is now in hand
or going forward?

A. B.

There's

There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,
Than I myself. *Henry VIII. A. 5, S. 1.*

No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape ; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtues strikes.

Measure for Measure, A. 3, S. 2.

C A N N O N.

—— Depart in peace :

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France ;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard :
So, hence !

King John, A. 1, S. 1.

The cannons have their bowels full of wrath ;
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls.

King John, A. 2, S. 1.

C A P A C I T Y.

—— Your capacity

Is of that nature, that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

Love's Labour Lost, A. 5, S. 2.

C E L E R I T Y.

Celerity is never more admir'd,
That by the negligent.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 3, S. 7.

C E R E M O N Y.

And what art thou, thou idol ceremony ?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers ?
What are thy rents ? what are thy comings-in ?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men ?

Wherein

Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd,
Than they in fearing. *Henry V. A. 4, S. 1.*

C H A L L E N G E.

—— I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
Henry IV. P. 1, A. 5. S. 2.

C H A R I T Y.

—— O father abbot,
An old man broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;
Give him a little earth for charity !
Henry VIII. A. 4, S. 2.

You speak not like yourself ; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'er-topping woman's power.
I have no spleen against you ; nor injustice
For your, or any. *Henry VIII. A. 2, S. 4.*

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand,
Open as day for melting charity ;
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd he's flint :
As humorous as winter,¹ and as sudden

¹ —— *humorous as winter.*] That is, changeable as the weather of a winter's day. JOHNSON.

A *winter's* day has generally too decided a character to admit Dr. Johnson's interpretation without some licence : a licence, however, which our author has perhaps taken. MALONE.

The meaning of the word "humorous," in this place, has not been properly explained. It does not here signify *changeable*, but on the contrary *fixed, obstinate*. A *humorous man*, may mean a man wedded to his opinion ; or whose opinions or notions are rigid and severe. When we now say, *he will have his humour*, we mean, *he is an obstinate man*. A. B.

As flaws congealed in the spring of day.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 4, S. 4.

—— From low farms,

² Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
Inforce their charity.

Lear, A. 2. S. 3.

C H A R M.

—— Your charm so strongly works 'em,

¹ *Poor pelting villages.*] *Pelting* is used by Shakespeare in the sense of *beggarly*: I suppose from *pelt*, a skin. WARBURTON.

Pelting is, I believe, only an accidental depravation of *petty*. Shakespeare uses it in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, of *small brooks*. JOHNSON.

Beaumont and Fletcher often use the word in the same sense as Shakespeare. So in *King and no King*:

	"This pelting, prating peace is good for nothing."
Spanish Curate,	"To learn the pelting law."
<i>Midsummer Night's Dream</i> ,	"Every pelting river."
<i>Measure for Measure</i> ,	"Every pelting petty officer."
<i>Troilus and Cressida</i> ,	"We have had pelting wars since "you refus'd "The Grecian cause."

From the first of the two last instances, it appears not to be a corruption of *petty*, which is used the next word to it, but seems to be the same as *paltry*; and if it comes from *pelt*, a skin, as Dr. Warburton says, the poets have furnished *villages, peace, law, rivers, officers of justice and war*, out of one wardrobe.

STEEVENS.

"Pelting" should in this place be "palting," which signifies *paltry, trifling*: "Pelting" is *fuming, fretful*. *Pelting* and *palting*, or *paltring*, are frequently confounded and mistaken for each other. But I will endeavour to shew, from the above quoted passages, the different significations of the words.

"This *pelting*, prating peace." It should be *palting*, meaning, this *trifling*, prating peace, &c.

"To learn the *pelting* law." Here too it should be *palting*, or *paltring*. To *palter*, is sometimes to *shift*, to *dodge*. The propriety of the epithet, therefore, when applied to *law*, is easily seen.

"Every *pelting* river." *Palting*, i. e. *paltry*.

"Every *pelting* petty officer, i. e. *noisy, turbulent*."

"We have had *pelting* wars," &c. i. e. *fuming, angry wars*. &c.

A. B.

That

That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender. *Tempest, A. 5, S. 1.*

—— All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you !
Tempest, A. 1, S. 2.

—— The charm diffolves apace ;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. *Tempest, A. 5, S. 1.*

—— My high charms work,
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions. *Tempest, A. 3, S. 3.*

I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft ; and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms ?
Richard III. A. 3, S. 4.

C H A S T I T Y.

He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana : a
nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously ;
the very ice of chastity is in them.

As you like it, A. 3, S. 4.

—— She's not forward, but modest as the dove ;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn ;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel ;
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity.

Taming of the Shrew, A. 2, S. 1.

My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors ;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose. *All's well that ends well, A. 4, S. 2.*
Out on thy seeming ! I will write against it :

You

You seem to me as Dian in her orb;
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown.

Much ado about nothing, A. 4, S. 1.

—— O ill-starr'd wench!

Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl,
Even like thy chastity.

Othello, A. 5, S. 2.

CHILD, CHILDREN.

He hath play'd on this prologue, like a child on
a recorder; a sound, but not in government.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 5, S. 1.

It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physicks
the subject, makes old hearts fresh; they, that went
on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life to
see him a man.

Winter's Tale, A. 1, S. 1.

He makes a July's day short as December;
And, with his varying childness, cures in me
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

Winter's Tale, A. 1, S. 2.

If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
And that be heir to his unhappiness!

Richard III. A. 1, S. 2.

You have no children, butchers! if you had,
The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse;
But, if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
As, deathsmen! you have rid this sweet young prince.

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 5, S. 5.

Some say, that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:

O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,

Nothing

Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

Titus, A. 2, S. 3.

By being seldom seen, I could not stir,

But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at:

That men could tell their children, This is he;

Others would say, where? which is Bolingbroke?

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 3, S. 2.

And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,

Defective in their natures, grow to wildness;

Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,

Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,

The sciences that should become our country.

Henry V. A. 5, S. 2.

Bring me a father, that so lov'd his child,

Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,

And bid him speak of patience.

Much ado about nothing, A. 5, S. 1.

———— Gloster's shew

Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile

With sorrow snares relenting passengers;

Or as the snake, roll'd on a flowering bank,

With shining checker'd flough, doth sting a child,

That, for the beauty, thinks it excellent.

Henry VI. P. 2, A. 3, S. 1.

Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is wit-old¹.

Love's Labour Lost, A. 5, S. 1.

C H O I C E.

———— If there were a sympathy in choice,

War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;

Making it momentary as a sound,

Swift as a shadow, short as any dream.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 1, S. 1.

¹ Offer'd by a child to an old man, which is wit-old.] An equivoque. "Wit-old" may mean, either *old in wit*, or according to the sound, *wittol*, a contented cuckold. A. B.

CLOUD.

C L O U D.

Those things seem small, and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 4, S. 1.

Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air. *Ant. and Cle.* A. 4, S. 12.

C L O W N.

—— The roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
As you like it, A. 2, S. 2.

C O M F O R T.

—— If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate. *Othello*, A. 2, S. 1.

—— Every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear. *Henry V.* A. 4, Chorus.

—— Brother, men
Can counsel, and give comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel.

Much ado about nothing, A. 5, S. 1.

▪ *The roynish clown.*] *Roynish*, from *rogneux*, Fr. mangy, scurvy.
Mr. Steevens has mistaken the sense. *To royne*, is to bite.
“Roynish,” in this place, is consequently *satirical carping*.
RONGER, MORDRE (*Medire, reprendre, censurer avec malignité.*)
Dict. A. B.

—— Give not me counfel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But fuch a one whose wrongs do fuit with mine.

Much ado about nothing, A. 5, S. 1.

What fay you now? What comfort have we now?
By heaven, I'll hate him everlaftingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.

Richard II. A. 3, S. 2.

—— None of you will bid the winter come,
To thruft his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their courfe
Through my burn'd bofom; nor intreat the north,
To make his bleak winds kifs my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold. *King John*, A. 5, S. 7.

—— Is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman loft among ye, laugh'd at, fcorn'd?
I will not with ye half my miferies,
I have more charity. *Henry VIII.* A. 3, S. 1.

O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'ft
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madnefs.

Measure for Measure, A. 5, S. 1.

—— Think with thyfelf,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: fince that thy fight, which fhould
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with
comforts,
Conftains them weep, and fhake with fear and forrow,
Making the mother, wife, and child, to fee
The fon, the husband, and the father tearing
His country's bowels out. *Coriolanus*, A. 5, S. 3.

—— To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we fee:

And

And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. *Cymbeline, A. 3, S. 3.*

—— Most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious : blessed be those,
How mean foe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. *Cymbeline, A. 1, S. 7.*

C O M M E N D A T I O N.

This commendation I can afford her; that were
she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and be-
ing no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Much ado about nothing, A. 1, S. 1.

COMPANY, COMPANIONS.

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer
than the staple of his argument. I abhor such pha-
natical phantasms, such unfociable and point-devise
companions. *Love's Labour Lost, A. 5, S. 1.*

— Proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he, which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse :
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowship to die with us.

Henry V. A. 4, S. 3.

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest ;
Presume not, that I am the thing I was ;
For heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turned away my former self ;
So will I those that kept me company.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 5, S. 5.

I have forsworn his company hourly, any time this
two and twenty years, and yet I am bewitch'd with
the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given

me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd ;
it could not be else. *Henry IV. P. 1, A. 2, S. 2.*

There's but a shirt and a half in all my company ;
and the half-shirt is two napkins, tack'd together,
and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat
without sleeves ; and the shirt, to say the truth,
stolen from my host of Saint Alban's, or the red-
nose inn-keeper of Daintry. But that's all one ;
they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 4, S. 2.

—— Some four or five attend him ;
All, if you will ; for I myself am best,
When least in company¹. *Twelfth Night, A. 1, S. 4.*

C O M P E T E N C Y.

For aught I see, they are as sick, that surfeit with
too much, as they that starve with nothing : it is no
mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean ;
superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but com-
petency lives longer.

Merchant of Venice, A. 1, S. 2.

C O M P L E X I O N.

—— Call us ten times frail ;
For we are as soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Measure for Measure, A. 2, S. 4.

C O N F E R E N C E.

I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the far-
thest inch of Asia ; bring you the length of Prester
John's foot ; fetch you a hair of the great Cham's

¹ —— for I myself am best,
When least in company.]

"Nunquam minus solus quam cum solus."

A. B.

beard ;

beard ; do you any embassage to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words conference with this harpy.

Much ado about nothing, A. 2, S. 1.

CONSCIENCE, CONSCIENCES.

—— Twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candy'd be they,
And melt, ere they molest. *Tempest*, A. 2, S. 1.

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sickly'd o'er with the pale cast of thought ;
And enterprizes of great pith and moment ¹,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action. *Hamlet*, A. 3, S. 1.

— Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe ;
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
Richard III. A. 5, S. 3.

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Richard III. A. 5, S. 3.

What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted ?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just ;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
Henry VI. P. 2, A. 3, S. 2.

Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnation ;
and in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind

¹ ——— *great pith and moment.*] Thus the folio. The quartos read, of great *pitch*. STEEVENS.

Pitch seems to be the better reading. The allusion is to the *pitching*, or throwing the bar; a manly exercise, usual in country villages. REMARKS.

“ Enterprizes of great pith and moment,” is, enterprizes of great *matter* and *moment*. Pith is unquestionably the true reading. A. B.

of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew.

Merchant of Venice, A. 2, S. 2.

C O N S I D E R A T I O N.

—— At that very moment,
Consideration like an angel came,
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him;
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelop and contain celestial spirits.

Henry V. A. 1, S. 1.

C O N S P I R A C Y.

—— O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to shew thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none con-
spiracy;
Hide it in smiles, and affability;
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Julius Cæsar, A. 2, S. 1.

C O N T E M P L A T I O N.

—— When would you, my liege,
In leaden contemplation, have found out
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with?

Love's Labour Lost, A. 4, S. 3.

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence;
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Richard III. A. 3, S. 7.

C O N T E N T.

C O N T E N T.

—— O now, for ever,

Farewel the tranquil mind ! farewel content ;
Farewel the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue ! *Othello*, A. 3, S. 3.

Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Dies in the zeal of that which it presents,
There form confounded makes most form in mirth ;
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Love's Labour Lost, A. 5, S. 2.

If thou, that bidst me be content, wert grim,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content.

King John, A. 3, S. 1.

—— Best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.

Timon of Athens, A. 4, S. 3.

This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess ; and shut up
In measureless content.¹

Macbeth, A. S. 1.

C O N T E N T I O N.

—— Let this world no longer be a stage,
To feed contention in a lingering act ;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead !

Henry IV. P. 2. A. 1, S. 1.

¹ —— *Shut up*

In measureless content.] Mr. Steevens says, that to *shut up* is to conclude ; and then quotes three or four passages to prove, that such is its meaning. *Shut up in*, however, is *given up to—enjoying*.

“ My soul hath her content so absolute,” &c. *Othello*.

A. B.

—— Every minute now,
Should be the father of some stratagem :
The times are wild, contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 1, S. 1.

C O U N T E N A N C E.

—— Thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for this arrest ;
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud,
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign :

Henry VI. P. 2, A. 3, S. 1.

Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow, ; I will
make the king do you grace : I will leer upon him, as
a' comes by ; and do but mark the countenance that
he will give me.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 5, S. 5.

—— Pardon me, I pray you ;
I thought, that all things had been savage here,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. *As you like it, A. 2, S. 7.*

—— Heaven witness ;
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable :
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance ; glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. *Henry VIII. A. 2, S. 4.*

O, he sits high in all the people's hearts :
And that, which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

Julius Cæsar, A. 1, S. 3.

Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.¹

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 4, S. 12.

C O U N-

C O U N T E R F E I T.

'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot ter-
magant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counter-
feit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: to die, is to be a
counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man,
who hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit
dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no coun-
terfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 5, S. 4.

C O U R A G E.

By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion.

King John, A. 2, S. 1.

C O U R T.

If thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good
manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then
thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin,
and sin is damnation.

As you like it, A. 3, S. 2.

We two alone will sing like birds i'the cage:
When thou dost ask my blessing, I'll kneel down
And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news.

Lear, A. 5, S. 3.

These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!

¹ *The worship of the whole world.] The worship is the dignity,
the authority.*

JOHNSON.

This can hardly be said of Antony, who has entirely lost his
dignity and authority. Eros rather means to say, *whom the
whole world should, or ought to worship and obey.*

A. B.

Our

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court :
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report !¹

Cymbeline, A. 4, S. 2.

—— Up to yon hill,
Your legs are young ; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place, which lessens, and sets off.
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war.

Cymbeline, A. 3, S. 3.

—— This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court ;
Nor once be chastiz'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. *Antony and Cleopatra, A. 5, S. 2.*

I knew him once a servant of the prince ; I cannot
tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he
was certainly whipp'd out of the court.

Winter's Tale, A. 4, S. 2.

Seest thou not the air of the court, in these en-
foldings ? hath not my gait in it, the measure of the
court ? receives not thy nose court-odour from me ?
reflect I not on thy baseness, court contempt ?

Winter's Tale, A. 4, S. 3.

C O U R T E S Y.

—— He did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesy ;
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench ;
A brace of draymen bid—God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With—Thanks, my country-men, my loving friends.

Richard II. A. 1, S. 4.

¹ *Experience, O, thou disprov'st report.] We should read,*
“ Experience, O, *how* thou disprov'st report.”

The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy ;
His legs are for necessity, not for flexure.

Troilus and Cressida, A. S. 3.

—— This is he,

That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy ;
This is the ape of form, Monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms. *Love's Labour Lost*, A. 5, S. 2.

—— Thou hast never in thy life

Shew'd thy dear mother any courtesy ;
When she (poor hen) fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour. *Coriolanus*, A. 5, S. 3.

The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in
that you are the first-born ; but the same tradition
takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers
betwixt us.

As you like it, A. 1, S. 1.

—— Pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks, and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.

Merchant of Venice, A. 4, S. 1.

Is it possible, disdain should die, while she hath
such meet food to feed it, as Signior Benedick ?
Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come
in her presence. *Much ado about nothing*, A. 1, S. 1.

These couchings and these lowly courtesies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men ;
And turn pre-ordinance, and first decree,
Into the lane of children.¹

Julius Cæsar, A. 3, S. 1.

C O W-

¹ *Into the lane of children.*] I do not well understand what is
meant by the *lane* of children. I should read, the *law* of children.
That is, change pre-ordinance and decree into the law of child-
ren ; into such slight determinations as every start of will would
alter. *Lane* and *law*, in some manuscripts, are not easily distin-
guished.

C O W A R D I C E.

I do defy him,
 Call him—a slanderous coward, and a villain :
 Which to maintain, I would allow him odds ;
 And meet him, were I ty'd to run a-foot,
 Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps.

Richard II. A. 1, S. 1.

Young as I am, I have observ'd these three swash-
 ers. I am boy to them all three : but all they
 three, though they would serve me, could not be man
 to me ; for, indeed, three such anticks do not amount
 to a man. For Bardolph,—he is white-liver'd, and
 red-faced ; by the means whereof, a' faces it out ; but
 fights not. For Pistol—he hath a killing tongue, and a
 quiet sword ; by the means whereof a' breaks words,
 and keeps whole weapons. For Nym,—he hath
 heard, that men of few words are the best of men ;
 and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest a'
 should be thought a coward. *Henry V. A. 3, S. 2.*

The second property of your excellent sherris is—
 the warming of the blood ; which, before cold and
 fettled, left the liver white and pale, which is the
 badge of pusillanimity and cowardice ; but the
 sherris warms it, and makes it course from the in-
 wards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face ;

If the *lane of children* be the true reading, it may possibly re-
 ceive illustration from the following passage in Ben Jonson's
 Staple of News:

“A narrow minded man ! my thoughts do dwell all in a lane.”

The *lane of children* will then mean the narrow conceits of
 children, which must change as their minds grow more enlarged.

STEEVENS.

I believe we should read *bane*—*Bane* in its ordinary accepta-
 tion is *hurt, injury* ; and by a licence common with our author,
 it may possibly be used for *punishment*. “*You behave, by these low*
courtesies, and crouchings, like children, and many men might be
tempted to punish you as such.”

A. B.

which,

which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 4, S. 3.

Cowards die many times before their deaths ;

The valiant never taste of death but once.

Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,

It seems to me most strange that men should fear,

Seeing that death a necessary end,

Will come, when it will come.

Julius Cæsar, A. 2, S. 2.

How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false as stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins the beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars ; who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk ?

Merchant of Venice, A. 3, S. 2.

—— Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward ;]

Thou little valiant, great in villainy !

Thou ever strong upon the stronger side !

Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight,

But when her humorous ladyship is by

To teach thee safety !

King John, A. 3, S. 1.

—— (In my heart

Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)

We'll have a swashing and a martial outside ;

As many other mannish cowards have,

That do outface it with their semblances.

As you like it, A. 1, S. 3.

He's a coward, and a coystril,¹ and will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o'the toe like a parish-top.

Twelfth Night, A. 1, S. 3.

¹ *A coystril.*] *i. e.* a coward cock. It may, however, be a kestrel, or bastard hawk. STEEVENS.

A "coistril," is likewise a *lad*, a stripling. It seems here to be used for a milk-sop. "A coward and a coystril an he will not drink,"—*i. e.* A coward and a milk-sop if he will not drink, &c. A. B.

—He

—— He stopt the fliers ;
 And, by his rare example, made the coward
 Turn terror into sport : as waves before
 A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
 And fell below his stern.¹ *Coriolanus*, A. 2, S. 2.

He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is : In a retreat he outruns any lacquey.

All's well that ends well, A. 4, S. 3.

—— I know him a notorious liar,
 Think him a great way fool, solely a coward ;
 Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
 That they take place, when virtue's steelly bones
 Look bleak in the cold wind.

All's well that ends well, A. 1, S. 1.

I never dealt better since I was a man ; all would not do. A plague of all cowards !—Let them speak : if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 2, S. 4.

A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too ! marry, and amen !—Give me a cup of sack, boy. A plague of all cowards !—Is there no virtue extant ?

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 2, S. 4.

—— I was never curst ;
 I have no gift at all in shrewishness ;
 I am a right maid for my cowardice.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 3, S. 2.

—— I hold it cowardice,
 To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
 Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love.

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 4, S. 2.

C R E A-

¹ *And fell below his stern.*] We should read, according to the old copy,

—— his stem ——

The *stem* is that end of the ship which leads.

STEEVENS.

We

C R E A T U R E.

——— This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else ; make profelytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Winter's Tale, A. 5, S. 1.

——— O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar !—

Winter's Tale, A. 2, S. 1.

——— Call the creatures—
Whose naked natures live in all the spight
Of wreakful heaven ; whose bare unhoused trunks
To the conflicting elements exposed,
Answer mere nature—bid them flatter thee ;

Timon of Athens, A. 4, S. 3.

Divinest creature, bright Astræa's daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success ?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.

Henry VI. P. 1. A. 1, S. 6.

C R I M E.

If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
Appear before us ?—

Henry V. A. 2, S. 2.

We should read ———

Fell before his stem.

Stem does not here mean any part of a ship.—*Stem* is used for
prowess, valour. “Fell before his stem,” yielded to his *prowess*.

A. B.

All

All have not offended ;
 For those that were, it is not square, to take,
 On those that are, revenges : crimes, like lands,
 Are not inherited. *Timon of Athens, A. 5. S. 5.*

C R O W N.

— Look down, you gods,
 And on this couple drop a blessed crown.
Tempest, A. 5, S. 1.

Say to great Cæsar this, in disputation,^r
 I kiss his conquering hand : tell him, I am prompt
 To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel :
 Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
 The doom of Egypt.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 3, S. 11.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
 Of life, of crown, of queen at once dispatch'd,
 Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
 Unhousell'd, disappointed, unaneal'd ;
 No reckoning made, but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head.

Hamlet, A. 1, S. 5.

Had I so lavish of my presence been,
 So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
 So stale and cheap to vulgar company ;

^r *Say to great Cæsar this, in disputation,
 I kiss his conquering hand.]* The poet certainly wrote :

Say to great Cæsar this ; in *deputation*
 I kiss his conquering hand.

i. e. by proxy. I depute you to pay him that duty in my name.

WARBURTON.

I am not certain that this change is necessary. *I kiss his hand
 in disputation*, may mean, I own he has the better in the contro-
 versy—I confess my inability to *dispute or contend* with him.

STEEVENS.

I would read thus :

Say to great Cæsar,—in *disreputation*
 I kiss his conquering hand.

i. e. I am disgraced ; and I submit to him.

A. B.

Opinion,

Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 3, S. 2.

—— Do but think,
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of blifs and joy.

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 1, S. 2.

The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.
Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Richard III. A. 4, S. 3.

Since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such,
As are of better person than myself,
I'll make my heaven—to dream upon the crown.

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 3, S. 2.

My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd, content;
A crown it is, that feldom kings enjoy.

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 3, S. 1.

—— Now, for thee thine uncles and myself,
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;
Went all a-foot in Summer's scalding heat,
That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace;
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 5, S. 7.

Oh, what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye, should jar!
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil diffention is a viperous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the common-wealth.

Henry VI. P. 1. A. 3, S. 1.

— Heaven knows, my son,
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
I met this crown ; and I myself know well,
How troublesome it sat upon my head ;
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 4, S. 1.

———— There is your crown ;
And he that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours ! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Which my most true, and inward-duteous spirit
Teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bending !

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 4, S. 4.

White beards have arm'd their thin and hairless
scalps

Against thy Majesty ; boys, with women's voices,
Strive to speak big, and clasp their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown.

Richard II. A. 3, S. 2.

—— If you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
And therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove,
That, if requiring fail, he will compel.

Henry V. A. 2, S. 4.

Many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege !
Each day still better other's happiness ;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown.

Richard II. A. I, S. I.

He bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown; and to take mercy
On the poor souls, for whom this hungry war

Opens his vasty jaws : and on your head
Turns he the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans.

Henry V. A. 2, S. 4.

His looks are full of peaceful majesty ;
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre, and himself
Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 4, S. 6.

———— Within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court ; and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp ;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks ;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit ;
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable ; and humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin,
Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king !

Richard II. A. 3, S. 2.

A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callat know herself.¹

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 2, S. 2.

Fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand ;
² The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

Henry VI. P. 3. A. 4, S. 7.

¹ *To make this shameless callat know herself.] Callat, a lewd woman, a drab, perhaps so called from the French calote, which was a sort of head-dress, worn by country girls.*

STEEVENS.

“ A callat,” is likewise a *scold*, a *railer*.

Edward soon after says, “ No wrangling, woman :” and when he stabs the prince, her son, he uses the same language, “ take that, thou likeness of this railer here !”

A. B.

² *The bruit] i. e. Noise.*

STEEVENS.

“ *Bruit*,” French, is rather *rumour* than *noise*.

A. B.

C U P I D.

Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell :
 It fell upon a little western flower——
 Before, milk-white; now purple with love's wound—
 And maidens call it, love-in-idleness.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 2, S. 2.

I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
 Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon;
 And the imperial votress passed on,
 In maiden meditation, fancy-free.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 2, S. 2.

——— I saw,
 Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
 Cupid all arm'd : a certain aim he took
 At a fair vestal, throned by the west,
 And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 2, S. 2.

Rouse yourself, and the weak wanton, Cupid,
 Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
 And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
 Be shook to air. *Troilus and Cressida, A. 3, S. 3.*

I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow,
 By his best arrow with the golden head;
 In that same place thou hast appointed me,
 To-morrow, truly, will I meet with thee.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 1, S. 1.

When light wing'd toys
 Of feather'd Cupid, seal with wanton dulness
 My speculative and active instruments,
 That my disports corrupt and taint by business,
 Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,

And

And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation.

Othello, A. 1, S. 3.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burnt on the water; the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfum'd, that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were
silver,

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tissue),
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy out-work nature: on each side her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 2, S. 2.

This Signior Junio's giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;
Regent of love rhimes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
And I to be a corporal of his field.

Love's Labour Lost, A. 3, S. 1.

C U R.

Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Brach Merriman,—the poor cur is imboft^r.

Tam. Shrew. Induct. S. I.
Brafs,

^r — Tender well my hounds:

Brach Merriman,—the poor cur is imboft.

Sir J. Hanmer reads, "leach Merriman;" that is, *apply some remedies to Merriman, the poor cur has his joints swell'd.* Per-

Bras, cur²!

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me bras?

Henry V. A. 4, S. 4.

C U R R E N T.

I'll read you matter, deep, and dangerous;
As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hen. IV. P. 1. A. 1, S. 3.

The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage.

Two Gent. of Verona, A. 2. S. 7.

C U R S E.

Over thy wounds now do I prophesy—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,

haps we might read—*bathe* Merriman, which is, I believe, the common practice of huntsmen. JOHNSON.

If for "*bounds*," we read *bound*, and point the passage differently, the whole will be sufficiently clear.

"Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hound

"Brach Merriman:—the poor cur is imbest." A. B.

² *Bras, cur!*] Either Shakespeare had very little knowledge of the French language, or his over-fondness for punning led him in this place, contrary to his own judgment, into an error. Almost every one knows that the French word *bras*, is pronounced *braw*; and what resemblance of sound does this bear to *bras*, that Pistol should reply, *bras, cur*? RAWLINSON.

If the pronunciation of the French language be not changed since Shakespeare's time, which is not unlikely, it may be suspected some other man wrote the French lines. JOHNSON.

The editors are mistaken. *Bras* is not pronounced *braw*, unless it be by the English. The *s* is always sounded by a Frenchman. A. B.

To

To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue :
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;
 Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy.

J. Caesar, A. 3, S. 1.

Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,
 To my keen curses ; for without my wrong,
 There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

King John, A. 3, S. 1.

— To arms ! be champion of our church !
 Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
 A mother's curse, on her revolting son.

King John, A. 3, S. 1.

—— Thou know'st, great son,
 The end of war's uncertain ; but this certain,
 That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
 Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,
 Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses.

Coriolanus, A. 5, S. 3.

—— Wherefore should I curse them ?
 Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
 I would invent as bitter searching terms,
 As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
 Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
 With full as many signs of deadly hate,
 As lean-fac'd envy in her loathsome cave.

Hen. VI. P. 2. A. 3, S. 2.

Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven ?—
 Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick
 curses !

Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,
 As ours by murder, to make him a king !

Rich. III. A. 1, S. 3.

What ! I that kill'd her husband, and his father,
 To take her in her heart's extremest hate ;

With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by :
With God, her conscience, and these bars against
me !

And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her—all the world to nothing !

Rich. III. A. 1, S. 2.

Sir, will you, with those infirmities she owes,¹
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our
oath,

Take her, or leave her? *Lear, A. 1, S. 1.*

—— Blasts and fogs upon thee!
The² untented woundings of a father's curse,
Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,
Beweepe this cause again, I'll pluck you out,
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay.—— *Lear, A. 1, S. 4.*

¹ — *Owes.*] *i. e.* is possessed of.

STEEVENS.

“Owes,” for *owns*. “Infirmities she owes,” *Infirmities which she cannot but acknowledge.* We do not say that a person is possessed of infirmities. A. B.

² *The untented woundings.*] Untented wounds, means wounds in their worst state, not having a *tent* in them to digest them; and may possibly signify here such as will not admit of having a tent put into them for that purpose. STEEVENS.

“Untented wounds” may perhaps be understood; but “untented woundings” is, in my opinion, without a meaning. I think we may read *unshented* or *unshended woundings*. To *shend*, in Chaucer and Spenser, is to *blame*. “*Unshented woundings of a father's curse,*” may therefore mean the unblamed or unblameable curses of a father, &c.—Curse, which considering your conduct, no one will censure me for.

A. B.

CUSTOM.

C U S T O M.

The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war,
My thrice-driven bed of down.

Othello, A. 1, S. 3.

New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Henry VIII. A. 1. S. 3.

D.

D A N C E, D A N C E R.

WHEN you do dance, I wish you
A wave o'the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function.

Winter's Tale, A. 4, S. 3.

—— He, at Philippi, kept
His sword even like a dancer, while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I,
That the mad Brutus ended. *Ant. & Cleop.* A. 3, S. 9.
Suppose the singing birds, musicians;
The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence strow'd;
The flowers, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more,
Than a delightful measure or a dance.

Richard II. A. 1, S. 3.

D A N G E R.

—— In thy danger;
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy bead's-man.

Two Gent. of Verona, A. 1, S. 1.

Omission

Omission to do what is necessary
 Seals a commission to a blank of danger ;
 And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
 Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Troilus and Cressida. A. 3, S. 3.

The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
 Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
 And lack of other means, in desperate manner
 Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
 And danger serves among them.

Henry VIII. A. 1, S. 2.

It was your pre-furmise, your son might drop :
 You were advis'd his flesh was capable
 Of wounds, and scars, and that his forward spirit
 Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd :
 Yet did you say,—Go forth.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 1, S. 1.

—— The poor condemned English,
 Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
 The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,
 Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
 Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
 So many horrid ghosts. *Henry V.* A. 4, *Chorus.*

—— Danger knows full well,
 That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
 We are two lions, litter'd in one day,
 And I the elder and more terrible.

J. Cæsar, A. 2, S. 2.

We must not think, the Turk is so unskilful,
 To leave that latest, which concerns him first;
 Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gain,
 To wake, and wage, a danger profitless.¹

Othello, A. 1, S. 3.

¹ *To wake, and wage, a danger profitless.*] To wage here, as in many other places of Shakespeare, signifies to fight, to combat.

Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choak the herbs for want of husbandry.

The reverent care, I bear unto my lord,
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.

Henry VI. P. 2, A. 3, S. 1.

D A R K N E S S.

—— If I must die,
I will encounter darknes as a bride,
And hug it in my arms. *Meas. for Meas. A. 3. S. 1.*

D A Y.

This day is call'd—the feast of Crispian:
He that out-lives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He, that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,
And say—to morrow is Saint Crispian.

Hen. V. A. 4, S. 3.

—— Look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.

Much ado about nothing, A. 5, S. 3.

Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears!
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke.

Richard II. A. 3, S. 2.

This line, I think, should be pointed thus:

“To wake, and wage a danger profitless.”

To “wage war” is to *engage in war*. To “wage danger”
will therefore signify to *engage in an hazardous exploit*. A. B.

The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who with their drowsy, flow, and flagging wings
Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.

Henry VI. P. 2, A. 4, S. 1.

——— O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not, till now, to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes! *Henry IV. P. 2, A. 1, S. 1.*

——— O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business, ere it come!
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known.— *J. Cæsar, A. 5, S. 1.*
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me.

K. John, A. 4, S. 1.

No scape of nature, no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no custom'd event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven.

K. John, A. 3, S. 4.

The sun is in the heaven; and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience.— *K. John, A. 3, S. 3.*

On this day, let seamen fear no wreck,
No bargains break, that are not this day made.
This day, all things begun come to ill end;
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change.

K. John, A. 3. S. 1.

Oh,

Oh,¹ how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Two Gent. of Verona, A. 1, S. 3.

If it be a hot day, and I brandish any thing but
my bottle, I would I might never spit white again.²

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 1, S. 2.

D E A T H.

Now boast thee, death! in thy possession lies
A las unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! *Ant. & Cleop. A. 5, S. 2.*

—— If he be slain, say so:
The tongue offends not, that reports his death.

¹ *Oh, how this spring of love resembleth.*] At the end of this verse there is wanting a syllable, for the speech apparently ends in a quatrain. I find nothing that will rhyme to *sun*, and therefore I shall leave it to some happier critic. I suspect that the author might write thus:

“O, how this spring of love resembleth right,
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shews all the glory of the light,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!”

Light was either by negligence or affectation changed to *sun*, which, considered without the rhyme, is indeed better. The next transcriber, finding that the word *right* did not rhyme to *sun*, supposed it incorrectly written, and left it out. JOHNSON.

I think we may read——

“Oh, how love's spring resembleth in its run,
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!”

A. B.

² *Would I might never spit white again.*] *i. e.* May I never have my stomach inflamed with liquor, for to *spit white* is the consequence of inward heat. STEEVENS.

“May I never *spit white* again” is a vulgarism. The meaning simply is, *may I never spit again—may I die.* For it should be remembered, that if a man spits at all, he must *spit white*. A. B.

And

And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead ;
Not he, which says the dead is not alive.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 1, S. 1.

In few, his death (whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp)
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best temper'd courage in his troops.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 1, S. 1.

I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death ; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me.

Merch. of Venice, A. 4, S. 1.

Your father was ever virtuous ; and holy men,
At their death, have good inspirations.

Merch. of Venice, A. 1, S. 2.

Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths,
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear ;
And he, that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist ;
Whilst he, that hears, makes fearful action
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.

King John, A. 4, S. 2.

—— Without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion ; no, not Death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

King John, A. 2, S. 2.

—— Oh amiable lovely death !
Thou odoriferous stench ! found rottenness !
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones.

King John, A. 3, S. 4.

—— If

——— If thou art rich, thou art poor ;
 For like an afs whose back with ingots bows,
 'Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
 And death unloads thee. *Meas. for Meas.* A. 3, S. 1.
 To sue to live, I find, I seek to die ;
 And, seeking death, find life.

Measure for Measure, A. 3, S. 1.

——— Thy best of rest is sleep,
 And that thou oft provok'st, yet grossly fear'st
 Thy death, which is no more.

Measure for Measure, A. 3, S. 1.

O Warwick ! Warwick ! that Plantagenet,
 Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
 Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.¹

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 2, S. 1.

The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
 That age, ach, penury, and imprisonment,
 Can lay on nature, is a paradise
 To what we fear of death.

Measure for Measure, A. 3, S. 1.

When first this order was ordain'd,
 Knights of the garter were of noble birth ;
 Valiant, and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
 Such as were grown to credit by the wars ;
 Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
 But always resolute in most extremes.

Henry VI. P. 1, A. 4, S. 1.

Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
 Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage :

¹ *Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.] Done to death for killed, was a common expression long before Shakespeare's time. Thus Chaucer:—*

And said, that if ye done us both to die.

And Spencer mentions a plague which many did to dye.

JOHNSON.

The expression is according to the French idiom — *faire mourir*.
 A. B.

Here on my knee I vow to God above,
 I'll never pause again ; never stand still,
 Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
 Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 2, S. 3.

Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff,
 Life and these lips have long been separated ;
 Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
 Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Romeo and Juliet, A. 4, S. 5.

Let them pull all about mine ears ; present me
 Death on the wheel, or at wild horses heels ;
 Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
 That the precipitation might down stretch
 Below the beam of fight, yet will I still
 Be thus to them.

Coriolanus, A. 3, S. 2.

If I say, fine, cry fine ; if death, cry death ;
 Insisting on the old prerogative
 And power i'the truth o'the cause.¹

Coriolanus, A. 3. S. 3.

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
 Vagabond exile, fleaing : pent to linger
 But with a grain a day, I would not buy
 Their mercy at the price of one fair word.

Coriolanus, A. 3, S. 3.

¹ *Insisting on the old prerogative,
 And power i'the truth o'the cause.]* This is not easily under-
 stood ; we might read,

O'er the truth of the cause.

JOHNSON.

Very easily understood surely. *Truth* is, in this place, sup-
 port. *Insisting on your old prerogative and power in support of
 the cause ; i. e. the cause of the people.*

A. B.

Though

Though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected : better 'twere,
I met the ravin lion when he roar'd,
With sharp constraint of hunger.

All's well that ends well, A. 3, S. 2.

Call me their traitor !—thou injurious tribune !
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods. *Coriolanus, A. 3, S. 3.*

All comfort go with thee !
For none abides with me : my joy is—death !
Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.—

Henry VI. P. 2, A. 2, S. 4.

Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless
Being all descended to the labouring heart ;
Who in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy,
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returns,
To blush and beautify the cheek again.

Henry VI. P. 2, A. 3, S. 2.

Beware of yonder dog ;
Look, when he fawns, he bites ; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death :
Have not to do with him, beware of him ;
Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks upon him,
And all their ministers attend on him.

Rich. III. A. 1, S. 3.

Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave ?
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.

G

Who

Who su'd to me for him? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bid me be advis'd?

Rich. III. A. 2, S. 1.

I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liv'd by looking on his images:
But now, two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.

Rich. III. A. 2, S. 2.

The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near (O our lives' sweetness!
That we the pain of death would hourly bear,
Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift
Into a mad man's rags.

Lear, A. 5, S. 3.

O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limed soul, that struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels, make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees! and, heart, with strings of
steel,
Be soft as finews of the new-born babe.

Hamlet, A. 3, S. 3.

Who would fardles bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death——
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns——puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.

Hamlet, A. 3, S. 1.

Young Fortinbras——
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death,
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame——

Col-

Colleagu'd¹ with this dream of his advantage,
 He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
 Importing the furrender of those lands
 Lost by his father. *Hamlet, A. 1, S. 2.*

I'll call thee Hamlet,
 King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!
 Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,
 Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
 Have burst their cearments? Why the sepulchre,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
 Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
 To cast thee up again? *Hamlet, A. 1, S. 4.*

He is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies,
 hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this
 moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be
 none but by pangs of death and sepulchre.

Twelfth Night, A. 3, S. 4.

You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
 And fear up my embracements from a next
 With bonds of death!—Remain, remain thou here,
 While sense can keep it on!²

Cymbeline, A. 1, S. 2.

—— The next time I do fight,
 I'll make death love me; for I will contend
 Even with his pestilent scythe.

Ant. and Cleop. A. 3, S. 11.

¹ *Colleagu'd with this dream of his advantage.*] The meaning is, he goes to war so indiscreetly and unprepared, that he has no allies to support him but a *dream* with which he is colleagu'd or confederated. WARBURTON.

“Colleagu'd with this dream of his advantage,” is merely, *thinking it might turn out to his advantage or benefit.* A. B.

² *While sense can keep it on.*] The expression means, while sense can maintain its operations; while sense continues to have power. STEEVENS.

“While sense can keep it on.” *Sense* in this place is *life, motion*, and not the intellectual faculty. Posthumus would say, that while he has life the ring shall remain on his finger.

A. B.

— I, in mine woe charm'd,
 Could not find death, where I did hear him groan,
 Nor feel him where he struck : being an ugly mon-
 ster,

'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
 Sweet words ; or hath more ministers than we
 That draw his knives i'the war.

Cymbeline, A. 5, S. 3.

— Death !

Come grin on me, and I will think thou smil'st,
 And bus thee as thy wife ! Misery's love ;
 Oh, come to me !

King John, A. 3, S. 4.

Better it were a brother dy'd at once,
 Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
 Should die forever.

Measure for Measure, A. 2, S. 4.

Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.¹

King John, A. 1, S. 1.

Here's a stay,²

That shakes the rotten carcase of old Death
 Out of his rags ! here's a large mouth, indeed,
 That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and sea.

King John, A. 2, S. 2.

DEED,

¹ *Unto the death.*] This expression is common among our ancient writers.

STEEVENS.

“Unto the death” is according to the French idiom—*jusqu'à la mort.*

A. B.

² *Here's a stay,*

That shakes the rotten carcase of old Death

Out of his rags.

I cannot but think every reader wishes for some other word in the place of *stay*, which, though it may signify an hindrance, or *man* that *hinders*, is yet very improper to introduce the next line. I read

“Here's a flaw

“That shakes, &c.”

that is, here is a *gust* of bravery, a *blast* of menace. JOHNSON.

I cannot

D E E D, D E E D S.

—— To do this deed,
Promotion follows: If I could find example
Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't.

Winter's Tale, A. 1, S. 2.

—— It is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 5, S. 2.

—— How he glisters
Through my dark rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Winter's Tale, A. 3, S. 2.

—— O, such a deed,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very foul; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words.

Hamlet, A. 3, S. 4.

—— What! gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 2, S. 2.

—— By my hopes,—
This present enterprize set off his head,—
I do not think, a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,—

I cannot discover any meaning in the present reading, "Here's
" a stay, &c." and am firmly persuaded that the poet must have
written, *Here's a say*, i. e. here's a speech, &c. That this is the
true reading, the whole tenour of Falconbridge's reply will shew.
—"Here's a mouth, indeed"—"Zounds! I was never so be-
"thump'd with words," &c.

"Here's a say," is not, indeed, a very elegant expression; but
it accords sufficiently well with the character of Falconbridge.

A. B.

More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 5, S. 1.

If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries :—
Oh, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh!

Richard III. A. 1, S. 2.

———— The time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To ingross up glorious deeds on my behalf.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 3, S. 2.

How oft the fight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done? Hadest not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind.

King John, A. 4, S. 2.

This is the man should do the bloody deed;
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does shew the mood of a much-troubled breast.

King John, A. 4, S. 2.

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They, that have done this deed, are honourable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it. *Julius Cæsar, A. 3, S. 2.*

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Merchant of Venice, A. 5, S. 1.

———— Who shall believe,
But you misuse the reverence of your place;
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,

As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonourable? *Henry IV. P. 2, A. 4, S. 2.*

I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death;
Record it with your high and worthy deeds;
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Much ado about nothing, A. 5, S. 1.

This would'st thou say,—Your son did thus and thus;
Your brother, thus; so fought the noble Douglas;
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with—brother, son, and all are dead.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 1, S. 1.

If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more: abandon all remorse;
On horror's head, horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that. *Othello, A. 3, S. 3.*

—— I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice. *Othello, A. 5, S. 2.*

D E E R.

—— For his weeping in the needful stream;
Poor deer, quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving the sum of more
To that which had too much.

As you like it, A. 2, S. 1.

D E S I G N.

He hath discover'd my design, and I

G 4

Remain

¹ *He hath discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing.] Alluding to the superstition
of*

Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will. *Winter's Tale*, A. 2, S. 1.

D E S I R E S.

——— Thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd and ravenous.

Merchant of Venice, A. 4, S. 1.

But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is.

Much ado about nothing, A. 1, S. 1.

D E S P A I R,

You common cry of curs!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders. *Coriolanus*, A. 3, S. 3.

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.

All's well that ends well, A. 2, S. 1.

O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
Oh, beat away the busy meddling fiend,
And from his bosom purge this black despair.

Henry VI. P. 2, A. 3, S. 3.

of the vulgar, concerning those that were enchanted, and fast-
ened to the spot, by charms superior to their own.

WARBURTON.

The sense, I think, is, he hath now discovered my design, and I
am treated as a mere baby, a thing pinched out of clouts, a puppet
for them to move and actuate as they please. Dr. Warburton's
supposed allusion to enchantments is quite beside the purpose.

REVISAL,

"Pinch'd thing" should certainly be *pinchin*, i. e. *one who is
to be played upon*. The word is used by Chaucer. *Pincer*, Fr. to
jeer, to banter.

A. B.

DETRAC-

D E T R A C T I O N.

Happy are they that hear their detractions, and
can put them to mending.

Much ado about nothing, A. 2, S. 3.

D E V I L.

——— Divinity of hell !

When devils will their blackest fins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shews,
As I do now. *Othello*, A. 2, S. 3.

Whatsoever cunning fiend it was,
That wrought upon thee so preposterously,
He hath got the voice in hell for excellence :
And other devils, that suggest by treasons,
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd
From glistering semblances of piety.
Henry V. A. 2, S. 2.

I press me none but good householders, yeomen's
sons ; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as
had been ask'd twice on the bans : such a commo-
dity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as
a drum ; such as fear the report of a caliver, worse
than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 4, S. 2.

Something may be done, that we will not :
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 4, S. 4.

——— Worthy duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil :
Hear me yourself. *Measure for Measure*, A. 5, S. 1.

——— Let the devil
Be sometimes honour'd for his burning throne.
Measure for Measure, A. 5, S. 1.
The

The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.

Merchant of Venice, A. 1, S. 3.

Come, swear it, damn thyself;

Left, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double damn'd,
Swear—thou art honest.

Othello, A. 4, S. 2.

——— Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!—
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead?

Othello, A. 5, S. 2.

D E W.

Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.

King John, A. 5, S. 2.

As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both!

Tempest, A. 1, S. 2.

O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-flaughter!

Hamlet, A. 1, S. 2.

My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so fanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd, like Theſſalian bulls:
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 4, S. 1.

DISCOURSE.

These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
 Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome :
 And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
 Making the hard way sweet and delectable.

Richard II. A. 2, S. 3.

What should we speak of,
 When we are as old as you ? When we shall hear
 The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
 In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
 The freezing hours away ? *Cymbeline*, A. 3, S. 3.

— These things to hear,
 Would Desdemona seriously incline :
 But still the house affairs would draw her thence ;
 Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse. *Othello*, A. 1, S. 3.

Of government the properties to unfold,
 Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse.
Measure for Measure, A. 1, S. 1.

DISCRETION.

Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night :
 Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
 Not to out-sport discretion. *Othello*, A. 2, S. 3.

DISEASE.

— We are all diseas'd ;
 And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,
 Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
 And we must bleed for it : of which disease
 Our late king, Richard, being infected, dy'd.
Henry IV. P. 2, A. 4, S. 1.

I can get no remedy against this consumption of
 the purse ; borrowing only lingers and lingers it out,
 but the disease is incurable. *Henry IV.* P. 2, A. 1, S. 2.
 Before

Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest ; evils, that take leave,
On their departure most of all shew evil.

King John, A. 3, S. 4.

He will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner
caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs pre-
sently mad.

Much ado about nothing, A. 1, S. 1,

D I S T R E S S.

— The thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the shew
Of smooth civility.

As you like it, A. 2, S. 7.

D I V I N E.

It is a good divine that follows his own instruc-
tions.

Merchant of Venice, A. 1, S. 2.

D O V E.

The dove pursues the griffin ; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tyger.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 2, S. 2.

D R E A M.

My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.

Tempest, A. 1, S. 2.

— We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

Tempest, A. 4, S. 1.

— Dreams are toys :
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. *Winter's Tale, A. 3, S. 3.*
I have heard, (but not believ'd) the spirits of the dead
May walk again ; if such things be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night ; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking.

Winter's Tale, A. 3, S. 3.

— Poor

——— Poor wretches, that depend
On greatness' favour, dream as I have done ;
Wake, and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve :
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours. *Cymbeline*, A. 5, S. 4.

——— To die ;—to sleep ;—
To sleep ! perchance, to dream ;—Ay, there's the
rub ;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil¹,
Must give us pause : there's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life.

Hamlet, A. 3, S. 1.

I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead ;
(Strange dream ! that gives a dead man leave to think)
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.

Romeo and Juliet, A. 5, S. 1.

² If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand :
My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne ;
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.

Romeo and Juliet, A. 5, S. 1.

¹ ——— mortal coil.] i. e. Turmoil ; bustle.

WARBURTON.

“When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,” i. e. When we
have shaken off the shackles which at present bind, or hold us.

Coil is used in allusion to the coiling or strengthening of a rope
by winding it in the form of a ring, whence *coil* is fetter. A. B.

² *If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep.*] The sense is, if I
may only trust the honesty of sleep, which I know, however, not
to be so nice as not often to practise flattery. JOHNSON.

The oldest copy reads, “the flattering eye of sleep.” Whether
this reading ought to supersede the more modern one, I shall not
pretend to determine ; it appears to me, however, the most easily
intelligible of the two. STEEVENS.

The sense, I think, is,—“If I may give any credit to the vi-
sions of the night, which have been flattering to me, some joy-
ful news is at hand.” A. B.

——— I talk

———— I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain phantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Romeo and Juliet, A. 1, S. 4.

I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers:
How ill white hairs become a fool, and jester!
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;
But, being awake, I do despise my dream.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 5, S. 5.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream;
The genius, and the mortal instruments,
Are then in council, and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Julius Cæsar, A. 2, S. 1.

Think our former state a happy dream;
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shews us but this: I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim necessity; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. *Richard II.* A. 5, S. 1.

———— Thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose,
I am a king, that find thee: and I know,
'Tis not the balm, the scepter, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The enter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farfed title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of the world,

No,

No, not all these, laid in bed majestic,
 Can sleep so foundly as the wretched slave;
 Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
 Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread,
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;
 But, like a lacquey, from the rise to set,
 Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
 Sleeps in elysium. *Henry V. A. 4, S. 1.*

There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,
 For I did dream of money-bags to-night.
Merchant of Venice, A. 2, S. 5.

D U T Y.

—— Others there are,
 Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
 Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
 And throwing but shows of service on their lords,
 Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lin'd
 their coats,
 Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul,
 And such a one do I profess myself.
Othello, A. 1, S. 1.

—— Throw away respect,
 Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
 For you have but mistook me all this while:
 I live on bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
 Need friends;—subjected thus,
 How can you say to me—I am a king?
Richard II. A. 3, S. 2.

Every subject's duty is the king's: but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every moth out of his conscience: and doing so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained: and, in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that, making God so free an offer, he let him
 out-

out-live that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare. *Henry V.* A. 4, S. 1.

—— We thought ourself thy lawful king :
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence ?
If we be not, shew us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship.

Richard II. A. 3, S. 3.

—— Be pleased then
To pay that duty, which you truly owe,
To him that owes it, namely, this young prince :
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up.

King John, A. 2, S. 1.

Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul ; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid ; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours. *Henry VIII.* A. 3, S. 2.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such, a woman oweth to her husband :
And, when she's froward, peevish, fullen, sour,
And, not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord ?

Taming of the Shrew, A. 5, S. 2.

—— What poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 5, S. 1.

I love

—— and what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.] The sense of
this passage, as it now stands, if it has any sense, is this: *What
the inability of duty cannot perform, regardful generosity receives as
an act of ability, though not of merit.* The contrary is rather true:
What

I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 5, S. 1.

—— In the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 5, S. 1.

—— Never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 5, S. 1.

E.

E A R,

E A R S.

YOU cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense. *Tempest, A. 2, S. 1.*

—— The isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt
not.

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears. *Tempest, A. 3, S. 2.*

—— Full many a lady
I've ey'd with best regard; and many a time

What dutifulness tries to perform without ability, regardful generosity receives as having the merit, though not the power, of complete performance.

We should therefore read,

“ And what poor duty cannot do,

“ Noble respect takes not in might, but merit.”

JOHNSON.

“ Might,” in this place, is not *ability* but *endeavour*.

A. B.

H

The



The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear. *Tempest*, A. 3, S. 1.

Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragic history.—

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 5, S. 6.

Dear Ifabel,

I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.

Measure for Measure, A. 5, S. 1.

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones,
So let it be with Cæsar. *Julius Cæsar*, A. 3, S. 2.

This sleep is found, indeed; this is a sleep,
That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd
So many English kings. Thy due from me,
Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood;
Which nature, love, and filial tendernefs,
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteoufly.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 4, S. 4.

I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve.

Much ado about nothing, A. 5, S. 1.

Ram^r thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 2, S. 5.

EARTH.

^r *Ram thou thy fruitful tidings.*—] Shakespeare probably wrote (as Sir T. Hanmer observes) *Rain thou*, &c. *Rain* agrees better with the epithets, *fruitful* and *barren*. STEEVENS.

E A R T H.

Advance your standards, draw your willing swords :
 For me, the ransom of my bold attempt,
 Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face ;
 But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt,
 The least of you shall share his part thereof.

Richard III. A. 5, S. 3.

Feed not thy sov'reign's foe, my gentle earth,
 Nor with thy sweets comfort his rav'nous sense ;
 But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
 And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way.

Richard II. A. 3, S. 2.

The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,
 And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven ;
 The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
 And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change.

Richard II. A. 2, S. 4.

As a long-parted mother with her child
 Plays fondly, with tears and smiles, in meeting ;
 So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
 And do thee favour with my royal hand.

Richard II. A. 3, S. 2.

I am sorry I should force you to believe
 That, which I would to heaven I had not seen ;
 But these, mine eyes, saw him in bloody state,
 Rend'ring faint quittance, wearied and out-breath'd,
 To Harry Monmouth ; whose swift wrath beat down
 The never-daunted Percy to the earth.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 1, S. 1.

Perhaps we should read, *Cram thou*, &c. Shakespeare writes
 in another place ;

“ You cram these news into mine ear against

“ The stomach of my sense.”

Hammer's emendation, however, is certainly deserving of no-
 tice. A. B.

— Seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he. *Cymbeline*, A. 1, S. 1.

All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remediate,
In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek, for him;
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Lear, A. 4, S. 4.

I have of late (but wherefore, I know not) lost
all my mirth; foregone all custom of exercises: and
indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that
this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile
promontory: this most excellent canopy, the air,
look you, this brave o'er-hanging firmament, this
majestical roof, fretted with golden fire, why it ap-
pears no other thing to me, than a foul and pesti-
lent congregation of vapours.

Hamlet, A. 2, S. 2.

My' bosky acres, and my unshrubbed down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth.

Tempest, A. 4, S. 1.

E A S T.

— Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
That like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous East,
Bows not his vassal head.

Love's Labour Lost, A. 4, S. 3.

1 *My bosky acres.*] *Bosky* is woody. *Bosquet*, French.

STEEVENS.

"*Bosky acres*," must mean *fat, fertile acres*. *Bosky* is fre-
quently used in that sense.

A. B.

E C H O.

E C H O.

—— Wilt thou hunt ?

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

Taming of the Shrew, Induct.

—— Let us sit,

And—whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once——
Let us sit down and mark their yelling noise.

Titus Andronicus, A. 2, S. 3.

—— Do but start

An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder.

King John, A. 5, S. 2.

E N E M Y, E N E M I E S.

I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limb.
Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf;
It cannot be, this weak and wrizzl'd shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Henry VI. P. 1, A. 2, S. 3.

I would to God, my name were not so terrible
to the enemy as it is. 'Twere better to be eaten
to death with rust, than to be scour'd to nothing
with perpetual motion.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 1, S. 2.

'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy;
 Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.¹
 What's Montague? It is not hand, nor foot,
 Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part:
 What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
 By any other name would smell as sweet.

Romeo and Juliet, A. 2, S. 2.

My lord cardinal, you are not to be taught,
 That you have many enemies, that know not
 Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
 Bark when their fellows do.

Henry VIII. A. 2, S. 4.

Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
 Wherein the pregnant enemy² does much.

Twelfth Night, A. 2, S. 2.

¹ *Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.*] I think the true reading is,

"Thou art thyself, *then* not a Montague." Thou art a being of peculiar excellence, and hast none of the malignity of the family from which thou hast thy name. JOHNSON.

There is certainly some obscurity in this passage, which might possibly be removed by reading,

"Thou art thyself, though *yet* a Montague." Or thus;

"Thou art thyself, *although* a Montague."

At best Juliet's meaning seems to be, that though he was a Montague by name, and therefore her enemy, yet for his person and mind, she might still be allowed to love him.

REMARKS.

I think the commentators have mistaken the poet's meaning. I would read thus:

"'Tis but thy name that is mine enemy,

"Not thou thyself, though thou'rt a Montague." A. B.

² *The pregnant enemy.*] Is, I believe, the dexterous fiend, or enemy of mankind. JOHNSON.

I do not think that "pregnant" in this place signifies *dexterous*, but *great, powerful, full of consequence*. A. B.

ENGLAND.

E N G L A N D.

We never valu'd this poor seat of England;
 And therefore living hence, did give ourself
 To barbarous licence; as 'tis ever common,
 That men are merriest when they are from home.
 But tell the Dauphin, I will keep my state;
 Be like a king, and shew my fail of greatness,
 When I do rouse me in my throne of France.

Henry V. A. 1, S. 2.

O England!—model to thy inward greatness,
 Like little body with a mighty heart——
 What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
 Were all thy children kind and natural!

Henry V. Chorus, A. 2.

England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
 Of wat'ry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
 With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds.¹
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.

Richard II. A. 2, S. 1.

Have you a ruffian, that will swear, drink, dance,
 Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit
 The oldest sins, the newest kind of ways?
 England shall give him office, honour, might:
 For the Fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
 The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
 Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 4, S. 4.

¹ *With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds.*] I suspect that our author wrote, *inky bolts*. How can blots bind in any thing? and do not *bolts* correspond better with bonds? STEEVENS.

“Inky blots:” *i. e.* the wording of the rotten parchments. What are *inky bolts*? or what have inky bolts to do with parchment bonds? A. B

— England never did (nor never shall)
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.

King John, A. 5, S. 7.

— You degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame:
For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums.

King John, A. 5, S. 2.

By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths,
'Till their foul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city.

King John, A. 2, S. 2.

Remember whom you are to cope withal;—
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and run-aways,
A scum of Britains, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloy'd country vomits forth,
To desperate ventures and assur'd destruction.

Richard III. A. 5, S. 3.

Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I'the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest. *Cymbeline*, A. 3, S. 4.

England! if my love thou hold'st at aught,
(As my great power thereof may give thee sense;
Since yet the cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us) thou may'st not coldly set
Our sovereign process.¹

Hamlet, A. 4, S. 3.

— Were

¹ — Set by

Our sovereign process.] So Hanmer. The others have only
set. JOHNSON.

— Set

Our sovereign process.] I adhere to the reading of the quarto
and folio. To *set*, is an expression taken from the gaming
table. STEEVENS.

We

—— Were I in England, now,
There would this monster make a man;
Any strange beast there makes a man.

Tempest, A. 2, S. 2.

England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood;
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The son compell'd, been butcher to the fire:
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood!

Richard III. A. 5, S. 4.

E R R O R.

—— There is no power in Venice,
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state.

Merchant of Venice, A. 4, S. 1.

—— Indian-like,
Religion in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more.

All's well that ends well, A. 1, S. 3.

O hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men,
The things that thou are not? O terror, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Julius Caesar, A. 5, S. 3.

—— Trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, or divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here,
Under some biting error.

Much ado about nothing, A. 4, S. 1.

We should read *jet*, (*jetter*, French) *i. e.* *reject*, throw out my
process or suit.

A. B.

ESTATE.

E S T A T E.

— Much I have disabled mine estate,
By something shewing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance.

Merchant of Venice, A. 1, S. 1.

E X P E C T A T I O N.

— Now fits expectation in the air;
And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.

Henry V. Chorus, A. 2.

He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his
age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a
lion: he hath, indeed, better'd expectation, than
you must expect of me to tell you how.

Much ado about nothing, A. 1, S. 1.

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live long day, with patient expectation
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome.

Julius Cæsar, A. 1, S. 1.

E X P E D I T I O N.

— I have learn'd, that fearful commenting,
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary:
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!

Richard III. A. 4, S. 3.

E Y E,

E Y E S.

Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?

Why

Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
What see'st thou there? king Henry's diadem,
Inchas'd with all the honours of the world?

Henry VI. P. 2, A. 1, S. 2.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?

Oh, no. *Taming of the Shrew, A. 2, S. 3.*

Fye! fye! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor.

Taming of the Shrew, A. 5, S. 2.

— There is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;
As if those organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 5, S. 2.

His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory,
his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrafonical.

Love's Labour Lost, A. 5, S. 1.

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academies,
That shew, contain, and nourish all the world.

Love's Labour Lost, A. 4, S. 3.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues.—

Fye, painted rhetorick! O, she needs it not:
A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye.

Love's Labour Lost, A. 4, S. 3.

All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacl'd to see him: your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry, While

While she chats him : the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him.

Coriolanus A. 2, S. 1.

'Tis pretty fure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,—
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers.

As you like it, A. 3, S. 5.

These eyes that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world.

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 5, S. 2.

I think, she means to tangle mine eyes too ;
No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it ;
'Tis not your inky brows, your black-filk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.

As you like it, A. 3, S. 5.

Where the impression of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour ;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stolen ;¹

¹ *Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stolen.*] Contempt is brought in lending Bertram her perspective glass, which does its office properly by *warping* the lines of all other faces ; or by *expressing* or shewing native red and white as paint. But with what propriety of speech can this glass be said to *scorn*, which is an affection of the mind ? We should read,

“ Scorch'd a fair colour, &c.”

i. e. this glass represented the owner as brown or tanned.

WARBURTON.

The passage is corrupt : for, as Dr. Warburton rightly observes, a glass can hardly be made to *scorn*. But why should it be made to *scorch* ? The poet certainly wrote,

“ *Scors'd* a fair colour, &c.”

To *scoss* or *scorse*, in old language, is to *change*. A. B.

Extended

Extended or contracted all proportions,
To a most hideous object.

All's well that ends well, A. 5, S. 3.

—— I could well
Beteem them¹ from the tempest of mine eyes.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 1, S. 1.

What peremptory eagle-fighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?

Love's Labour Lost, A. 4, S. 3.

My ashes, as the Phoenix, may bring forth
A bird, that will revenge upon you all,
And, in that hope, I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.

Henry VI. P. 3. A. 1, S. 4.

— This town is full of cozenage,
As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,
Dark-working forcerers, that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks.

Comedy of Errors, A. 1, S. 2.

Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping their hides and hips;
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes;
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless.

Henry V. A. 4, S. 2.

¹ *Beteem them.*] Give them, bestow upon them. The word
is used by Spenser. JOHNSON.

I rather think, that to *beteem* in this place signifies, as in the
northern counties, to pour out—from *tommer*, Danish.

STEEVENS.

To “beteem,” is to bring forth, to grow. We should read,

—— “Yet could I well

“Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.”

i. e. yet could I with my tears cause them to grow or flourish. A. B.

There

There is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes,
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. *Henry V. A. 3, S. 1.*

Farewell, my lord; securely I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.
Richard II. A. 1, S. 3.

As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next:
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard. *Richard II. A. 5, S. 2.*

You would have thought, the very windows spake
So many greedy looks of young and old,
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage. *Richard II. A. 5, S. 2.*

O thou dull God, why ly'st thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common larum bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them,
With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Henry IV. P. 2, A. 3, S. 1.

The bird that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and
kill'd. *Henry VI. P. 3, A. 5, S. 6.*

Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds,
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,

With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs. *Henry VI. P. 3, A. 2, S. 5.*

—— I think him better than I say,
And yet, would herein others' eyes were worse:
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away;
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.
Comedy of Errors, A. 4, S. 2.

Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords.
Romeo and Juliet, A. 2, S. 2.

—— Some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight,
Springs out into fast gait; then, stops again,
Strikes his breast hard, and anon he casts
His eyes against the moon.
Henry VIII. A. 3, S. 2.

What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye the lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
King John, A. 3, S. 1.

Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart.
Measure for Measure, A. 4, S. 3.

Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes; O, spare mine eyes;
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
K. John, A. 4, S. 1.

A fearful eye thou hast; where is that blood,
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm;
Pour down thy weather. *King John, A. 4, S. 2.*
— By

—— By this scimitar,——
I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady.

Merchant of Venice, A. 2, S. 1.

That same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre; I did hear him groan;
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cry'd, give me some drink, Titinius,
As a sick girl.

Julius Cæsar, A. 1, S. 2.

A² pretty peat! 'tis best
Put finger in the eye.——

Taming of the Shrew, A. 1, S. 1.

—— I wish mine eyes
Would with themselves shut up my thoughts.

Tempest, A. 2, S. 1.

—— Never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand and read,
As 'twere my daughter's eyes.

Winter's Tale, A. 4, S. 3.

The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say what thou seest yond'.

Tempest, A. 1, S. 2.

I would have broke mine eye-strings, crack'd them,
but
To look upon him, till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle:
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from

² *Pretty peat!*] *Peat*, or *pet*, is a word of endearment, from *petit*, little,—as if it meant pretty little thing. JOHNSON.

“*Pretty peat*,” is *pretty lamb*. A *pet lamb* is a lamb brought up in the house.

A. B.

The

The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.

Cymbeline, A. 1, S. 4.

Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming; it had been
vicious,

To have mistrusted her. *Cymbeline*, A. 5. S. 5.

— Like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine.

Twelfth Night, A. 1, S. 1.

O, when my eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought, she purg'd the air of pestilence.

Twelfth Night, A. 1, S. 1.

Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invifible and fubtle stealth,
To creep in at my eyes.

Twelfth Night, A. 1, S. 5.

— Oh, happy fair!

Your eyes are lode-ftars, and your tongue's fweet air,
More tuneable than lark to fhepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 1, S. 1.

Alas! how is't with you?

That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold difcourfe?

Hamlet, A. 3, S. 4.

— Come, fir page,

Look on me, with your welkin eye²; fweet villain!

Winter's Tale, A. 1, S. 2.

Why

² — *Welkin eye*.] Blue eye; an eye of the fame colour
with the *welkin*, or fky.

—— Why this is not Lear:
Does Lear walk thus? Speak thus? Where are
his eyes?

Either his notion weakens, or his discernings
Are lethargy'd.—Ha! waking?—'tis not so.—
Who is it that can tell me who I am? Lear's shadow,
I would learn that; for by the marks
Of sov'reignty, of knowledge, and of reason,
I should be false persuaded I had daughters.—
Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Lear, A. 1, S. 4.

These things, indeed, you have articulated,
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches;
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour, that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings, and poor discontents.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 5, S. 1.

—— Those opposed eyes,
Which—like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock,
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way. *Henry IV. P. 1, A. 1. S. 1.*

Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 2. S. 3.

He was but as the cuckow is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,
As sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,

“ A welkin eye” is a *rolling eye*, or as Leontes would insinuate,
a *wanton eye*, and such as he supposes Hermione's to be. *Welkin*
comes from *pelcan*, Saxon, to *roll about*. *A. B.*

Such

Such as is bent on fun-like majesty,
When it shines feldom in admiring eyes.

Henry IV. P. 1. A. 3, S. 2.

—— I do see

Danger and disobedience in thine eye;
O, fir, your prefence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a fervant brow.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 1, S. 3.

O Thou! whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruifing irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The ufurping helmets of our adverfaries!
Make us thy ministers of chaftifement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory!

Richard III. A. 5, S. 3.

I will converse with iron-witted fools,
And unrefpected boys; none are for me,
That look into me with confiderate eyes.

Richard III. A. 4, S. 2.

We know the time, fince he was mild and affable;
And, if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admir'd him for fubmiffion;
But meet him now, and be it in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow, and fhews an angry eye.

Henry VI. P. 2. A. 3, S. 1.

A lean cheek; which you have not: a blue² eye, and
funken, which you have not.

As you like it, A. 3, S. 2.

² *A blue eye.*] i. e. a bluenefs about the eyes. STEEVENS.

“A blue eye.” But why a *blue* eye? I believe we fhould read “a *flu* eye.”—*Flu—fluish*, in the northern counties, is *watery, weak, tender*. “A *flu* eye” will therefore mean *an eye filled with tears*. *Fluer*, French, to flow or run. A. B.

F.

F A C E.

I HAVE heard of your paintings too well enough ;
 God hath given you one face, and you make
 yourselves another : you jig, you amble, and you
 lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your
 wantonness your ignorance¹. Go to.

Hamlet, A. 3, S. 1.

I think my wife be honest, and think she is not ;
 I think that thou art just, and think thou art not ;
 I'll have some proof : her name that was as fresh
 As Dian's visage, is now begrimm'd and black
 As mine own face.

Othello, A. 3, S. 3.

He falls to such perusal of my face,
 As he would draw it. Long staid he so :
 At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
 And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
 He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
 As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
 And end his being.

Hamlet, A. 2, S. 1.

² Let no face be kept in mind,
 But the fair of Rosalind. *As you like it*, A. 3, S. 2.

¹ *Make your wantonness your ignorance.*] You mistake by *wanton* affectation, and pretend to mistake by ignorance. JOHNSON.

“ *Make your wantonness your ignorance.*” The meaning is, when you are guilty of any improper behaviour you would have it attributed to simplicity or ignorance, when the fact is, that it is studied. A. B.

² *Let no face be kept in mind,*
But the fair of Rosalind.] Thus the old copy.
Fair is beauty, complexion. The modern editors read—the *face*
 of Rosalind. STEEVENS.

“ *The fair of Rosalind*” is very harsh. We may surely read,
 “ *But of the fair Rosalind.*”
i. e. but *that of* the fair Rosalind. A. B.

FAIRY.

F A I R Y.

Fairies, be gone, and be always away.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 4, S. 1.

F A I T H.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith :

But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,

Make gallant shew and promise of their mettle,

But when they should endure the bloody spur,

They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,

Sink in the trial. *Julius Cæsar*, A. 4, S. 2.

Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,

To hold opinion with Pythagoras,

That souls of animals infuse themselves

Into the trunks of men. *Merchant of Venice*, A. 4, S. 1.

Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou hadst two,

And that's far worse than none.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 5, S. 3.

F A L S E H O O D.

O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath !

Merchant of Venice, A. 1, S. 3.

——— *And be always away.*] What! was she giving her attendants an everlasting dismissal? No such thing, they were still to be upon duty. I am convinced the poet meant,

And be all ways away.

i. e. disperse yourselves.

THEOBALD.

Mr. Upton reads,

And be *away—away*.—

Mr. Heath would read,

And be *always i' th' way*.

JOHNSON.

“Always away” is right. It means not that the fairies were never to return, but that they should not presume to disturb Bottom—that during his repose they should keep aloof.

The expression is according to the idiom of the French—*Voilà mes ordres ; restez toujours à Paris*.—This is by no means to signify that the person so enjoined should never return from Paris, but that he should make it his principal place of residence—that he should remain there until he was recalled. A. B.

If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth !

Let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood ! when they have said—as
false

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or step-dame to her son ;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid. *Troilus and Cressida*, A. 3, S. 2.

F A M E.

—— He hath atchiev'd a maid
That paragon's description, and wild fame ;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And, in the essential vesture of creation,
Does bear all excellency¹. *Othello*, A. 2, S. 1.

If you do not all shew like gilt two-pences to me ;
and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much
as the full moon doth the cinders of the element,
which shew like pins heads to her ; believe not the

¹ *And in the essential vesture of creation,
Does bear all excellency.*] It is plain that something very
hyperbolical was here intended, But what is there as it stands ?
Why this, that in the essence of creation, she bore all excellency.
The expression is intolerable, and could never come from one
who so well understood the force of words as our poet. Shake-
speare certainly wrote,

“ And in terrestrial vesture of creation.”
And in this lay the wonder, that all created excellence should be
contained within an earthly mortal form. WARBURTON.

I do not think the present reading inexplicable. The author
seems to use *essential* for *existent*, *real*. She excels the praise of
invention, says he, and in *real* qualities, with which creation has
invested her, bears all excellency. JOHNSON.

I do not find any difficulty in this passage. The poet would
insinuate that *woman* is the most finished, the most perfect work of
heaven ; and that Desdemona excels her sex. A very common
thought, but somewhat quaintly expressed. A. B.

word

word of the noble : therefore let me have right, and
let desert mount. *Henry IV. P. 2, A. 4, S. 3.*

I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart ;
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 3, S. 3.

Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live registered upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death.

Love's Labour Lost, A. 1, S. 1.

Too much to know, is, to know nought but fame ;
And every godfather can give a name.

Love's Labour Lost, A. 1, S. 1.

F A M I N E,

—— Yet famine,

Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards ; hardness ever
Of hardness is mother. *Cymbeline, A. 3, S. 6.*

If you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
To tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire ;
Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers.

Henry VI. P. 1, A. 4, S. 2.

I do remember him at Clement's Inn, like a man
made after supper of a cheese-paring : when he was
naked, he was for all the world like a fork'd radish,
with a head fantastically carv'd upon it with a knife :
he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick
fight were invisible : he was the very genius of famine.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 3, S. 2.

Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die ? famine is in thy cheeks,

Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law.

Romeo and Juliet, A. 5, S. 1.

F A N C Y.

Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross;
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 1, S. 1.

—— All the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 5, S. 1.

—— So full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.

Twelfth Night, A. 1, S. 1.

—— Now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relicks.

All's well that ends well, A. 1, S. 1.

—— All impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy.

All's well that ends well, A. 5, S. 3.

F A R M.

¹ I will bring thee where Mrs. Anne Page is at a
farm house a feasting; and thou shalt woo her: cry'd
game, said I well?

Merry Wives of Windsor, A. 2, S. 3.

F A T E.

¹ I will bring thee where Anne Page is; and thou shalt woo her;
cry'd game, said I well?] Mr. Theobald alters this nonsense to
try'd game; that is, to nonsense of a worse complexion. Shake-
speare wrote thus, cry aim, said I well? i. e. consent to it, ap-
prove

F A T E.

My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.

Hamlet, A. 1, S. 4.

—— That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give :
She, dying, gave it to me ;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her. I did so : and take heed on't,
Make it a darling like your precious eye ;
To lose't, give't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match. *Othello, A. 3, S. 4.*

—— That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who certain of his fate, loves not his wronger ;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts ; suspects, yet strongly loves !
Othello, A. 3, S. 3.

O vain boast ! Who can control his fate ?
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd ;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
The very sea-mark of my utmost fail.
Othello, A. 5, S. 2.

—— Take my defiance .

prove it—for to *cry aim*, signifies to consent to, or approve of any thing. The phrase was taken originally from archery ; but the Oxford editor transforms it to *cock o' th' game* ; and his improvements of Shakespeare's language abound with these modern elegancies of speech, such as *mynheers*, bull-baitings, &c.

WARBURTON.

Mr. Steevens would retain “cry'd game,” but I cannot think it right. I read,

“Thou shalt woo her, and cry *amie*”—

Amie, Fr. a word of endearment. Thou shalt woo her, says the host, and cry *amie*,—i. e. salute her with the title of *lovely mistress*, eh, said I well ? That this is the true reading the context will clearly shew, A. B.

Die ;

Die ; perish ! might but my bending down
 Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.
Measure for Measure, A. 3, S. 1.

F A T H E R.

To you, your father should be as a god ;
 One that compos'd your beauties ; yea, and one
 To whom you are but as a form in wax,
 By him imprinted. *Mids. Night's Dream, A. 1, S. 1.*
 Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
 Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
 You can endure the livery of a nun ;
 For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 1, S. 1.

—— I know not why,
 I love this youth ; and I have heard you say,
 Love's reason's without reason : the bier at door,
 And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
 My father, not this youth. *Cymbeline, A. 4, S. 2.*
 I love thee ; I have spoke it :
 How much the quantity¹, the weight as much,
 As I do love my father. *Cymbeline, A. 4, S. 2.*

—— Lift up thy looks :
 From my succession wipe me, father ! I
 Am heir to my affection. *Winter's Tale, A. 4, S. 3.*

—— O, fir,
 You have undone a man of fourscore three,

¹ *How much the quantity.*] I read,

“ As much the quantity.”

JOHNSON.

I would read and point the passage thus :

“ I love thee ; I have spoke it :

“ How much the *quality*, the weight as much,

“ As I do love my father.”

I love thee ; and in what (“ quality”) *degree*, I love thee, I
 have declared, by calling thee brother :—which love is *equal*
 (“ the weight as much”) as that I bear to my father. A. B.

That

That thought to fill his grave in quiet ; yea,
To die upon the bed my father dy'd.

Winter's Tale, A. 4, S. 3.

Why, look you there ! look, how it steals away !
My father, in his habit as he liv'd !
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal !

Hamlet, A. 3, S. 4.

So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
Make this place paradise.

Tempest, A. 4, S. 1.

—— A father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table.

Winter's Tale, A. 4, S. 3.

—— Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father : eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead : nay the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek.

Winter's Tale, A. 2, S. 3.

If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace.

Hamlet, A. 1, S. 2.

O, my dear father ! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips ; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made !

Lear, A. 4, S. 7.

Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring winds ?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder ?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning ?

Lear, A. 4, S. 7.

O ! your only jig-maker¹. What should a man
do,

¹ *Your only jig-maker.*] There may have been some humour
in this passage, the force of which is now diminished. STEEVENS.
An

do, but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully
my mother looks, and my father died within these
two hours. *Hamlet, A. 3, S. 2.*

—— This is most brave;
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven, and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion! *Hamlet, A. 2, S. 2.*

My father, and my uncle, and myself,
Did give him that same royalty he wears:
And,—when he was not six and twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded out-law sneaking home,—
My father gave him welcome to the shore.
Henry IV. P. 1, A. 4, S. 3.

My father charg'd you in his will to give me good
education: you have train'd me up like a peasant,
obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like
qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me,
and I will no longer endure it.

As you like it, A. 1, S. 1.

—— Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdu'd.

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 2, S. 1.

Oh, tyger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 1, S. 4.

An equivoque, I believe, is here intended. Hamlet may
mean either jig-maker or gig-maker. *Gigge*, in Chaucer, is an
harlot, a strumpet. A. B.

—— I have five hundred crowns,
 The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
 Which I did store to be my foster-nurse,
 When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
 And unregarded age in corners thrown;
 Take that. *As you like it, A. 2, S. 3.*

—— By heaven, I bid you be assur'd,
 I'll be your father and your brother too!
 Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares,
 Yet weep, that Harry's dead; and so will I:
 But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,
 By number, into hours of happiness.
Henry IV. P. 2, A. 5, S. 2.

My father is gone wild into his grave,
 For in his tomb lie my affections;
 And with his spirit sadly I survive,
 To mock the expectations of the world;
 To frustrate prophecies; and to raze out
 Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
 After my seeming. *Henry IV. P. 2, A. 5, S. 2.*

This¹ young gentlewoman had a father (O, that
 had! how sad a passage 'tis!) whose skill was almost
 as great as his honesty; would for the king's sake he
 were living! I think it would be the death of the
 king's disease. *All's well that ends well, A. 1, S. 1.*

FAVOUR,

¹ *This young gentlewoman had a father (O, that had! how sad a passage 'tis!)]* Lafeu was speaking of the king's desperate condition; which makes the Countess recall to mind the deceased Gerard de Narbon, who, she thinks, would have cured him. But in using the word *had*, which implied his death, she stops in the middle of her sentence, and makes a reflection on it, which, according to the present reading, is unintelligible. We must therefore believe Shakespeare wrote, (O that *had*! how sad a *presage* 'tis) *i. e.* a presage that the king must now expect no cure, since so skilful a person was forced to submit to a malignant distemper.

WARBURTON.

This emendation is ingenious, perhaps preferable to the present reading, yet since *passage* may be fairly enough explained,
 I have

FAVOUR, FAVOURITE.

Bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter;—like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it.

Much ado about nothing, A. 3, S. 1.

Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow¹,
Whom he hath cloy'd and grac'd with princely fa-
vours.

Henry V. A. 2, S. 2.

FAULT, FAULTS.

Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady current, scouring faults;
Nor never hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this king.

Henry V. A. 1, S. 1.

His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd :
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth :

I have left it in the text. *Passage* is any thing that passes; so we now say, a *passage* of an author, and we said about a century ago, the *passages* of a reign. When the Countess mentions Helena's loss of a father, she recollects her own loss of a husband, and stops to observe how heavily that word *had* passes through her mind.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton's reasoning is false and inconclusive. The *death* of Gerard de Narbon could never be considered as a *presage* that the king must now expect no cure, unless, indeed, the physician had died of the same malady as that which the king is said to languish under. I think we should read,—

“O that had! how sad a *pass* it is.”

pass, for conclusion.

We now say—Is it come to that *pass*? *i. e.* Is that the close of all?

A. B.

¹ *That was his bed-fellow.*] The familiar appellation of *bed-fellow*, which appears strange to us, was common to our ancient nobility.

STEEVENS.

“Bed-fellow” should, I think, in this place, be printed *bede-fellow*, *i. e.* a *bidden-fellow*, an *intimate*.—Not one who lies in the same bed with another. To *bede*, was anciently to *bid*, to *invite*.

A. B.

But being moody, give him line and scope;
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 4, S. 4.

—— The noble Brutus

Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

Julius Cæsar, A. 3, S. 2.

—— Every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done:

Mine were the very cypher of a function,
To find the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor. *Meas. for Meas. A. 2, S. 2.*

Prefs not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue;
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self. *Henry VIII. A. 3, S. 2.*

They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better,
For being a little bad. *Measure for Measure, A. 5, S. 1.*

—— Our rash faults

Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave.

All's well that ends well, A. 5, S. 3.

—— Like bright metal on a fullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 1, S. 2.

In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: But 'tis not so above:

There

There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. *Hamlet, A. 3, S. 3.*

—— Breathe his faults so quaintly,
That they may seem the taints of liberty:
The flash and out-break of a fiery mind;
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault. *Hamlet, A. 2, S. 1.*

—— Oh heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect; that one error
Fills him with faults.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 5, S. 3.

—— He fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel: is not more man-like
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he: You shall find there
A man who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow. *Antony and Cleopatra, A. 1, S. 4.*
I must not think, there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 1, S. 4.

—— Poor wretch,
That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To loss, and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds. *Winter's Tale, A. 3, S. 3.*

—— Taunt my faults
With such full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick winds lie still; and our ills told us,
Is as our earing. *Antony and Cleopatra, A. 1, S. 2.*

F E A R.

I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white

Reprove

Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doating. *Antony and Cleop.* A. 3, S. 9.

———— We debase
The nature of our feats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears : which will in time break ope
The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles. *Coriolanus*, A. 3, S. 1.

The love of wicked friends converts to fear ;
That fear, to hate ; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger, and deserved death.
Richard II. A. 5, S. 1.

Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
For I am sick, and capable of fears ;
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears ;
A woman, naturally born to fears.
King John, A. 3, S. 1.

Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear ;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. *Henry VIII.* A. 1, S. 2.

That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear.
Measure for Measure, A. 5, S. 1.

———— What, pale again ?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness : Now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tear's head. *All's well that ends well*, A. 1, S. 3.
Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution :
Be that thou hop'st to be ; or what thou art
Resign to death, it is not worth the enjoying.
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.

Henry VI. P. 2, A. 3, S. 1.
K Why,

Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,—
To fight against me under Percy's pay.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 3, S. 2.

Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add such reasons of your own,
As may compact it more¹.

Lear, A. 1, S. 4.

Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires;—where should Othello go?

Othello, A. 5, S. 2.

Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright².

Macbeth, A. 4, S. 1.

——³ It harrows me with fear, and wonder.

Hamlet, A. 1, S. 1.

By'r lakin, a parlous fear⁴.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 3, S. 1.

F E A-

¹ ——— *Compact it more.*] Unite one circumstance with another, so as to make a consistent account. JOHNSON.

"Compact" is here used in the sense of *strengthen* or *confirm*.
"Compact it," is, *strengthen the fear*,—that fear which she had just before spoken of. If we do not read the passage thus, it has no antecedent. A. B.

² *Thou hast harp'd my fear aright.*] To *harp*, is to touch on a passion, as a harper touches a string. STEEVENS.

"Harp'd my fear," should, perhaps, be "happ'd my fear," *i. e.* caught or interpreted my fears aright.

To "happe" is to *catch*. Happer, *Fr.* A. B.

³ ——— *It harrows me, &c.*] To *harrow* is to conquer, to subdue. STEEVENS.

"It harrows me with fear and wonder," I am lost in fear and wonder, I am astounded. A. B.

⁴ ——— *A parlous fear.*] *Parlous*, a word corrupted from *perilous*, *i. e.* dangerous. STEEVENS.

"Parlous" is frequently used for *perilous*, but it is not employed in

F E A T U R E.

Thou changed and self-cover'd thing¹, for shame,
Be-monster not thy feature. *Lear*, A. 4, S. 2.

F E E B L E.

Being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me:—
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after. *Timon of Athens*, A. 1, S. 1.

F I G H T.

——² Yon ribald nag of Egypt,

in that sense here. We cannot well read, a *perilous fear*. *Parlous* is *peerless*, as well as *dangerous*, and will therefore signify, in this place, *very great*. If, however, we read *parlous feat*, which I think is rather to be preferred, it will mean a *dangerous undertaking*. A. B.

¹ *Thou changed and self-cover'd thing*.] Of these lines there is but one copy, and the editors are forced upon conjecture. They have published this line thus:

“Thou chang'd and *self-converted* thing.”

But I cannot but think, that by *self-cover'd* the author meant, thou that hast *disguised* nature by wickedness; thou that hast *hid* the woman under the fiend. JOHNSON.

I think it not improbable but that the poet might write, “*self-convict*,” alluding to her open and violent abuse of her father. A. B.

² —— *ribald* ——.] A luxurious squanderer. POPE.

The word is, in the old edition, *ribaudred*, which I do not understand, but mention it, in hopes others may raise some happy conjecture. JOHNSON.

A *ribald* is a lewd fellow. *Ribaudred*, the old reading, is, I believe, no more than a corruption. Shakespeare, who is not always very nice about his versification, might have written:

“Yon ribald-rid nag of Egypt.” STEEVENS.

Ribaudred is, I am persuaded, the true reading. *Ribaude*, in the French language, is a *whore*, a *strumpet*. I would likewise read *bag*. *Ribaudred bag*, i. e. a woman who has been the property of several men; as was the case with Cleopatra. Had our author written *strumpeted bag*, he would, I presume, have been generally understood: *ribaudred bag* is exactly the same. The affectation of employing French words was extremely common in Shakespeare's time. A. B.

Whom leprosy o'ertake i' the midst o' the fight,
 When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
 Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—
 The brize upon her, like a cow in June,
 Hoists sails, and flies. *Antony and Cleopatra*, A. 3, S. 8.

To see thee fight, to see thee foin¹, to see thee
 traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see
 thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy dis-
 tance, thy montant.

Merry Wives of Windsor, A. 2, S. 3.

———— When he reads
 Thy personal venture in the rebels fight,
 His wonders and his praises do contend²,
 Which should be thine, or his : silenc'd with that,
 In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
 He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks.

Macbeth, A. 1, S. 3.

She once being looft³,

¹ *To see thee foin.*] To foin, I believe, was the ancient term
 for making a thrust in fencing or tilting. STEEVENS.

I rather think that *foil* is the proper word here—*i. e.* to see
 thee overcome or conquer thine enemy. The *foining*, or *fencing*,
 of *Caius*, is afterwards spoken of. A. B.

² *His wonders and his praises do contend,*
Which should be thine, or his : silenc'd with that.] This is
 somewhat obscure. We may regulate the passage thus :

———— And when he reads
 Thy personal valor in the rebel's fight,
 His wonder and his praises do contend.---
 Silenced with that which should be thine, not his.
 A. B.

³ ——— *being looft.*] To loof, is to bring a ship close to the
 wind. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens observes, that *to loof* is to bring a ship close to
 the wind---very true; but that is not the poet's particular mean-
 ing here. Cleopatra might loof, or luff her vessel, as well for
 the purpose of meeting the enemy, as for flying from him. To
 say, therefore, that she *looft*, is saying nothing. *Looft*, in this
 place, is *aloof*, or at a distance. Cleopatra having run away,
 says Scarus, Antony quickly followed her. A. B.

The

The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doating mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 3, S. 8.

F I G U R E.

——— One

* To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 1, S. 1.

F I R E.

I would not marry her, though she were endowed
with all that Adam had left him before he transgress'd :
she would have made Hercules have turn'd spit ; yea,
and have cleft his club to make the fire too.

Much ado about nothing, A. 2, S. 1.

—— Where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury :
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all.

Taming of the Shrew, A. 2, S. 1.

Thus have I shunn'd the fire, for fear of burning ;
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 1, S. 3.

* To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.] We should read,
To 'leve the figure, &c.

i. e. releve, to heighten or to add to the beauty of the figure,
which is said to be imprinted by him. 'Tis from the French,
relever.

WARBURTON.

I know not why so harsh a word should be admitted with so
little need ; a word that, spoken, could not be understood, and
of which no example can be shewn.

JOHNSON.

“Lave” is the proper word. *To lave* is a term of art in paint-
ing, and signifies to *embellish*, to *beautify*.

A. B.

—— Know you not,
The fire, that mounts the liquor 'till it run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it?

Henry VIII. A. 1, S. 1.

Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?

Richard II. A. 1, S. 3.

F L A T T E R E R.

A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;
And yet, incaged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.

Richard II. A. 2, S. 1.

—— He loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers,
But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He says, he does; being then most flattered.

Julius Caesar, A. 2, S. 1.

Here feel we but the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,—
This is no flattery. *As you like it, A. 2, S. 1.*

The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;
Scandal'd the suppliant for the people; call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Coriolanus, A. 3, S. 1.

—— When drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be

Made

Made of all false-fac'd soothing ! When steel grows
Soft as the parasite's filk, let him be made
A coverture for the wars ! *Coriolanus*, A. 1, S. 9.

—— Why this spade ? this place ?
This slave-like habit ? and these looks of care ?
Thy flatterers yet wear filk, drink wine, lie soft ;
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. *Timon of Athens*, A. 4, S. 3.

—— Hence ! be gone !—
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.
Timon of Athens, A. 4, S. 3.

—— Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper¹.
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee.
Timon of Athens, A. 4, S. 3.

F L E E T.

—— Do but think,
You stand upon the rivage, and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing ;
For so appears this fleet majestic,
Holding due course to Harfleur.
Henry V. A. 3, Chorus.

¹ ——— *the cunning of a carper.*] For the philosophy of
a cynic, of which sect Apemantus was. WARBURTON.

The *cunning of a carper*, is the insidious art of a critic. Shame
not these woods, says Apemantus, by coming here to find fault.
There is no apparent reason why Apemantus (according to Dr.
Warburton's explanation) should ridicule his own sect.

STEEVENS.

There is little reason to imagine that Apemantus, by calling
himself a *carper*, had any intention of *ridiculing* his sect. He is
proud of his cynical manners ; and had said immediately before
to Timon, "thou dost affect my manners." By *cunning of a*
carper, he undoubtedly means, the subtilty and severity of a cy-
nic. A. B.

F L E S H.

—— Take thou the pound of flesh ;
 But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
 One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
 Are by the laws of Venice, confiscate
 Unto the state of Venice.

Merchant of Venice, A. 4, S. 1.

You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
 A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
 Three thousand ducats : I'll not answer that :
 But, say, it is my humour ; is it answer'd ?

Merchant of Venice, A. 4, S. 1.

This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ;
 The words expressly are a pound of flesh :
 Then take thy bond. *Merchant of Venice, A. 4, S. 1.*

—— Here

Will I set up my everlasting rest ;
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes look your last !
 Arms, take your last embrace ! and lips, O you
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss.

Romeo and Juliet, A. 5, S. 3.

Hate all, curse all ; shew charity to none ;
 But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone
 Ere thou relieve the beggar : give to dogs
 What thou deny'st to men.

Timon of Athens, A. 4, S. 4.

Lay her i' the earth ;——
 And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
 May violets spring !—I tell thee, churlish priest,
 A ministering angel shall my sister be,
 When thou liest howling.

Hamlet, A. 5, S. 1.

—— To die ;—to sleep ;—
 No more ?—and, by a sleep, to say we end
 The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks

That

That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. *Hamlet*, A. 3, S. 1.

—— But we all are men,
In our own natures frail; and capable
Of our flesh, few are angels. *Henry VIII.* A. 5, S. 2.

F L O O D.

—— This man's brow, like to a title leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragick volume:
So looks the strand, whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.
Henry IV. P. 2, A. 1, S. 1.

F L O W E R S.

—— The ruddock would,
With charitable bill (O bill, fore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse. *Cymbeline*, A. 4, S. 2.
With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath. *Cymbeline*, A. 4, S. 2.

—— But we all are men,
In our own natures frail; and capable
Of our flesh, few are angels.] If this passage means any
thing, it may mean, few are perfect while they remain in their mor-
tal capacity. STEEVENS.

May not Shakespeare have written *frail* and *culpable*? The
change is easy. I would read and point thus:

—— We all are men,
In our own natures frail and culpable;
Of our flesh few are angels, A. B.

—— O Pro-

———— O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frightened thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty.

Winter's Tale, A. 4, S. 3.

———— The fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly-flowers,
Which some call, nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustick garden's barren.

Winter's Tale, A. 4, S. 3.

— Like the bee tolling from every flower
The virtuous sweets¹. *Henry IV. P. 2, A. 4, S. 4.*

F O E, F O E S.

Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: We may out-run,
By violent swiftneſs, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. *Henry VIII. A. 1, S. 1.*

———— Like a jolly troop of huntsmen come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes.

King John, A. 2, S. 2.

Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numb'ring our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 2, S. 1.

¹ ——— like the bee tolling from every flower
The virtuous sweets.] The reading of the quarto is *tolling*. The folio reads *culling*. *Tolling* is taking toll. STEEVENS.
“Tolling” is not in this place taking *toll*, or *tribute*, but simply *taking away*. The sense is the same as *culling*. A. B.

— Henry, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf, that makes this spoil.

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 5, S. 4.

— I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood, and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery.

Othello, A. 1, S. 3.

— I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I myself,
Rich only in large hurts. All those, for this?
Is this the balsam that the usuring senate
Pours into captain's wounds?

Timon of Athens, A. 3, S. 5.

FOOL, FOOLS, FOLLY.

God give them wisdom, that have it: and those
that are fools, let them use their talents.

Twelfth Night, A. 1, S. 5.

The lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool,
fir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands,
as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger.

Twelfth Night, A. 3, S. 1.

There is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he
do nothing but rail: nor no railing in a known dis-
creet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Twelfth Night, A. 1, S. 5.

This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;
And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit;
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of the persons, and the time;

And, like the haggard, checks at every feather
That comes before his eye. *Twelfth Night*, A. 3, S. 1,

———— I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of. *Tempest*, A. 3, S. 1,
The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
Our faith mere folly:—Yet, he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Ant. and Cleop. A. 3, S. 11.

———— You may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or, by oath, remove, or counsel, shake
The fabrick of his folly. *Winter's Tale*, A. 1, S. 2.

If thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise
men know well enough, what monsters you make of
them. *Hamlet*, A. 3, S. 1.

———— I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh. *As you like it*, A. 2, S. 7.

Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more vir-
tuous

When she is gone. *As you like it*, A. 1, S. 3.

———— When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep contemplative.

As you like it, A. 2, S. 7.

*And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life.

Lear, A. 5, S. 3.

And

* *And my poor fool is hang'd.*] This is an expression of tender-
ness for his dead Cordelia (not his fool, as some have thought),
on

And how quote you my folly?¹

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 2, S. 4.

Let those, that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: For there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous; and shews a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it.

Hamlet, A. 3, S. 2.

Pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

As you like it, A. 1, S. 2.

Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat.

All's well that ends well, A. 5, S. 2.

— Never

on whose lips he is still intent, and dies away while he is searching for life there. That the thoughts of a father, in the bitterest of all moments, while his favourite child lay dead in his arms, should recur to the antic who had formerly diverted him, has somewhat in it that I cannot reconcile to the idea of genuine sorrow and despair.

Besides this, Cordelia was recently hanged; but we know not that the *fool* had suffered in the same manner, nor can imagine why he should.

STEEVENS.

I confess, I am one of those who have thought that Lear means his *fool*, and not *Cordelia*. If he means *Cordelia*, then what I have always considered as a beauty, is of the same kind as the accidental stroke of the pencil that produced the foam. Lear's affectionate remembrance of the *fool* in this place, I used to think, was one of those strokes of genius, or of nature, which are so often found in Shakespeare, and in him only. The words *poor fool*, are undoubtedly expressive of endearment; and Shakespeare in another place, speaking of a dying animal, calls it *poor dappled fool*; but it never is, nor never can be used with any degree of propriety, but to commiserate some very inferior object, which may be loved, without much esteem or respect. Sir J. REYNOLDS.

If we read, "poor soul," (considering *soul* like *fool* a word of endearment) all difficulty is at once removed. That the "poor fool," or "poor soul," is meant to be applied to Cordelia, there cannot be the smallest doubt; and the words, "no, no, no life," which immediately follow, sufficiently confirm it. A. B.

¹How quote you my folly.] To quote is to observe. STEEVENS.

—— Never flee and jest at me;
 I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool;
 As under privilege of age, to brag
 What I have done being young, or what would do,
 Were I not old. *Much ado about nothing*, A. 5, S. 1.

He is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only
 his gift is in devising impossible flanders: none but
 libertines delight in him; and the commendation is
 not in his wit, but in his villainy.

Much ado about nothing, A. 2, S. 1.

—— Hear you me, Jessica:
 Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
 And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
 Clamber not you up to the casements then,
 Nor thrust your head into the public street,
 To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces.

Merchant of Venice, A. 2, S. 5.

The fool hath planted in his memory
 An army of good words: and I do know
 A many fools, that stand in better place,
 Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word
 Defy the matter. *Merchant of Venice*, A. 3, S. 5.

—— ¹Carded his state,
 Mingled his royalty with carping fools;

Had

“Quote.” This word occurs in many of Shakespeare's plays—
 It should be printed *cote*, a French word signifying *mark*. *Cote*
 is thus explained in the Dictionaries, *Marque dont se servent les*
gens de pratique. A. B.

¹ *Carded his state*.] The metaphor seems to be taken from min-
 gling *coarse* wool with *fine*, and carding them together, whereby
 the value of the latter is diminished. STEEVENS.

By *carding his state*, the king means that his predecessor set his
 consequence to hazard, played it away, as a man loses his fortune
 at cards. REMARKS.

“Carded his state,” is harsh. *To card*, is to mix; and if we
 acknowledge *carded* to be right, the sense will yet be defective un-
 less we are told with what he *mixed his state*. I am therefore in-
 clined to think that Shakespeare wrote *gawded his state*, meaning
 that

Had his great name profaned with their scorns;
 And gave his countenance, against his name,¹
 To laugh at gybing boys. *Henry IV*, P. 1, A. 3. S2.
 A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i' the forest,
 A motley fool,—a miserable world!²

As you like it, A. 2. S. 7.

FORTUNE, FORTUNES.

—— 'Tis yet to know,
 (Which when I know that boasting is an honour,
 I shall promulgate) I fetch my life and being
 From men of royal siege; and my demerits
 May speak, unbonnetted, to as proud a fortune
 As this that I have reach'd. *Othello*. A. 1, S. 2.

—— If I do prove her haggard,
 Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
 I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
 To prey at fortune. *Othello*, A. 3, S. 3.

To be a well-favour'd man is the gift of fortune;
 but to write and read comes by nature.

Much ado about nothing, A. 3, S. 3.

I count

that he was too fond of *shew* and *ostentation*; and this is the character of Richard. *Gawds*, in old language are *toys*, *trifles*, or *ornaments*. A. B.

¹ *And gave his countenance against his name.*] Made his presence injurious to his reputation. JOHNSON.

“Countenance” is *support*. The meaning is, he gave support and protection to what could never do him credit. A. B.

² *A motley fool,—a miserable world!*] What! because he met a motley fool, was it therefore a *miserable world*? This is sadly blundered. We should read—a miserable varlet. WARBURTON.

I see no need of change. A *miserable world* is a parenthetical exclamation frequent among melancholy men, and natural to Jaques at the sight of a fool, or at the hearing of reflections on the fragility of life. JOHNSON.

Some force may be given to the passage, by reading

O miserable world!

Or

I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul remembering my good friends :
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true-love's recompense.

Richard II. A. 2, S. 3.

Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 4, S. 4.

If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead—
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith.

Julius Cæsar, A. 3, S. 1.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.

Julius Cæsar, A. 4, S. 3.

If Hercules, and Lichas, play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand.

Merchant of Venice, A. 2, S. 1.

So may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Merchant of Venice, A. 2, S. 1.

Herein

Or perhaps it will be better to read

O miserable word!

“A fool! O miserable word!”—That is, O wretched, that I
should be under the necessity of calling any man a fool. A. B.

Herein fortune shews herself more kind
 Than is her custom; it is still her use,
 To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
 To view, with hollow eye and wrinkled brow,
 An age of poverty. *Merchant of Venice*, A. 4, S. 1.

¹ Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler before
 her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is plind.

Henry V. A. 3, S. 6.

With a great heart heave away this storm :
 Commend these waters to those balmy eyes,
 That never saw the giant world enrag'd ;
 Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
 Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.

King John, A. 5, S. 2.

— All the unsettled humours of the land,—
 Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
 With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,
 Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
 To make a hazard of new fortunes here.

King John, A. 2, S. 1.

You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,
 Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted,

¹ *Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler before her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is plind.*] Here the fool of a player was for making a joke, as Hamlet says, *not set down for him, and shewing a most pitiful ambition to be witty.* For Fluellen, though he speaks with his country accent, yet is all the way represented as a man of good plain sense. Therefore, as it appears he knew the meaning of the term *plind*, by his use of it, he could never have said that *Fortune was painted plind, to signify she was plind.* We should, therefore, strike out the first *plind*, and read,

“ Fortune is painted with a muffler, &c.” WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton is mistaken. There is here no *ambition to be witty.* Fluellen says, “ Fortune is painted plind ;” but recollecting that Pistol might not readily comprehend how Fortune could be represented or *painted* blind, he goes on—“ that is, “ with a muffler before her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune “ is plind.” A. B.

Where powers are your retainers : and your words,
Domesticks to you, serve your will, as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. *Henry VIII. A. 2, S. 4.*

——— Despight of all mischance,
Edward will always bear himself as king :
Though Fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 4, S. 3.

She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth !
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex,
To triumph like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes, whom fortune captivates !

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 1, S. 4.

As I do live by food, I met a fool ;
Who laid him down, and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms.

As you like it, A. 2, S. 7.

Good morrow, fool, quoth I : No, fir, quoth he,
Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune.

As you like it, A. 2, S. 7.

How some men creep in skittish Fortune's hall,
While others play the idiots in her eyes !
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is feasting in his wantonness !

Troilus and Cressida, A. 3, S. 3.

In Fortune's love : the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin :
But in the wind and tempest of her frown
Distinction with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 1, S. 3.

Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows.

Taming of the Shrew, A. 1, S. 2.

Wherein

Wherein have you play'd the knave with Fortune,
that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good
lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under
her?

All's well that ends well, A. 5, S. 2.

I have, ere now, fir, been better known to you,
when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but
I am now, fir, muddy'd in Fortune's moat, and smell
somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

All's well that ends well, A. 5, S. 2.

¹ ——— One out of suits with fortune;
That could give more, but that her hand lacks
means.

As you like it, A. 1, S. 2.

It pleases time, and fortune, to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine; who, in hot blood,
Hath stept into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into it.

Timon of Athens, A. 3, S. 5.

As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave;
So his familiars from his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.

Timon of Athens, A. 4, S. 2.

——— Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,

¹ ——— *One out of suits with fortune.*] This seems an allu-
sion to cards, where he that has no more cards to play of any
particular sort is *out of suit*.

JOHNSON.

Out of suit with fortune, I believe, means, turned out of her
service, and stripped of her livery.

STEEVENS.

We should read, "out of fortune's suit." *Suite, Fr. train.*
One not in fortune's train,

That would give more, &c.

A. B.

Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes;
The greater scorns the lesser.

Timon of Athens, A. 4, S. 3.

When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,
Spurns down her late lov'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Timon of Athens, A. 1, S. 1.

— Every grize of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below : the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool : all is oblique ;
There's nothing level in our curst natures,
But direct villainy.

Timon of Athens, A. 4, S. 3.

Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune !
Fool, fool ! thou whett'st a knife to kill thyself.
The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.

Richard III. A. 1, S. 3.

Why, what a candy'd deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me !
Look,—when his infant fortune came to age,
And,—gentle Harry Percy,—and, kind cousin,—
O, the devil take such cozeners !

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 1, S. 3.

To be, or not to be, that is the question :—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer—
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them ?

Hamlet, A. 3, S. 1.

— Blest are those,
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please.

Hamlet, A. 3, S. 2.

— This accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,

That

That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust. *Twelfth Night*, A. 4, S. 3.

—— If you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is; and but disguise
That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger; you shall tread a course
Pretty, and full of view². *Cymbeline*, A. 3, S. 4.

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks. *Hamlet*, A. 3, S. 2.

—— I see, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. *Antony and Cleopatra*, A. 3, S. 11.

—— Women are not,
In their best fortunes, strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er touch'd vestal.
Antony and Cleopatra, A. 3, S. 10.

—— Bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore. *Tempest*, A. 1, S. 2.

If I had a mind to be honest, I see, Fortune would
not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth.
Winter's Tale, A. 4, S. 3.

—— Please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,

² —— *full of view.*] With opportunities of examining
your affairs with your own eyes. JOHNSON.

“Full of view,” *promising well—likely to succeed.* The ex-
pression is French—*de pleine vue.* A. B.

The noblest: and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly. *Antony and Cleopatra*, A. 4, S. 13.

² Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surpris'd without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterwards.

All's well that ends well, A. 1, S. 3.

F R I E N D.

— Friends all but now, even now,
In quarter³, and in terms like bride and groom

² *Fortune, she said, was no goddess, &c. Love no god, &c.* This passage stands thus in the old copies:

Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight, &c.

'Tis evident to every sensible reader, that something must have slip't out here, by which the meaning of the context is rendered defective. The steward is speaking in the very words he overheard of the young lady;—Fortune was no goddess, she said, for one reason; Love, no god, for another; what could she then more properly subjoin, than as I have amended in the text?

Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surpris'd without rescue.

For in poetical history Diana was well known to preside over Chastity, as Cupid over Love, or Fortune over the change or regulation of our circumstances. THEOBALD.

This interpolation of Mr. Theobald's is, in my opinion, particularly faulty. To preserve a consistency of character, Helena should rather be made to upbraid *Venus* than *Diana*. The original text is certainly right. We have only to transpose a sentence or two.

“ Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level. This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er I heard a virgin exclaim in,---Queen of virgins! that would suffer her poor knight to be surpris'd, without rescue, in the first assault, or ransom afterward. This I held my duty, &c.” A. B.

³ *In quarter.*] In their quarters; at their lodgings.

JOHNSON.

“ Quarter,” I believe, is used for *post* or *station*.

A. B.

Divesting

Divesting them for bed ; and then, but now,
 (As if some planet had unwitted men)
 Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
 In opposition bloody. *Othello, A. 2, S. 3.*

Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
 Upon your grace, God punish me
 With hate in those where I expect most love !
 When I have most need to employ a friend,
 And most assured that he is a friend,
 Deep, hollow, treacherous and full of guile,
 Be he unto me ! *Richard III. A. 2, S. 1.*

—— When he frown'd, it was against the French,
 And not against his friends ; his noble hand
 Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
 Which his triumphant father's hand had won.
Richard II. A. 2, S. 1.

—— Gentle friends,
 Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully ;
 Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
 Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds :
 And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
 Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
 And after seem to chide them.
Julius Cæsar, A. 2, S. 1.

Brutus, I do observe you now of late :
 I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
 And shew of love, as I was wont to have :
 You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
 Over your friend that loves you.
Julius Cæsar, A. 1, S. 2.

—— Let not my good friends be griev'd ;
 (Among which number, Cassius, be you one)
 Nor construe any further my neglect,
 Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
 Forgets the shews of love to other men.
Julius Cæsar, A. 1, S. 2.

——— Keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness : I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And see whe'r Brutus be alive or dead ³.

Julius Cæsar, A. 5, S. 4.

Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling : Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.

Julius Cæsar, A. 4, S. 2.

If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends ; for when did friendship take
A breed of barren metal of his friend ?
But lend it rather to thine enemy.

Merchant of Venice, A. 1, S. 3.

——— Albeit, I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking, nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom. *Merchant of Venice*, A. 1, S. 3.

The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unweary'd spirit
In doing courtesies ; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Merchant of Venice, A. 3, S. 2.

* Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, Sir.

Merchant of Venice, A. 2, S. 2.

——— When

³ ——— Go on,

And see whe'r Brutus be alive, or dead.

“ Whe'r ” — Why should we not substitute *if* in lieu of this
ugly contraction? A. B.

* *Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, Sir.*] Dr. Farmer is of
opinion we should read *Gobbo*, instead of *Launcelot*. It may be
inferred from the name of *Gobbo*, that Shakespeare designed this
character to be represented with a hump-back. STEEVENS.

It is much more likely that *Launcelot* is called *Gobbo* from his
continual

——— When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
I feed my means. *Merchant of Venice, A. 3, S. 2.*

——— Can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,
(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest)
And live a subject? *Henry VIII. A. 3, S. 1.*

I have trod a measure; I have flatter'd a lady; I
have been politick with my friend, smooth with mine
enemy; I have undone three taylors; I have had
four quarrels, and like to have fought one.
As you like it, A. 5, S. 4.

I know, the more one sickens, the worse at ease he
is; and that he that wants money, means, and con-
tent, is without three good friends;—that the pro-
perty of rain is to wet, and fire to burn; that good
pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of
the night, is the lack of the sun.

As you like it, A. 3, S. 2.

If I be foil'd, there is but one sham'd that was
never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing
to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have
none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I
have nothing. *As you like it, A. 1, S. 2.*

——— Fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues. *Coriolanus, A. 4, S. 4.*

continual prating, and for which he is reproved by his master in
a subsequent scene. A *gob*, in the Northern counties, is a large
open mouth. A. B.

— To

—— To wail friends lost,
Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Love's Labour Lost, A. 5, S. 2.

—— Be able for thine enemy
Rather in power, than use ; and keep thy friend
Under thine own life's key.

All's well that ends well, A. 1, S. 1.

What need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them ? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them : and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves.

Timon of Athens, A. 1, S. 2.

The ¹ friends thou hast, and their adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel ;
But do not dull thy palm² with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade.

Hamlet, A. 1, S. 3.

—— Can'st thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends ? Secure thy heart ;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak. *Timon of Athens*, A. 2, S. 2.

¹ *The friends thou hast, and their adoption try'd.*] I read, “*adaption try'd*,” i. e. their suitableness, their fitness to be made your friends being proved, then, &c. A. B.

² — *Do not dull thy palm with entertainment Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade.*] The literal sense is, *Do not make thy palm callous, by shaking every man by the hand.* The figurative meaning may be, *Do not, by promiscuous conversation, make thy mind insensible to the difference of characters.*

JOHNSON.

“*Do not dull thy palm*,” is, I think, *Do not sully thy honour, or the honour of thy house, by associating with thy inferiors, or with people who are little known to thee.* A. B.

What

What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
 Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends !
 How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
 When man was wish'd to love his enemies :
 Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
 Those that would mischief me, than those that do !

Timon of Athens, A. 4, S. 4.

Marry, fir, they praise me, and make an afs of
 me ; now my foes tell me plainly, I am an afs : so
 that by my foes, fir, I profit in the knowledge of
 myself ; and by my friends I am abused.

Twelfth Night, A. 5, S. 1.

Neither a borrower, nor a lender be :
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend ;
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
 This above all,—to thine ownself be true.

Hamlet, A. 1, S. 3.

Master Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou
 wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots ;
 we'll ride all night :—Oh, sweet Pistol !—Away,
 Bardolph.—Come, Pistol, utter more to me ; and,
 withal, devise something to do thyself good.—Boot,
 boot, master Shallow ; I know, the young king is
 sick for me. Let us take any man's horses ; the laws
 of England are at my commandment. Happy are
 they which have been my friends.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 5, S. 3.

—— Mine honest friend,
 Will you take eggs for money^{*} ?

Winter's Tale, A. 1, S. 2.

—— A fel-

^{*} *Will you take eggs for money?*] This seems to be a pro-
 verbial expression, used when a man sees himself wronged, and
 makes no resistance. Its original, or precise meaning, I cannot
 find, but I believe it means, will you be a *cuckold* for hire ? The
 cuckow is reported to lay her eggs in another bird's nest ; he
 therefore

—— A fellow all in buff;
 2 A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands

The passages of allies, creeks, and narrow lands.

Comedy of Errors, A. 4, S. 2.

G.

G A W D S.

A LL, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
 Though they are made and moulded of things past;

And shew to dust, that is a little gilt,
 More land than gilt o'er dusted.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 3, S. 3,

G E N T L E M A N.

Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
 Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;

therefore that has eggs laid in his nest, is said to be *cucullus*, cuckow'd, or *cuckold*.

JOHNSON.

"Will you take eggs for money?" The meaning is, Will you take *eyes* (*i. e.* words) for money? *Aie*, in old language, is used both for the affirmative *yes*, and for *egg*. See Chaucer. *Aie, Aye*, (*Ey*, Teut.) an egg.

A. B.

2 A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, &c. of allies, creeks, and narrow lands.] It should be written, I think, *narrow lanes*.

GREY.

The preceding rhyme forbids us to read *lanes*. A shoulder-clapper is a bailiff.

STEEVENS.

What is meant by "countermands the passages of allies, &c." I cannot possibly discover. We may surely read,

"A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one who his stand maintains,
 "I' the passages of allies, creeks, and narrow lanes."

This change will make every thing clear and proper. A. B.

Feed

Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 3, S. 1.

If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend:—And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it. *Winter's Tale*, A. 5, S. 2.

You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: see you these clothes? say you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born; you were best say, these robes are not gentleman born. Give me the lie, do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Winter's Tale, A. 5, S. 2.

I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand, and call'd me, brother; and then the two kings call'd my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, call'd my father, father; so we wept: and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Winter's Tale, A. 5, S. 2.

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,—

Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,
The spacious world cannot again afford.

Richard III. A. 1, S. 2.

The gentleman is learn'd, a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound, his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself.

Henry VIII. A. 1, S. 2.

—— You have fed upon my signories,
Dispark'd my parks, and fell'd my forest woods;
From mine own windows torn my household coat,
Raz'd out my impress, leaving me no sign,—

Save

Save men's opinions, and my living blood,—
To shew the world I am a gentleman.

Richard II. A. 3, S. 1.

A rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security!—I had as lief they would put ratbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I look'd he should have sent me two and twenty yards of fatten, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 1, S. 2.

G E N T L E N E S S.

What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.

As you like it, A. 2, S. 7.

G I A N T.

—— The poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Measure for Measure, A. 3, S. 1.

G I F T S.

—— At thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose.

King John, A. 3, S. 1.

A gift that I have, a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of pia-mater, and deliver'd upon the mellowing of occasion.

Love's Labour Lost, A. 4, S. 2.

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense

Thou

Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

All's well that ends well, A. 2, S. 3.

She prizes not such trifles as these are :
The gifts, she looks from me, are pack'd, and lock'd
Up in my heart ; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd.

Winter's Tale, A. 4, S. 3.

Win her with gifts, if she respect not words ;
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 3, S. 1.

G L O B E.

The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a wreck behind.

Tempest, A. 4, S. 1.

G L O R Y.

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.

Henry VI. P. 1, A. 1, S. 2.

I have given here my soul's consent,
To undeck the pompous body of a king ;
Make glory base ; and sovereignty, a slave ;
Proud majesty, a subject ; state a peasant.

Richard II. A. 4, S. 1.

O mighty Cæsar ! Dost thou lie so low ?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure ?—Fare thee well.

Julius Cæsar, A. 3, S. 1.

—— I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These

These many summers in a sea of glory ;
 But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me ; and now has left me
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.

Henry VIII. A. 3, S. 2.

— When I am forgotten, as I shall be ;
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee,
 Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
 And founded all the depths and shoals of honour,
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master mis'd it.

Henry VIII. A. 3, S. 2.

G O D, G O D S.

The tartness of his face fours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye ; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state as a thing made for Alexander ; what he bids be done, is finish'd with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god, but eternity, and a heaven to throne in. *Coriolanus, A. 5, S. 4.*

Rich she shall be, that's certain ; wise, or I'll none ; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her ; fair, or I'll never look on her ; mild, or come not near me ; noble, or not I for an angel ; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. *Much ado about nothing, A. 2, S. 3.*

'A made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any Christian child ; 'a parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at turning o' the tide : for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers ends, I knew there was but one way ; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. How now, Sir John ?
 quoth

quoth I : what, man ! be of good cheer. So 'a cried out—God, God, God ! three or four times : now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God ; I hop'd, there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. *Henry V. A. 2, S. 3.*

— There was never yet philosopher,
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently ;
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a pish at chance and sufferance.

Much ado about nothing, A. 5, S. 1.

Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we ?
Greater he shall not be ; if he serve God,
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so.

Richard II. A. 3, S. 2.

— This man
Is now become a god ; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain ;
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake : 'tis true this god did shake.

Julius Cæsar, A. 1, S. 2.

— By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split : for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish. *Julius Cæsar, A. 4, S. 3.*

If two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other ; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow. *Merchant of Venice, A. 3, S. 5.*

— O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
M I serv'd

I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Henry VIII. A. 3, S. 2.

By ' God's fonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit.

Merchant of Venice, A. 2, S. 2.

O God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 2, S. 5.

—— The good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

Coriolanus, A. 3, S. 1.

—— The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supply'd with worthy men! Plant love among us!
Throng our large temples with the shews of peace,
And not our streets with war!² *Coriolanus, A. 3, S. 3.*

He

¹ *God's fonties.*] I know not exactly of what oath this is a corruption. I meet with *God's santy* in Decker's *Honest Whore*; and in another play with *God's sainte*.

Perhaps it was once customary to swear by the *santé*, *i. e.* *health* of the Supreme Being, or by his Saints. Oaths of such a form are not unfrequent among our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

“God's fonties,” means, *offenders against God—sinners*. *Sontis, Lat.*

We now say, *as I am a sinner*.

A. B.

² *Throng our large temples with the shews of peace,
And not our streets with war.*] I think the transcriber's ear

He is their god, he leads them like a thing
 Made by some other deity than nature,
 That shapes man better : and they follow him,
 Against us brats, with no less confidence,
 Than boys pursuing summer butter-flies.

Coriolanus, A. 4, S. 6.

———— So the gods bless me,
 When all our offices have been oppress'd
 With riotous feeders ; when our vaults have wept
 With drunken spilth of wine ; when every room
 Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy ;
 I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,
 And set mine eyes at flow. *Timon of Athens, A. 2, S. 2.*

It was some friend : therefore, thou happy father,
 Think that the clearest gods¹, who make them ho-
 nours
 Of men's impossibilities, have preserved thee.

Lear, A. 4, S. 6.

———— He hath fought to-day,
 As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
 Destroy'd in such a shape.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 4, S. 8.

ear deceived him here, as in many other places, and that the poet wrote---“*strew* our large temples, &c.” By the “*shews* of peace,” I believe, were meant the leaves of the olive ; with which the temples might be *strewed*, but could hardly be *thronged*.

MALONE.

“Throng our large temples,” is without the smallest question right. The meaning is,---*may our temples, and not our streets, be filled with people.* The former will be tokens or shews of *peace*, the latter of *war*.

A. B.

¹ ——— *the clearest gods.*] The purest ; the most free from evil.

JOHNSON.

I should think the poet wrote “*dearest gods.*” He frequently applies the epithet *dear* to the gods. The *c* and *l*, in *clearest*, when joined, make a perfect *d*.

A. B.

G O L D.

He seems to be of great authority : close with him ;
give him gold : and though authority be a stubborn
bear, yet he is often led by the nose with gold.

Winter's Tale, A. 4, S. 3.

—— 'Tis gold

Which buys admittance ; oft it doth ; yea, and
makes

Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer : and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the
thief.

Cymbeline, A. 2, S. 3.

—— What a god's gold,

'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plow'st the
foam,

Settlest admired reverence in a slave ;
To thee be worship ! and thy fairs for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey.

Timon of Athens, A. 5, S. 1.

—— Rascal thieves,

Here's gold : go suck the subtle blood o' the grape,
'Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,
And so, 'scape hanging. *Timon of Athens, A. 4, S. 3.*

—— Go on—here's gold—go on ;

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air : let not thy sword skip one :
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,
He is an usurer.

Timon of Athens, A. 4, S. 3.

— Peace ; thou know'st not gold's effect :
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough ;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Taming of the Shrew, A. 1, S. 2.

The

The providence, that's in a wachful state,
Knows¹ almost every grain of Pluto's gold,
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;
Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the
gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 3, S. 3.

— He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you: let me be your servant.

As you like it, A. 2, S. 3.

There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not
sell:

I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.

Romeo and Juliet, A. 5, S. 1.

Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
I am no idle votarist.¹ *Timon of Athens*, A. 4, S. 3.

¹ *Knows almost every grain of Pluto's gold.*] I think we should read, of Plutus' gold. It should be remembered, however, that *mines of gold* were anciently supposed to be *guarded by demons*.

STEEVENS.

“Pluto” is right. Pluto is properly the god of riches. Plutus is rather the keeper or distributor of those riches.

A. B.

¹ — *no idle votarist.*] No insincere or inconstant supplicant.

JOHNSON.

Votarist can scarcely stand for *supplicant*—beside, Timon was resigned to his fate, and he had nothing more to ask. By *votarist*, he means that he had devoted himself to *labour*; and by “no idle one,” he would intimate that his resolution was taken, and that even the sight of gold has nothing alluring in it, or that can tempt him to break his vows.

A. B.

GOOD, GOODNESS.

I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now.

Merchant of Venice, A. 3, S. 4,

We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise pow'rs
Deny us for our good : so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 2, S. 1,

O loyal father of a treacherous son !
Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages,
Hath held his current, and defil'd himself !
Thy overflow of good converts to bad ;
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

Richard II. A. 5, S. 3,

—— I can easier teach twenty what
were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to
follow mine own teaching.

Merchant of Venice, A. 1, S. 2,

—— My vows and prayers
Yet are the king's, and, till my soul forsake me,
Shall cry for blessings on him ; may he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years !
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be !
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument.

Henry VIII. A. 2, S. 1.

GRACE, GRACES.

Lady, you are the cruelest she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Twelfth Night, A. 1, S. 5.
Chide

Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed,
Thou art Hermione: or rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender,
As infancy, and grace. *Winter's Tale, A. 5, S. 3.*

—— Take Antony
Octavia to his wife: whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak
That which none else can utter.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 2, S. 2.

Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need: let me report to him
Your sweet dependancy; and you shall find
A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 5, S. 2.

See what a grace was seated on this brow:
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury,¹
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.

Hamlet, A. 3, S. 4.

—— Alas, fir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,

¹ *A station.*] Station, in this instance, does not mean the spot where any one is placed, but the act of standing. STEEVENS.

“A station like the herald mercury,”
is an elegant, striking figure. That such is the meaning, the following line will shew.

“A combination, and a form, indeed.”

A. B.

That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me?

Henry VIII. A. 2, S. 4.

Good my lord,

You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er; you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit. *Henry VIII. A. 3, S. 2.*

Thou seest, that all the grace that she hath left
Is, that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury: she not denies it.

Much ado about nothing, A. 4, S. 1.

O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About the thoughts and counsels of thy heart,
But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair!

Much ado about nothing, A. 4, S. 1.

G R E A T N E S S.

— O be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
Think'st thou, thy fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? *Henry V. A. 4, S. 1.*

O hard condition! twin-born with greatness,
Subjected to the breath of every fool,
Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing!
What infinite heart's-ease must kings neglect,
That private men enjoy? and what have kings,
That private men have not too, save ceremony?

Henry V. A. 4, S. 1.

That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sun-shine of his favour,

Would

Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad,
In shadow of such greatness!

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 4, S. 2.

The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. *Julius Cæsar, A. 2, S. 1.*

O place and greatness, millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings! thousand 'scapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies!

Measure for Measure, A. 4, S. 1.

—— Believe this,

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does. *Measure for Measure, A. 2, S. 2.*

—— Nay then, farewell!

I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more. *Henry VIII. A. 3, S. 2.*

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. *Henry VIII. A. 3, S. 2.*

—— Who

—— Who deserves greatness,
Deserves your hate : and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes.

Coriolanus, A. 1, S. 1.

Things small as nothing, for requests sake only,
He makes important : possess he is with greatness,
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self breath.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 2, S. 3.

'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too : What the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 3, S. 3.

—— So much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty, and so many, my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.

Richard III. A. 3, S. 7.

Do you hear how we are shent¹ for keeping your
greatness back ?

Coriolanus, A. 5, S. 2.

G R I E F.

Every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

Much ado about nothing, A. 3, S. 2.

¹ —— *how we are shent.*] *Shent* is brought to destruction.

JOHNSON.

"*Shent*" does not mean *brought to destruction*, but *shamed, disgraced, made ashamed of himself.*

PERCY.

"*Shent*," in this place, is *reproved, blamed.*

A. B.

Being

Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Much ado about nothing, A. 4, S. 1.

—— Grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight :
I take my leave before I have begun ;
For sorrow ends not, when it seemeth done.

Richard II. A. 1, S. 2.

— Perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Shew nothing but confusion ; ey'd awry,
Distinguish form : so your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Find shapes of grief, more than himself to wail.

Richard II. A. 2, S. 2.

—— Oh, that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name !
Or that I could forget what I have been !
Or not remember what I must be now !

Richard II. A. 3, S. 3.

—— Still my griefs are mine.
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs ; still am I king of those.

Richard II. A. 4, S. 1.

—— My grief lies all within ;
And these external manners of lament
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul.

Richard II. A. 4, S. 1.

— Ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.

Richard II. A. 5, S. 1.

Thou, the model where old Troy did stand ;
Thou map of honour ; thou most beauteous inn,
Why

Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an ale-house guest?

Richard II. A. 5, S. 1.

——— My grief

Stretches itself beyond the hour of death;
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,
In forms imaginary, the unguided days,
And rotten times, that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 4, S. 4.

As the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms: even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,
Are thrice themselves. *Henry IV. P. 2, A. 1, S. 1.*

I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we
suffer,

And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere,
By the rough torrent of occasion.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 4, S. 1.

——— I sent your grace

The parcels and particulars of our grief;
The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the
court,

Whereon this hydra son of war is born:
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep,
With grant of our most just and right desires.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 4, S. 2.

——— When your head did but ake,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,

Still

Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time ;
 Saying, what lack you ? and, where lies your grief ?
King John, A. 4, S. 1.

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
 Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me ;
 Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
 Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
 Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form ;
 Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.
King John, A. 3, S. 4.

Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
 And thou shalt be canoniz'd cardinal ;
 For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
 My reasonable part produces reason
 How I may be deliver'd of these woes.
King John, A. 3, S. 4.

I am not mad ;—I would to heaven, I were !
 For then 'tis like I should forget myself ;
 Oh, if I could, what grief should I forget !
King John, A. 3, S. 4.

—— My grief's so great,
 That no supporter but the huge firm earth
 Can hold it up : here I and sorrows sit ;
 Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.
King John, A. 3, S. 1.

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud :
 For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout ;
 To me, and to the state of my great grief,
 Let kings assemble. *King John, A. 3, S. 1.*

—— 'Tis better to be lowly born,
 And range with humble livers in content,
 Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
 And wear a golden sorrow. *Henry VIII. A. 2, S. 3.*
 These eyes—like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
 Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent :
 Weak shoulders, over-borne with burthening grief,
 And

And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine,
That droops his sapless branches to the ground.

Henry VI. P. 1, A. 2, S. 5.

A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable.

Comedy of Errors, A. 1, S. 1.

Grief hath chang'd me, since you saw me last;
And careful hours, with time's deformed hand
Have written strange defeatures in my face.

Comedy of Errors, A. 5, S. 1.

Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, ex-
cessive grief the enemy to the living.

All's well that ends well, A. 1, S. 1.

Long may'st thou live, to wail thy children's loss;
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many length and hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!

Richard III. A. 1, S. 3.

I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd, neglectingly, I know not what.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 1, S. 3.

When I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an
eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into
any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of fighting and
grief! it blows a man up like a bladder.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 2, S. 4.

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughters hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely.

Lear, A. 2, S. 4.

— She

——— She shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moisten'd her: then away she started
To deal with grief alone. *Lear, A. 4, S. 3.*

——— How stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs;
And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves. *Lear, A. 4, S. 6.*

——— Your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound
In filial obligation, for some term
To do obsequious sorrow: but to persevere
In obstinate condolment, is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
It shews a will most incorrect to heaven. *Hamlet, A. 1, S. 2.*

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shews of grief,¹
That can denote me truly. *Hamlet, A. 1, S. 2.*

——— Come, fellow, be thou honest:
Do thou thy master's bidding: Look!
I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit

¹ ——— *shews of grief.*] Thus the folio—the first quarto reads *chapes*, I suppose, for *shapes*. STEEVENS.

“Chape of grief,” is *grief put on*. *Chape* is a French word, and signifies a vestment, a garment. The poet speaks of grief drest out to catch the eye. This the concluding line of the speech will shew. *Chape* should therefore stand. A. B.

The innocent mansion of my love, my heart :
Fear not, 'tis empty of all things, but grief.

Cymbeline, A. 3, S. 4.

I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown. *Winter's Tale, A. 2, S. 1.*

—— He's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker.

Tempest, A. 1, S. 2.

G R O A N S.

—— Thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears. *Tempest, A. 1, S. 2.*

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.

Merchant of Venice, A. 1, S. 1.

—— A poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat,
Almost to bursting. *As you like it, A. 2, S. 1.*

G U I L T.

Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them:
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present?

Richard II. A. 4, S. 1.

—— Dread

———— Dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes.

Measure for Measure, A. 5, S. 1.

———— Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man,
More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Lear, A. 3, S. 2.

———— Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect.

Hamlet, A. 3, S. 3.

He who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,
But that he speaks.¹

Winter's Tale, A. 2, S. 1.

H.

H A N D.

AS we under heaven are supreme head,
So, under him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the pope.

King John, A. 3, S. 1.

¹ *He who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,
But that he speaks.] Afar off guilty, signifies, guilty in
a remote degree.*

JOHNSON.

I think we should read,

“He who shall speak for her afar off, is guilty

“But that he speaks.”

Meaning, *he who barely insinuates that she is innocent, &c.* A. B.

N

———— More

More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo : they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessings from her lips.

Romeo and Juliet, A. 3, S. 3.

I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 5, S. 1.

Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjur'd, and thou simular man of virtue
That art incestuous : caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life !—

Lear, A. 3, S. 2.

I take thy hand : this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it ;
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,
That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.

Winter's Tale, A. 4, S. 3.

How use doth breed a habit in a man !
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 5, S. 3.

O, heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascals naked through the world,
Even from the East to the West !

Othello, A. 4, S. 2.

Three crabbed months had soured themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love¹. *Winter's Tale*, A. 1, S. 2.

H A R-

¹ *And clap thyself my love.*] This reading may be explained.
She opened her hand, to clap the palm of it into his, as people do
when

H A R M O N Y.

— Soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Merchant of Venice, A. 5, S. 1.

H A T E.

— I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,
I bear Anthonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him.

Merchant of Venice, A. 4, S. 1.

H E A R T.

For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at.

Othello, A. 1, S. 1.

These sentences, to sugar or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:
But words are words; I never yet did hear
That the bruised heart was pierced through the ear¹.

Othello, A. 1, S. 3.

N 2

— 'Twas

when they confirm a bargain. Hence the phrase, to *clap up a bargain*, i. e. make one with no other ceremony than a junction of hands. The old copy reads,

“Clepe thyself my love.”

STEEVENS.

“Clepe thyself,” i. e. *name thyself*, is surely the reading that should be preferred. A king should not be made to talk of *clapping up a bargain*. A. B.

¹ *But words are words; I never yet did hear*

That the bruised heart was pierced through the ear.] It is obvious that the text should be restored thus:

“That the bruis'd heart was pieced through the ear.”

i. e. that the wounds of sorrow were never cured, or a man made *heart-whole*, merely by the words of consolation.

WARBURTON.

The other commentators are for retaining *pierced*. “Pierced,” however,

—— 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour ; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table.

All's well that ends well, A. 1, S. 1.

—— You were us'd
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits ;
That common chances common men could bear ;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Shew'd mastership in floating : you us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them. *Coriolanus*, A. 4, S. 1.

Fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight be-
fore ; I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit ;
for were he out of Venice, I can make what mer-
chandize I will. *Merchant of Venice*, A. 3, S. 1.

He hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue
is the clapper ; for what his heart thinks, his tongue
speaks. *Much ado about nothing*, A. 3, S. 2.

You are my true and honourable wife ;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart. *Julius Cæsar*, A. 2, S. 1.

Her vine, the merry chearer of the heart,
Unpruned dies : her hedges even-pleach'd,
Like prisoners wildly over-grown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs : her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Doth root upon. *Henry V.* A. 5, S. 2.

There's not a piece of feather in our host,
(Good argument, I hope, we shall not fly)

however, should without the smallest question be *berced*. *Bercé*
is a figurative expression, and used very frequently by the French.
“ *Il m'a bercé des vaines espérances* ” — *he soothed me with vain hopes*.
The sense of our author's lines is this—I did never hear that the
afflicted heart could be soothed (“ *berced* ”), or lulled into forget-
fulness by the help of words. A. B.

And

And time hath worn us into slovenry :
 But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim :
 And my poor soldiers tell me—yet ere night
 They'll be in fresher robes. *Henry V. A. 4, S. 3.*

O god of battles ! steel my soldiers hearts !
 Possess them not with fear ; take from them now
 The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
 Pluck their hearts from them ! *Henry V. A. 4, S. 1.*
 The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,
 Their over-greedy love hath forfeited :—
 An habitation giddy and unsure
 Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 1, S. 3.

—— There is my dagger,
 And here my naked breast ; within, a heart
 Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :
 If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;
 I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart :
 Strike as thou didst at Cæsar ; for, I know,
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him
 better
 Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Julius Cæsar, A. 4, S. 3.

—— Then burst his mighty heart ;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 Which all the while run blood, great Cæsar fell.
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.

Julius Cæsar, A. 3, S. 2.

—— Fret, till your proud heart break ;
 Go, shew your slaves how cholerick you are,
 And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?
 Must I observe you ? Must I stand and crouch
 Under your testy humour ? *Julius Cæsar, A. 4, S. 3.*

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;
 I am no orator, as Brutus is :
 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
 That love my friend. *Julius Cæsar*, A. 3, S. 2.

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
 And bid the main flood bate his usual height ;
 You may as well forbid the mountain pines
 To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
 When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven ;
 You may as well do any thing most hard,
 As seek to soften that (than which what's harder ?)
 His Jewish heart ! *Merchant of Venice*, A. 4, S. 1.

—— My heart will burst, an if I speak—
 And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.—
 Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals !
 How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd !
Henry VI. P. 3, A. 5, S. 5.

A heavy heart bears not an humble tongue :
 Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks.
Love's Labour Lost, A. 5, S. 2.

My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse ;
 And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
 Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring
 The eye of majesty. *Troilus and Cressida*, A. 3, S. 2.

—— If my heart were great,
 I would burst at this : Captain I'll be no more ;
 But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
 As captain shall. *All's well that ends well*, A. 4, S. 3.

— Even now my burden'd heart would break,
 Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink !
 Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss ;
 And boading scritch-owls make the concert full !
Henry VI. P. 2, A. 3, S. 2.

He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
 The worst that man can breathe ; and make his
 wrongs

His outfides ! to wear them like his raiment carelessly ;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger. *Timon of Athens*, A. 3, S. 5.

—— Thou visible God,
That folder'ft close impossibilities,
And mak'ft them kifs ! that speak'ft with every tongue
To every purpose ! O thou touch of hearts !
Think, thy slave man rebels ; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire !

Timon of Athens, A. 4, S. 3.

Send to her by the man that flew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts ; thereon engrave
Edward and York ;
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds ;
Tell her, thou mad'ft away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers ; ay, and, for her sake,
Mad'ft quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

Richard III. A. 4, S. 4.

Think upon what hath chanc'd ; and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it¹, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other. *Macbeth*, A. 1, S. 3.

—— Uncurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts².

Henry VI. P. 2, A. 5, S. 2.

¹ *The interim having weigh'd it.*] This intervening portion of time is almost personified ; it is represented as a cool, impartial judge ; as the *pauser reason*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens is mistaken. Macbeth does not say, that the interim is to weigh the matter, but that they are to weigh the business during the interim. The construction is—"We, in the interim having pondered on what hath chanced." A. B.

² —— *all our present parts.*] Should we not read, *party* ?

TYRWHIT.

"Parts," *i. e.* Divisions or companies.

A. B.

You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant,
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 2, S. 2.

—— Hold, hold, my heart;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. *Hamlet*, A. 1, S. 5.

With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart,
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 1, S. 1.

—— Now to my mother,—
O, heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The foul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

Hamlet, A. 3, S. 2.

I would to God, my heart were flint, like Edward's,
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine;
I am too childish—foolish for this world.

Richard III. A. 1, S. 3.

I dy'd for hope¹, ere I could lend thee aid:
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd.

Richard III. A. 5, S. 3.

Leave wringing of your hands; peace, sit you down,
And let me wring your heart: for so I shall

¹ *I dy'd for hope.*] i. e. I died for wishing well to you. But Mr. Theobald, with great sagacity, conjectured *holpe* or *aid*; which gives the line this fine sense---*I died in giving thee aid, before I could give thee aid.* WARBURTON.

Holpe appears to be right--“For *holpe*” means, for, or through want of aid, and not, as Dr. W. supposes, *in giving aid*. The sense is, *I died through want of support, in endeavouring to support you.* It is the fashion to cry down Theobald, but his emendations are often happy. A. B.

If it be made of penetrable stuff;
 If damned custom have not braz'd it so,
 That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

Hamlet, A. 3, S. 4.

—— I will call him to so strict account,
 That he shall render every glory up,
 Yea even the slightest worship of his time,
 Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 3, S. 2.

—— What art thou? Have not I
 An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
 Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
 My dagger in my mouth.

Cymbeline, A. 4, S. 2.

—— O thou day o' the world,
 Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
 Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
 Ride on the pants triumphing.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 4, S. 8.

—— Then he speaks
 What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks
 With us to break his neck¹.

Coriolanus, A. 3, S. 3.

H E A V E N.

Bid farewell, and go: when you sh'd stay,
 Then was the time for words: No going then;—
 Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;

¹ ——— *which looks*

With us to break his neck.] A familiar phrase of that time,
 signifying, *works with us.*

WARBURTON.

To look, is to wait, or expect. The sense, I believe, is, *What*
he has in his heart, is waiting there to help us to break his neck.

JOHNSON.

“Which looks with us,” means, I believe, *it seems to us.* He is
 a free speaker (says Brutus), and there is that in his heart, which,
 as it seems to us, will occasion his downfall; or, as Shakespeare
 expresses it, help to break his neck.

A. B.

Bliss in our brows bent ; none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 1, S. 3.

—— Confess yourself to heaven ;
Repent what's past ; avoid what is to come ;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. *Hamlet*, A. 3, S. 4.

What should such fellows as I do, crawling be-
tween earth and heaven ? *Hamlet*, A. 3, S. 1.

—— Good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Shew me the steep and thorny way to heaven ;
Whilst, like a puffed and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read. *Hamlet*, A. 1, S. 3.

Still am I call'd—unhand me, gentlemen ;
By heaven I'll make a ghost of him that lets me.
Hamlet, A. 1, S. 4.

—— What committed !
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks ;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it. *Othello*, A. 4, S. 2.

The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,
And not neglected ; else, if heaven would,
And we would not heaven's offer, we refuse
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.
Richard II. A. 3, S. 2.

— When the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves.

Richard II. A. 3, S. 2.

Methinks,

Methinks, king Richard and myself should meet
 With no less terror than the elements
 Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock
 At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.

Richard II. A. 3, S. 3.

Now bind my brows with iron; and approach
 The rugged'st hour that time and spight dare bring,
 To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland!
 Let heaven kiss earth! Now let not nature's hand
 Keep the wide flood confin'd! let order die!

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 1, S. 1.

Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,
 And found no course of breath within your majesty,
 How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
 O, let me in my present wildness die;
 And never live to shew the incredulous world
 The noble change that I have purposed!

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 4, S. 4.

When beggars die there are no comets seen;
 The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of
 princes.

Julius Cæsar, A. 2, S. 2.

—— Look, how the floor of heaven
 Is thick inlay'd with pattens of bright gold;
 There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
 But in his motion like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims.

Merchant of Venice, A. 5, S. 1.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
 To throw a perfume on the violet,
 To smooth the ice, or add another hue
 Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
 To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
 Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

King John, A. 4, S. 2.

—— Shall

——— Shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? *Measure for Measure*, A. 2, S. 2.
Merciful heaven!

Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and knarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle.

Measure for Measure, A. 2, S. 2.

——— Heaven is in my mouth,
And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception. *Measure for Measure*, A. 2, S. 4.

He, who the sword of heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go¹.

Measure for Measure, A. 3, S. 2.

When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this evil?
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:

¹ *Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go.*] These lines I cannot
understand, but believe that they should be read thus:

“Patterning himself to know,

“In grace to stand, in virtue go.”

To pattern is to work after a pattern, and perhaps in Shakespeare's licentious diction, simply to *work*. JOHNSON.

By a slight alteration this passage will be rendered sufficiently
clear, and even acquire some degree of elegance. I read,

“He, who the sword of heaven will bear,

“Should be as holy as severe:

“Pattern in himself, to show

“Grace and virtue. Stand or go.”

“Stand or go” will mean, that he may make a pause, when
assailed by vice, or press onward, when solicited by virtue.

A. B.

Then

Then must my sea be moved with her sighs ;
 Then must my earth with her continual tears
 Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd.

Titus Andronicus, A. 3, S. 1.

—— Hence, be gone;—

But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
 On what I further shall intend to do,
 By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
 And strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs.

Romeo and Juliet, A. 5, S. 3.

There's nothing situate under heaven's eye,
 But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky :
 The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
 Are their males subject, and at their controls.

Comedy of Errors, A. 2, S. 1.

—— Victorious prince of York,

Before I see thee seated in that throne
 Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
 I vow by heaven, these eyes shall never close.

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 1, S. 1.

—— It is presumption in us, when

The help of heaven we count the act of men.
 Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent ;
 Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.

All's well that ends well, A. 2, S. 1.

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
 Which we ascribe to heaven : the fated sky
 Gives us free scope ; only, doth backward pull
 Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.

All's well that ends well, A. 1, S. 1.

A flourish, trumpets !—Strike alarum, drums !
 Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
 Rail on the Lord's anointed. *Richard III.* A. 4, S. 4.

—— Heavens, deal so still !

Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,
 That slaves your ordinance, that will not see

Because

Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly ;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough. *Lear, A. 4, S. 1.*

Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught
thee ?

He that parts us, shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence, like foxes. *Lear, A. 5, S. 3.*

H O N E S T Y.

I could not stir him :
He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate¹ ;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Cymbeline, A. 4, S. 2.

Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors !

Winter's Tale, A. 2, S. 2.

What a fool honesty is ! and trust, his sworn-
brother, a very simple gentleman !

Winter's Tale, A. 4, S. 3.

If I thought it were not a piece of honesty to ac-
quaint the king withal, I would do't ; I hold it the
more knavery to conceal it ; and therein am I con-
stant to my profession. *Winter's Tale, A. 4, S. 3.*

Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor
house ; as your pearl, in your foul oyster.

As you like it, A. 5, S. 4.

Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise ;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another service :

¹ — gentle, but unfortunate.] Gentle, is well-born, of birth
above the vulgar. JOHNSON.

“Gentle” should here be written gentile. It is so found in
most of our old writers. Gentil, Fr. A. B.

For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck.

Timon of Athens, A. 4, S. 4.

Honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a
saucy to sugar.

As you like it, A. 3, S. 3.

Those, that she makes fair, she scarce makes ho-
nest; and those, that she makes honest, she makes
very ill favouredly.

As you like it, A. 1, S. 2.

——— She is too mean

To have her name repeated; all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examined.

All's well that ends well, A. 3, S. 5.

The honour of a maid is her name; and no le-
gacy is so rich as honesty.

All's well that ends well, A. 3, S. 5.

Ay, fir; to be honest, as this world goes,
Is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.
For if the sun breeds maggots in a dead dog,
Being a god, kissing carrion.

Hamlet, A. 2, S. 2.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not.

Julius Caesar, A. 4, S. 3.

I know thou art full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them
breath—

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:
For such things, in a false disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom; but, in a man that's just,
They are close delations, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

Othello, A. 3, S. 3.

——— O wretched fool,

That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,
To

To be direct and honest, is not safe.—

I thank you for this profit. *Othello*, A. 3, S. 3.

H O N O U R.

Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think?

Twelfth Night, A. 3, S. 1.

He after honour hunts, I after love.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 1, S. 1.

I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which honour does acknowledge—

That thou declare

What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me. *Winter's Tale*, A. 1, S. 2.

—— He

The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's.

Winter's Tale, A. 2, S. 3.

—— For Polixenes,

(With whom I am accus'd) I do confess,
I lov'd him, as in honour he required;
With such a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me.

Winter's Tale, A. 3, S. 2.

—— For life, I prize it

As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. *Winter's Tale*, A. 3, S. 2.

—— This thou shouldst have done,

And not have spoken of it! In me, 'tis villainy;
In thee, it had been good service. Thou must
know,

'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: being done unknown,

I should

I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 2, S. 7.

Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even till a lethe'd dullness.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 2, S. 1.

Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears
Belong to Egypt: good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling: and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. and Cleop. A. 1, S. 3.

—— Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword
Sit laurell'd victory! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 1, S. 3.

I, beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Tempest, A. 3, S. 1.

— Like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsedst: on the Alps,
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: and all this
(It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 1, S. 4.

Weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs;
Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.

Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;

O

And

And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.

Hamlet, A. 1, S. 3.

—— Rightly, to be great
Is not to stir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake.

Hamlet, A. 4, S. 4.

A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour. *All's well that ends well, A. 4, S. 5.*

—— Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 3, S. 3.

What is honour? A word. What is that word, honour? Air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that dy'd o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it: therefore I'll none of it: Honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism. *Henry IV. P. 1, A. 5, S. 1.*

—— Take the instant way,
For honour travels in a streight so narrow,
Where one but goes a-breast: keep then the path,
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue; if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an entered tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 3, S. 3.

—— Speak to me, son:
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,

And

And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. *Coriolanus*, A. 5, S. 3.

—— Men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings, but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but's honour'd for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 3, S. 3.

—— I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: grant that, and tell me,
In peace, what each of them by the other lose,
That they combine not there?

Coriolanus, A. 3, S. 2.

—— Whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage ling'ring, looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.

Henry VI. P. 1, A. 4, S. 4.

Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 5, S. 3.

Have patience, sir; O, let it not be so;
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honour of your wife.

Comedy of Errors, A. 3, S. 1.

By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright Honour from the pale-fac'd moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned Honour by the locks.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 1, S. 3.

Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current :
 O, that your young nobility could judge,
 What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable !
 They that stand high, have many blasts to shake them.

Richard III. A. 1, S. 3.

—— Honour but of danger wins a scar ;
 As oft it loses all.

All's well that ends well, A. 3, S. 2.

—— He took upon him,
 Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
 Who should attend on him. He makes up the file¹
 Of all the gentry ; for the most part such
 Too, whom as great a charge as little honour
 He meant to lay upon. *Henry VIII. A. 1, S. 1.*

Presumptuous dame, ill-natur'd Eleanor !
 Hast thou not worldly pleasures at command,
 Above the reach or compass of thy thought ?
 And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
 To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,
 From top of honour to disgrace's feet ?

Henry VI. P. 2, A. 1, S. 2.

He had the wit, which I can well observe
 To-day in our young lords ; but they may jest,
 Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
 Ere they can hide their levity in honour.

All's well that ends well, A. 1, S. 2.

—— That is honour's scorn,
 Which challenges itself as honour's born,
 And is not like the fire.

All's well that ends well, A. 2, S. 3.

¹ —— *the file.*] That is, the list. JOHNSON.
 Rather the *company*. We now say, *a file of soldiers*. By
 " makes up the file," the poet means, not only that Wolsey
 gave in the names of the gentry who were to attend on the King,
 but that he actually appointed them to such attendance. A. B.

I'll to the king,
And from a mouth of honour¹ quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim,
There's difference in no persons.

Henry VIII. A. 1, S. 1.

It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We please to have it grow: check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travails in thy good.

All's well that ends well, A. 2, S. 3.

Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Julius Cæsar, A. 1, S. 2.

————— Let higher Italy
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy) see, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it.

All's well that ends well, A. 2, S. 1.

————— Honours best thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers.

All's well that ends well, A. 2, S. 3.

————— She is young, wise, fair;
In these to nature she's immediate heir;
And these breed honour.

All's well that ends well, A. 2, S. 3.

Hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause wherein the honour

¹ —from a mouth of honour.] I will crush this base-born fellow
by the due influence of my rank, or say that all distinction of
persons is at an end.

JOHNSON.

By "a mouth of honour," I would rather understand, a plain
and honourable recital of facts—and not that Buckingham was
boasting of his rank.

A. B.

Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it.

All's well that ends well, A. 2, S. 1.

More of his soldiership I know not; except, in
that country, he had the honour to be the officer at
a place there call'd Mile-end, to instruct for the
doubling of files. *All's well that ends well, A. 4, S. 3.*

—— Manhood and honour
Should have hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lustyhood, deject.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 2, S. 2.

—— His honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and, at that time,
His tongue obey'd his hand.

All's well that ends well, A. 1, S. 2.

Well, 'tis no matter; honour pricks me on. Yea,
but how if honour prick me off when I come on?
how then? Can honour fet to a leg? No. Or an
arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No.
Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No.

Henry IV. P. 1. A. 5, S. 1.

By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not what thou
speak'st;

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
In hateful practice. *Measure for Measure, A. 5, S. 1.*

Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear
the shot here; here's no scoring, but upon the pate.
—Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt;—there's
honour for you: here's no vanity!—I am as hot as
molten lead, and as heavy too: Heaven keep lead
out of me!

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 5, S. 3.

If Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come
in my way, so: if he do not,—if I come in his,
willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like
not

not fuch grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: give me life: which if I can fave, fo; if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 5, S. 3.

I will intreat you, when you fee my fon,
To tell him, that his fword can never win
The honour that he lofes.

All's well that ends well, A. 3, S. 2.

A jewel in a ten-times barr'd-up cheft
Is—a bold fpirit in a loyal breaft.

Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done.

Richard II. A. 1, S. 1.

—— I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my coft;
It yerns me not, if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my defires:
But, if it be a fin to covet honour,
I am the moft offending foul alive.

Henry V. A. 4, S. 3.

—— If they wrong her honour,
The proudeft of them fhall well hear of it.

Much ado about nothing, A. 4, S. 1.

Thofe that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They fhall be fam'd; for there the fun fhall greet
them,

And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;
Leaving their earthly parts to choak your clime.

Henry V. A. 4, S. 3.

Though we lay thofe honours on this man,
To eafe ourfelves of divers flanderous loads,
He fhall but bear them as the afs bears gold,
To groan and fweat under the bufinefs,
Either led or driven, as we point the way.

Julius Cæfar, A. 4, S. 1.

— New-made honour doth forget men's names;
 'Tis too respective, and too sociable,
 For your converſing. *King John*, A. 1, S. 1.

———— I quake,
 Left thou a feverous life ſhouldſt entertain,
 And fix or ſeven winters, more reſpect
 Than a perpetual honour.

Measure for Measure, A. 3, S. 1.

O, that eſtates, degrees, and offices,
 Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
 Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
 How many then ſhould cover, that ſtand bare?
 How many be commanded, that command?

Merchant of Venice, A. 2, S. 9.

———— What, ſhall one of us,
 That ſtruck the foremoſt man of all this world,
 But for ſupporting robbers; ſhall we now
 Contaminate our fingers with baſe bribes?
 And ſell the mighty ſpace of our large honours,
 For ſo much traſh, as may be graſped thus?—
 I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
 Than ſuch a Roman *Julius Cæſar*, A. 4, S. 3.

———— If, you can report,
 And prove it too, againſt mine honour aught,
 My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty
 Againſt your ſacred perſon, in God's name,
 Turn me away; and let the foul'ſt contempt
 Shut door upon me, and ſo give me up
 To the ſharpeſt kind of juſtice.

Henry VIII. A. 2, S. 4.

¹ 'Tis too reſpective.] i. e. reſpectful. STEEVENS.
 "Reſpective" is not, in this place, reſpectful, but particular,
 too much attached to ſelf. A. B.

HOPE.

H O P E.

Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer. *Tempest*, A. 3, S. 3.

Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 3, S. 1.

———— Were it good,
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good: for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope¹.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 4, S. 1.

— When this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 1, S. 2.

———— In God's name, march:
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

Richard III. A. 5, S. 2.

O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailer on a mast;

¹ ——— therein should we read

The very bottom and the soul of hope.] To read the bottom
and soul of hope, and the bound of fortune, though all the copies,
and all the editors have received it, surely cannot be right. I
can think on no other word than *risque*.

———— “therein should we risque

“The very bottom, &c.”

JOHNSON.

Change is unnecessary. “To read” is to *discover*. We now
talk of *reading a man*, i. e. that we are able to discover,—that we
can easily see through his designs. A. B.

Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Richard III. A. 3, S. 4.

Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—
He dies, and makes no sign.—

Henry VI. P. 2, A. 3, S. 3.

The ample proposition, that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and disasters
Grow in the reins of actions highest rear'd:
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain,
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 1, S. 3.

——— O, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer;
Never to hope again.

Henry VIII. A. 3, S. 2.

I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope: he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life.

Richard II. A. 2, S. 2.

——— A cause on foot
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
We see the appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant as despair;
That frosts will bite them.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 1, S. 3.

The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope. *Measure for Measure, A. 3, S. 1.*

I some-

I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear¹.

As you like it, A. 5, S. 4.

H O R R O R.

Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horror.

King John, A. 5, S. 1.

H O R S E.

I would my horse had the speed of your tongue;
And so good a continuer.

Much ado about nothing, A. 1, S. 1.

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demy Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of man.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 1, S. 5.

¹ *As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.*] This strange nonsense should be read thus:

“As those that fear their hap, and know their fear.”

i. e. As those that fear the issue of a thing, when they know their fear to be well grounded. WARBURTON.

The depravation of the line is evident, but I do not think the learned commentator's emendation very happy. I read thus:

“As those that fear with hope, and hope with fear.”

JOHNSON.

The author of the Revival would read:

“As those that fear their hope, and know their fear.”

Blackstone,

“As those that feign they hope, and know they fear.”

Musgrave,

“As those that fear, then hope, and know their fear.”

I read,—

“As those that hope they fear, then know they fear.” I am puzzled, or perplexed like to those persons, who at one time form to themselves imaginary notions or fears; who then hope those fears are groundless, and who afterwards are convinced that they are so.

A. B.

O, for

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
 He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me
 How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
 May plod it in a week, why may not I
 Glide thither in a day? *Cymbeline, A. 3, S. 2.*

I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
 When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
 Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
 And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
 In very likeness of a roasted crab.
Midsummer Night's Dream, A 2, S. 1.

———— Come, let me take my horse,
 Who is to bear me like a thunder-bolt,
 Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:
 Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse—
 Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse.
Henry IV. P. 1, A. 4, S. 1.

Give me another horse,—bind up my wounds—
 Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft, I did but dream.
Richard III. A. 5, S. 3.

I think there be fix Richmonds in the field;
 Five have I slain to-day, instead of him:—
 A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
Richard III. A. 5, S. 4.

———— O, he's as tedious
 As is a tired horse, a railing wife;
 Worse than a smoky house:—I had rather live
 With cheese and garlick, in a windmill, far;
 Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me.
Henry IV. P. 1, A. 3, S. 1.

O, how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld,
 In London streets, that coronation day,
 When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!
 That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid.
Richard II. A. 5, S. 5.

That's

That's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself.

Merchant of Venice, A. 1, S. 2.

—— Reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords: for those, that tame wild horses,
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle;
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur
'em,
Till they obey the manage. *Henry VIII.* A. 5, S. 2.

H U M I L I T Y.

In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness, and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tyger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage.

Henry V. A. 3, S. 1.

The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly? kiss the rod?
And fawn on rage with base humility?

Richard II. A. 5, S. 1.

—— You are meek, and humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility: but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.

Henry VIII. A. 2, S. 4.

—— Who were below him
He used as creatures of another place;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility.

All's well that ends well, A. 1, S. 2.

—— I stole

—— I stole all courtesy from heaven;
And dress'd myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 3, S. 2.

I.

I D L E N E S S.

TH E even mead, that erst brought sweetly
forth

The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness; and nothing teems,
But hateful docks, rough thistles, keckfies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.

Henry V, A. 5, S. 2.

J E A L O U S Y.

Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No, to be once in doubt,
Is—once to be resolv'd. *Othello, A. 3, S. 3.*

—— No, Iago;
I'll see, before I doubt: when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love, or jealousy.

Othello, A. 3, S. 3.

I do beseech you,
Though I—perchance, am vicious in my guess,
(As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses; and, oft, my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not) that your wisdom yet,

From

From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice. *Othello*, A. 3, S. 3.

Beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on. *Othello*, A. 3, S. 3.

—— Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. *Othello*, A. 3, S. 3.

Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
Wear your eye—thus, not jealous nor secure;
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be abus'd; look to't.
Othello, A. 3, S. 3.

—— Jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself.
Othello, A. 3, S. 4.

Oh, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! shew men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned?
Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou: seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou. *Henry V.* A. 2, S. 2.

The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
Comedy of Errors, A. 5, S. 1.

—— Beshrew my jealousy!
It seems, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. *Hamlet*, A. 2, S. 1.

—— Jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild:

But she per-force, withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 2, S. 1.

———— If I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law. *Winter's Tale*, A. 3, S. 2.

———— This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,
Must it be great, and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent. *Winter's Tale*, A. 1, S. 2.

J E S T, J E S T E R.

I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I
have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I
have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep
when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business;
laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his hu-
mour. *Much ado about nothing*, A. 1, S. 3.

She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that
I was the prince's jester; and that I was duller than
a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such im-
possible conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a
man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me.

Much ado about nothing, A. 2, S. 1.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it.

Love's Labour Lost, A. 5, S. 2.

Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Merchant of Venice, A. 1, S. 1.

Now

Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week¹, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 2, S. 2.

J E W.

You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.

Merchant of Venice, A. 1, S. 3.

Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands; organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, heal'd by the same means, warm'd and cool'd by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is?

Merchant of Venice, A. 3, S. 1.

J E W E L.

The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,
Because we see it; but what we do not see,
We tread upon, and never think of it.

Measure for Measure, A. 2, S. 1.

A diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels. I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear!

Merchant of Venice, A. 3, S. 1.

Good name, in man, and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls;
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something,
nothing;

¹ *Argument for a week.*] *Argument* is subject matter for a drama.

STEEVENS.

“This will be argument for a week” must mean, *this will furnish conversation for a week.*

A. B.

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands :
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed. *Othello*, A. 3, S. 3.

I G N O R A N C E.

Ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me¹ : use me as
you will. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 5, S. 5.

—— If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance² : if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. *Coriolanus*, A. 3, S. 1.

I L L.

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.
Tempest, A. 1, S. 2.

¹ *Ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me.*] Though this be perhaps
not unintelligible, yet it is an odd way of confessing his defection.
I should wish to read,

“ Ignorance itself has a plume o'er me.”
that is, I am so depressed, that ignorance itself plucks me, and
decks itself with the spoils of my weakness. JOHNSON.

If any alteration be necessary, I think, ignorance itself is a
planet o'er me, would have a chance to be right. Thus Bobadil
excuses his cowardice ; sure I was struck with a *planet*, for I had
no power to touch my weapon. FARMER.

Perhaps Falstaff's meaning may be this, ignorance itself is a
plummet o'er me, i. e. *above me*,---ignorance itself is not so low as
I am by the length of a *plummet line*. TYRWHIT.

Falstaff certainly means, that ignorance triumphs over him.
We must therefore read, *plumet*, Fr. a garland. “ Ignorance
“ itself is a *plumet* o'er me,” i. e. *ignorance wears the garland*.
A. B.

² *Then vail your ignorance.*] The sense of the passage is,
If this man has power, let the *ignorance* that gave it him, *vail* or
bow down before him. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's interpretation seems wrong. *To vail*, is here
to *hide*, and *ignorance* is used for *weakness*. If this man has really
the power he pretends to (says Coriolanus), then hide or conceal
your weakness ; but if he has, in fact, no authority, then exer-
cise yours. A. B.

I M A G E.

I M A G E.

If I had thought, the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the stone is
mine)

I'd not have shew'd it¹. *Winter's Tale*, A. 5, S. 3.

I M A G I N A T I O N.

When he shall hear she dy'd upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination.

Much ado about nothing, A. 4, S. 1.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares.

Richard III. A. 1, S. 4.

Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a
fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he
hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and
now, how abhorr'd in my imagination it is! my
gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have
kiss'd I know not how oft. *Hamlet*, A. 5, S. 1.

¹ *If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the stone is mine)*

I'd not have shew'd it.] I do not know whether we should
not read without a parenthesis,

“——— for the stone i' th' mine

“I'd not have shew'd it.”

A mine of *stone*, or marble, would not, perhaps, at present, be
esteemed an accurate expression, but it may still have been used
by Shakespeare, as it has been used by Hollingshed.

TYRWHIT.

To change an accurate expression for an expression confessedly
not accurate, has somewhat of retrogradation. JOHNSON.

“Stone i' th' mine,” is surely the more forcible and elegant
reading; but Mr. Tyrwhit explains his reading wrong. “Stone
“i' th' mine,” is *diamond*, not *marble*. A. B.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 5, S. 1.

The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven ;

And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poets pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 5, S. 1.

¹ ——— How this grace (*viewing a picture*)
Speaks its own standing ! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth ! how big imagination
Moves in this lip ! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret ². *Timon of Athens*, A. 1, S. 1.

INFANT.

¹ ——— How this grace
Speaks its own standing !] This relates to the attitude
of the figure ; and means that it stands judiciously on its own
centre. And not only so, but that it has a graceful standing
likewise.

WARBURTON.

This sentence seems to me obscure, and however explained,
not very forcible. *This grace speaks its own standing*, is only,
The gracefulness of this figure shews how it stands. I am inclined
to think something is corrupted.

JOHNSON.

This passage, to my apprehension at least, *speaks its own mean-
ing*, which is, how the graceful attitude of this figure pro-
claims that it stands firm on its centre, or gives evidence in fa-
vour of its own fixure !

STEEVENS.

No one, I presume, is ignorant of the meaning of *grace*
among painters ; nor is he to be informed, that without this very
essential requisite, a picture, however finely coloured, would be
held, by connoisseurs, in little esteem. I am therefore inclined
to explain the passage thus—*Here is grace indeed. Here she shews
her standing—i. e. her rank and importance.*

A. B.

² ——— to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.] The allusion is to the puppet-
shows, or motions, as they were termed in our author's time.

The

I N F A N T.

——— First the infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms :
 And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school. *As you like it*, A. 2, S. 7.

This royal infant, (heaven still move about her !)
 Though in her cradle, yet now promises
 Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
 Which time shall bring to ripeness ; she shall be
 (But few now living can behold that goodness)
 A pattern to all princes living with her,
 And all that shall succeed. *Henry VIII.* A. 5, S. 4.

I N G R A T I T U D E.

In common worldly things, 'tis call'd—ungrateful
 With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,
 Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent ;
 Much more, to be thus opposite with heaven,
 For it requires the royal debt it lent you.
Richard III. A. 2, S. 2.

And do you now put on your best attire ?
 And do you now cull out a holiday ?
 And do you now strew flowers in his way,
 That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood ?
 Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,

The person who spoke for the puppets was called an interpreter. MALONE.

The sense of the passage is—*this is nothing more than a picture ; yet such is the liveliness of the representation, that the figure seems almost to speak, and we readily comprehend the painter's meaning.*
 I do not see that this has any reference to *puppet-shows, motions, or interpreters.* A. B.

Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Julius Cæsar, A. 1, S. 1.

———— These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary :
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows ;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind ;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.

Timon of Athens, A. 2, S. 2.

Ingratitude ! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou shew'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster !

Lear, A. 1, S. 4.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude ;
' Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

As you like it, A. 2, S. 7.

———— Filial

¹ *Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen.*] Dr. Warburton observes—
the *winter wind*, the song says, is to be preferred to *man's ingra-
titude*. But why? *Because it is not seen*. But this was not only
an aggravation of the injury, as it was done in secret, *not seen*,
but was the very circumstance that made the keenness of the in-
gratitude of his faithless courtiers. I would therefore read,

“ Because thou art not *shewn*,”

i. e. shining, smiling, like an ungrateful court-servant.

WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer alters the line to

“ Thou caus'est not that teen.”

Dr. Farmer reads,

“ Because the heart's not seen.”

And Musgrave,

“ Because thou art foreseen.”

But all, I think, are wrong. The lines are certainly very un-
meaning as they at present stand. A trifling alteration, how-
ever,

—— Filial ingratitude!

Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to't?—But I will punish home:—
No, I will weep no more.— *Lear*, A. 3, S. 4.

I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainness, babbling drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood. *Twelfth Night*, A. 3, S. 4.

I N K.

He hath never fed on the dainties that are bred
in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he
hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished.
Love's Labour Lost, A. 4, S. 2.

Taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou thou'lt
him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; let there be
gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a
goose-pen, no matter. *Twelfth Night*, A. 3, S. 2.

I N N O C E N C E.

We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' the fun,
And bleat the one at the other; what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing.

Winter's Tale, A. 1, S. 2.

ever, will do away the objection raised against them by Dr. War-
burton, and give them the sense and elegance they want. I
read,

Thy tooth is not so keen:—

Beside, thou art not seen,

Altho' thy breath be rude.

The meaning of the whole will be—winter wind, thy tooth
is not so keen as man's ingratitude; and though thy breath be
rude, yet as thou art not seen, thou canst not insult us by thy
frowns, by haughty and supercilious looks. A. B.

—— He may soften at the sight o' the child ;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Winter's Tale, A. 2, S. 2.

—— Hence bashful cunning !
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence !

Tempest, A. 3, S. 1.

I N S O L E N C E.

—— Now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease ;
And purfy insolence shall break his wind,
With fear, and horrid flight.

Timon of Athens, A. 5, S. 5.

I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Henry VI. P. 1, A. 1, S. 3.

I N S T I N C T.

Thou know'st, I am as valiant as Hercules : but
beware instinct ; the lion will not touch the true
prince. Instinct is a great matter ; I was a coward on
instinct.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 2, S. 4.

I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat.] This means, I
believe, I'll tumble thee into thy great hat, and shake thee, as bran
and meal are shaken in a sieve.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens is mistaken, I think, in supposing that the cardi-
nal is to be tumbled into his great hat, and shaken as meal is shaken in
a sieve.

To *canvas a matter*, is to sift, examine, or inquire particularly
into it. The meaning of, "I'll canvas thee in thy broad car-
dinal's hat," is—I will make inquiry into thy conduct, and lay
thee open to the world, notwithstanding the hat thou wearest,
and which thou mayst perhaps imagine will serve to protect thee.

A. B.

—— 'Tis

——— 'Tis wonderful,
That an invifible inftinct fhould frame them
To royalty unlearn'd ; honour untaught ;
Civility not feen from other ; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been fow'd ! *Cymbeline, A. 4, S. 2.*

J O V E.

I have lim'd her : but it is Jove's doing, and
Jove make me thankful ! What can be faid ? No-
thing, that can be, can come between me and the
full profpect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the
doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Twelfth Night, A. 3, S. 4.

——— Jove !

When on my three-foot ftool I fit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his fpirits fly out
Into my ftory : fay,—Thus mine enemy fell ;
And thus I fet my foot on his neck ; even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he fweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himfelf in pofture
That acts my words. *Cymbeline, A. 3, S. 3.*

For thou doft know, O Damon dear,
This realm difmantled was
Of Jove himfelf ; and now reigns here
A very, very—peacock¹. *Hamlet, A. 3, S. 2.*

¹ *A very, very—peacock.*] This alludes to a fable of the birds
choofing a king—inftead of the eagle, a peacock. POPE.

I think Hamlet is fetting his father's and uncle's characters in
contrast to each other ; and means to fay, that by his father's
death the ftate was ftripped of a god-like monarch, and that now
in his ftad reigned the moft defpicable, poisonous animal that
could be ; a mere paddock or toad. THEOBALD.

I am perfuaded that the poet wrote, “ a very, very,—mea-
cock,” *i. e.* a cowardly, effeminate fellow. A. B.

JOY,

J O Y, J O Y S.

—— O my foul's joy!

If after every tempest come such calmness,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus high, and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven!

Othello. A. 2, S. 1.

How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy
at weeping!

Much ado about nothing, A. 1, S. 1.

There appears much joy in him; even so much,
that joy could not shew itself modest enough, with-
out a badge of bitterness.

Much ado about nothing, A. 1, S. 1.

— There is such confusion in my powers,
As after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Exprest, and not exprest.

Merchant of Venice, A. 3, S. 2.

I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say—it lightens.

Romeo and Juliet, A. 2, S. 2.

—— Note him:

He was not sad; for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his: he was not merry,
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 1, S. 5.

I S L E.

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,

This

This other Eden, demy paradise;
 This fortrefs, built by nature for herself,
 This happy breed of men, this little world;
 This precious stone fet in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,
 Is now leas'd out (I die pronouncing it)
 Like to a tenement, or pelting farm.

Richard II. A. 2, S. 1.

I S S U E.

Thou elvish-mark'd abortive, roasting hog!
 Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
 The slave of nature, and the son of hell!
 Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!
 Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
 Thou rag of honour!

Richard III. A. 1, S. 3.

———— Care not for issue;
 The crown will find an heir: great Alexander
 Left his to the worthiest: so his successor
 Was like to be the best. *Winter's Tale, A. 5, S. 1.*

Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being
 gracious, than they are in losing them, when they
 have approved their virtues.

Winter's Tale, A. 4, S. 1.

J U D G M E N T.

For my voice,—I have lost it with hallowing and
 singing of anthems. To approve my youth further,
 I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment
 and understanding; and he that will caper with me
 for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money,
 and have at him.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 1, S. 2.

You all did love him once, not without cause;
 What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?—
 O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

Julius Cæsar, A. 3, S. 2.

——— His silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds :
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands,
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,
But all be bury'd in his gravity.

Julius Cæsar, A. 2, S. 1.

——— I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. *Merchant of Venice*, A. 4, S. 1.
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Measure for Measure, A. 2, S. 2.

——— How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you, as you are ?

Measure for Measure, A. 2, S. 2.

When I that censure him do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial.

Measure for Measure, A. 2, S. 1.

To promise is most courtly and fashionable : per-
formance is a kind of will, or testament, which ar-
gues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Timon of Athens, A. 5, S. 1.

But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on't) the wise gods seal our eyes ;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments ; make us
Above our errors ; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion. *Antony and Cleopatra*, A. 3, S. 11.

——— Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel ; but, being in,

Bear

Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

Hamlet, A. 1, S. 3.

His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 2, S. 4.

My fallad days¹!

When I was green in judgment: cold in blood,
To say, as I said then!—

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 1, S. 5.

—— Whether defect of judgment
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,

¹ *My fallad days!*

When I was green in judgment: cold in blood,

To say, as I said then!] This puzzles Mr. Theobald.

He says, Cleopatra may speak very naturally here with contempt of her judgment at that period: but how truly with regard to the coldness of her blood, may admit some question. And then employs his learning to prove, that at this *cold* season of her *blood*, she had seen twenty good years. Shakespeare's best justification, is restoring his own sense, which is done merely by a different pointing:

My fallad days;

When I was green in judgment. Cold in blood!

To say as I said then.

Cold in blood is an upbraiding expostulation to her maid. *Those*, says she, *were my fallad days, when I was green in judgment; but your blood is as cold as my judgment, if you have the same opinion of things now as I had then.*

WARBURTON.

I would prefer *ballad days*. What are fallad days? Does *fallad* give any particular or appropriate idea of youth? or do the editors read fallad, because Cleopatra is here speaking of her *green* judgment? *Green*, in this place, however, has not the smallest reference to *colour*, it certainly means *unripe*; and do we say of fallad that it is unripe? The true reading, I should suppose, is *ballad days*, i. e. Days when she was little given to thought or reflection. We now say, "our dancing days," when we speak of the earliest and liveliest part of our life.

A. B.

Not

Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding
peace

Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war: but, one of these,
(As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him) made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: but he has a merit,
To choak it in the utterance¹.

Coriolanus, A. 4, S. 7.

J U S T I C E.

—— Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.—

Winter's Tale, A. 3, S. 2.

See how yon' justice rails upon yon' simple thief:
Hark, in thine ear: change places; and handy-
dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?—
Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar? and
the creature run from the cur? There thou might'st
behold the great image of authority: a dog's obey'd
in office.

Lear, A. 4, S. 6.

—— The usurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with
gold,

¹ ——— *he has a merit,*

To choak it in the utterance.] He has a merit for no other
purpose, than to destroy it by boasting it. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson has mistaken the sense. *It is not the relative to
merit, but to defect*:—one of those *defects* in *Coriolanus*, which
Aufidius had enumerated a little before. *Whatever defect he
may have* (says Aufidius), *he has a merit to countervail it.*

A. B.

And

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks :
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

Lear, A. 4, S. 6.

Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipt of justice.

Lear, A. 3, S. 2.

Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs ; and, by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 4, S. 3.

Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time ;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.

Richard III. A. 4, S. 4.

—— Then the justice ;
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances.

As you like it, A. 2, S. 7.

—— We hear,
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Fore-running more requital.

Measure for Measure, A. 5, S. 1.

—— Worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And give me justice.

Measure for Measure, A. 5, S. 1.

—— The

—— The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice you are pregnant in.

Measure for Measure, A. 1, S. 1.

—— He did plot the duke of Gloster's death;
Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of
blood;

Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me, for justice, and rough chastisement.

Richard II. A. 1, S. 1.

—— As thou urgest justice, be assur'd,
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

Merchant of Venice, A. 4, S. 1.

—— Our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose.

Measure for Measure, A. 1, S. 4.

—— His life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice.

Measure for Measure, A. 4, S. 2.

—— What's open made to justice,
That justice seizes.

Measure for Measure, A. 2, S. 1.

K.

K I N G, K I N G D O M.

YOU would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom unto desolation.

Touching

Touching our person, seek we no revenge;
 But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
 Whose ruin you three fought, that to her laws
 We do deliver you. *Henry V. A. 2, S. 2.*

We give express charge, that, in our marches
 through the country, there be nothing compelled
 from the villages, nothing taken but paid for; none
 of the French upbraided, or abused in disdainful
 language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a king-
 dom, the gentlest gamester is the soonest winner.

Henry V. A. 3, S. 6.

O, for a muse of fire, that would ascend
 The brightest heaven of invention!
 A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
 And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
 Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
 Assume the port of Mars; and, at his heels,
 Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and
 fire,

Crouch for employment. *Henry V. Chorus.*

—— So work the honey bees;
 Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach
 The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
 They have a king, and officers of sorts:

*O for a muse of fire that would ascend
 The brightest heaven of invention!]* This goes upon the
 notion of the peripatetic system, which imagines several hea-
 vens one above another; the last, and highest of which, was one
 of fire. *WARBURTON.*

It alludes likewise to the aspiring nature of fire, which by its
 levity at the separation of the chaos, took the highest seat of all
 the elements. *JOHNSON.*

The commentators have here, I believe,

“Discover'd meanings which were never meant.”

“A muse of fire that would ascend the brightest heaven of in-
 vention”—means, I apprehend, *vigour of fancy,---such as is
 capable of bold and daring flights*; without any allusion to the pe-
 ripatetic system, or to the aspiring nature of fire. *A. B.*

Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
 Others like merchants, venture trade abroad;
 Others like soldiers, armed in their stings,
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
 Which pillage they with merry march bring home.

Henry V. A. 1, S. 2.

I'll give my jewels for a set of beads;
 My gorgeous palace for a hermitage;
 My gay apparel for an alms-man's gown;
 My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood;
 My scepter, for a palmer's walking staff;
 My subjects, for a pair of carved saints;
 And my large kingdom, for a little grave.

Richard II. A. 3, S. 3.

O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
 When that my care could not with-hold thy riots,
 What wilt thou do, when riot is thy care?
 O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
 Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 4, S. 4.

The watry kingdom, whose ambitious head
 Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
 To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,
 As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.

Merchant of Venice, A. 2, S. 7.

Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
 Between this chafis'd kingdom and myself,
 And brought in matter that should feed this fire,
 And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
 With that same weak wind which enkindled it.

King John, A. 5, S. 2.

Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
 That know not how to use ambassadors;
 Nor how to be contented with one wife;
 Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;

Nor

Nor how to study for the people's welfare;
Nor how to shrowd yourself from enemies?

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 4, S. 3.

This unhair'd fauciness, and boyish troops¹,
The king doth smile at. *King John, A. 5, S. 2.*

Let Rome in Tyber melt! and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space;
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man. *Antony and Cleopatra, A. 1, S. 1.*

A true devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly.
Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 2, S. 7.

I am all the subjects that you have,
Who first was mine own king. *Tempest, A. 1, S. 2.*

Oh, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in:
And two such shores to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
King John, A. 2, S. 2.

Shall that victorious hand be feeble here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No: Know, the gallant monarch is in arms;

¹ *This unheard of fauciness, and boyish troops.*] Thus the printed copies in general; but *unheard* is an epithet of very little force or meaning here. Faulconbridge talks of the Dauphin's *boyish troops*, of *dwarfish war*, *pigmy arms*, &c. which, according to my emendation, sort very well with *unhair'd*, i. e. *unbearded* fauciness. THEOBALD.

Yet another reading might be recommended:

“This *unair'd* fauciness,”

i. e. *untravell'd* rudeness.

STEEVENS.

“Unair'd is,” I think, the reading to be preferred. *Unair'd*, however, is not, in this place, to be taken in the sense of *untravell'd*. It rather means *unseasoned*, *inordinate*. A. B.

And like an eagle o'er his airy towers,
To fouse annoyance that comes near his nest.

King John, A. 5, S. 2.

Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the king were made a prelate:
Hear him debate of common-wealth affairs,
You would say,—it hath been all-in-all his study.

Henry V. A. 1, S. 1.

You are too much mistaken in this king:
Question your grace the late ambassadors,——
With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well supply'd with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception, and, withal,
How terrible in constant resolution,——
And you shall find, his vanities fore-spent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly.

Henry V. A. 2, S. 4.

Truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as
a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of
your worship. *Much ado about nothing, A. 3, S. 5.*

Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord.

Richard II. A. 3, S. 2.

Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,—
The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other, to enjoy by rage and war:
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.

Richard II. A. 2, S. 4.

—— Sometimes am I king,
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am: then crushing penury
Persuades me, I was better when a king;

Then am I king'd again : and, by-and-by,
Think, that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing. *Richard II.* A. 5, S. 5.

So doth the greater glory dim the less :
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by ; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook,
Into the main of waters.

Merchant of Venice, A. 5, S. 1.

—— I will no more return,
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
Salute thee for her king. *King John*, A. 2, S. 1.

—— Nor is there living
A man, that more detests, more stirs against,
Defacers of a publick peace than I do.
Pray heaven the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it ! *Henry VIII.* A. 5, S. 2.

First let me tell you whom you have condemn'd :
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issu'd from the progeny of kings,
Virtuous, and holy ; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.

Henry VI. P. 1, A. 5, S. 5.

The king is a noble gentleman ; and my familiar,
I do assure you, very good friend :—for I must tell
thee, it will please his grace (by the world) some-
time to lean upon my poor shoulder ; and with his
royal finger, thus dally with my excrement, with my
mustachio. *Love's Labour Lost*, A. 5, S. 1.

—— That it should come to this !
But two months dead ! nay, not so much, not two :
So excellent a king ; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr : so loving to my mother,

That he might not let e'en the winds of heaven¹
 Visit her face too roughly. *Hamlet*, A. 1, S. 2.

The king doth wake to-night, and take his rouse,
 Keeps wassel, and the fwaggering up-spring reels;
 And, as he drains his draughts of rhenish down,
 The kettle-drum, and trumpet, thus bray out
 The triumph of his pledge. *Hamlet*, A. 1, S. 4.

—— Do not fear our person;
 There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
 That treason can but peep to what it would,
 Acts little of his will. *Hamlet*, A. 4, S. 5.

My lord of Burgundy,
 We first address towards you, who with this king
 Have rivall'd for our daughter; what, in the least,
 Will you require in present dower with her,
 Or cease your quest of love²? *Lear*, A. 1, S. 1.

The

¹ *That he permitted not the winds of heaven.*] This is a sophistical reading, copied from the players, for want of understanding the poet, whose text is corrupt in the old impressions; all of which concur in reading,

“ —— so loving to my mother,
 “ That he might not beteene the winds of heaven
 “ Visit her face too roughly.”

“Beteene” is a corruption without doubt, but not so inveterate a one, but that, by the change of a single letter, and the separation of two words, mistakenly jumbled together, I am verily persuaded, I have retained the poet's reading.---That he might not *let e'en* the winds of heaven, &c. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald observes, that “beteene” is undoubtedly a corruption, and Mr. Steevens appears to be of the same opinion, by admitting “*let e'en*” to a place in the text,---but they are both mistaken. To “beteen” is to *enrage*, to *anger*. We must read the passage thus:

“ —— so loving to my mother,
 “ That the beteened winds of heaven might not
 “ Visit her face too roughly.”

i. e. Such was his love of my mother, that he would not permit the angry winds of heaven, at any time, to blow upon her.

A. B.

² —— *quest of love.*] *Quest of love*, is *amorous expedition*.
 The

The king will always think him in our debt;
 And think we think ourselves unsatisfy'd,
 Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
 And see already how he doth begin
 To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 1, S. 3.

———— The harlot king
 Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
 And level of my brain, plot proof, but she
 I can hook to me. *Winter's Tale, A. 2, S. 3.*

Kent banish'd thus! and France in choler parted!
 And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd his power!
 Confin'd to exhibition! All this done
 Upon the gad! *Lear, A. 1, S. 2.*

— Thus king Henry throws away his crutch,
 Before his legs be firm to bear his body:
 Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
 And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
Henry VI. P. 2, A. 3, S. 1.

— Time serves, wherein you may redeem
 Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
 Into the good thoughts of the world again:
 Revenge the jeering, and disdain'd contempt,
 Of this proud king. *Henry IV. P. 1, A. 1, S. 3.*

The term originated from romance. A quest was the expedition in which a knight was engaged. This phrase is often met with in the Fairy Queen. STEEVENS.

“Quest,” in this place, is *request, solicitation*. “Cease your quest of love.” *Cease your love solicitations.* A. B.

¹ ——— *subscrib'd his power.*] *Subscrib'd for transferred, alienated.* WARBURTON.

To subscribe, is to transfer by signing, or *subscribing* a writing of testimony. We now use the term, He *subscribed* forty pounds to the new building. JOHNSON.

“Subscrib'd his power,” is, *his power contracted or limited*. Or, we may read,---“*proscrib'd his power*”---*his power is taken from him---there is an interdiction, a stop to all his power.* The folio reads *prescrib'd*. A. B.

Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth, a thousand fold it doth.

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 2, S. 5.

——— She, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 'twere, born so.

All's well that ends well, A. 2, S. 3.

I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my king: tush! that's a wooden thing¹.

Henry VI. P. 1, A. 5, S. 4.

K I S S.

Good my lord, forbear;
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting. *Winter's Tale, A. 5, S. 3.*

——— Ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Cymbeline, A. 1, S. 4.

——— O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate,

¹ ——— *a wooden thing.*] Is an awkward business,---an undertaking not likely to succeed. STEEVENS.

“A wooden thing” is a *mad thing*. “Tush! that's a wooden thing”---*Hold, the thought is madness.* A. B.

And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unfaluted.

Coriolanus, A. 5, S. 3.

I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.

Othello, A. 3, S. 3.

And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses¹,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft.

Hamlet, A. 3, S. 4.

K N A V E.

—— You shall mark

Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender, and, when he's old, ca-
shier'd;

Whip me such honest knaves. *Othello*, A. 1, S. 1.

Fetch forth the stocks, ho!
You stubborn ancient knave², you reverend braggart,
We'll teach you. *Lear*, A. 2, S. 2.

¹ ——— *reechy kisses*.] *Reechy* is smoky. The author meant to convey a coarse idea, and was not very scrupulous in his choice of an epithet. The sense, however, is applied with greater propriety to the neck of a cook-maid in *Coriolanus*. STEEVENS.

"Reechy," in this place, is rather *smoking* than *smoky*.—"Reechy kisses" are *hot, burning* kisses. A. B.

² ——— *ancient knave*.] Two of the quartos read *miscreant* knave, and one of them *unreverent*, instead of *reverend*.

STEEVENS.

"Unreverent" is right. *Unreverent* is *rude, disrespectful*. Cornwall would say, "you old rogue, you irreverent braggart!" A. B.

KNIGHT.

K N I G H T.

It is a merry knight.—¹ Will you go an heirs?

Merry Wives of Windsor, A. 2, S. 1.

These knights will hack²; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Merry Wives of Windsor, A. 2, S. 1.

¹ *Will you go an-heirs?*] This nonsense is spoken to Shallow.—We should read—*will you go on*, HERIS? *i. e.* will you go on, Master?—Heris, an old Scotch word for master. WARBURTON.

Mr. Steevens would read, *will you go on heroes?* or, *will you go on hearts?* and Mr. Malone thinks it should be, *will you go and hear us?*

Herie, in Spenser, is *worship*, *worshipful*, probably from *herus*, the head of a family; and one who is consequently intitled to respect. Shallow, it must be remarked is a country justice, the host may therefore say to him, will you go on *herie*, or *herus*? meaning, will you go first, as you are worshipful, or distinguished by being a justice? A. B.

² *These knights will hack*, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.] Dr. Warburton is of opinion, that we should read *lack*, but I do not clearly see his meaning. Dr. Johnson thinks, that *hack* is said in allusion to the hacking off the spurs of recreant knights. Hanmer says, that *hack* means to turn hackney, or prostitute; and Blackstone, that the word *hack* must signify, to become cheap and vulgar.

“*These knights will hack*” is certainly very harsh. I am therefore much inclined to read, “these knights will jack,” *i. e.* play the jack, in allusion to the proverb—*Jack will never make a gentleman*. The sense is, This honour conferred on your husband will signify nothing; he will still be *Jack* in his manners—it will not alter the article of thy gentility. A. B.

L A D Y.

L.

L A D Y.

MY dear lady Disdain! are you yet living?
Much ado about nothing, A. 1, S. 1.

Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet,
 sitting in my dolphin-chamber, at the round table
 by a sea-coal fire, on Wednesday, in Whitfun-week,
 when the prince broke thy head for likening his fa-
 ther to a singing-man of Windsor; thou didst swear
 to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry
 me, and make me my lady thy wife.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 2, S. 1.

— That's the lady; all the world desires her:
 From the four corners of the earth they come,
 To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.

Merchant of Venice, A. 2, S. 7.

Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud;
 Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shewn,
 Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.

Love's Labour Lost, A. 5, S. 2.

——— Constant you are;
 But yet a woman; and for secrecy,
 No lady closer; for I well believe,
 Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
 And so far will I trust thee.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 2, S. 3.

——— 'Tis thought,
 That Marcius shall be consul: I have seen
 The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
 To hear him speak: matrons flung gloves,
 Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
 Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,

As

As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and shouts.
Coriolanus A. 2, S. 2.

—— She, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.
Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 1, S. 1.

¹ O well-a-day, lady, if he be not drawn now!
Henry V. A. 2, S. 1.

L A N G U A G E.

Those girls of Italy, take heed of them;
They say, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand.

All's well that ends well, A. 2, S. 1.

You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: ² the red plague rid you.
Tempest, A. 1, S. 2.

L A U G H-

¹ O well-a-day, if he be not hewn now!] I cannot understand the drift of this expression. If he be not *hewn*, must signify, if he be not *cut down*, and in that case, the very thing is supposed which Quickly was apprehensive of. But I rather think her fright arises from seeing the swords drawn, and I have ventured to make a slight alteration accordingly. *If he be not drawn*, for, *if he has not his sword drawn*, is an expression familiar to our poet.

THEOBALD.

I have not disturbed Mr. Theobald's emendation; but yet I think we might read—if he be not *hewing*. To hack and *hew* is a common vulgar expression.

STEEVENS.

“Hewn” should be “hewin.” *Hewin*, or *hewid*, in Chaucer, is coloured. Mrs. Quickly would say—*if he be not coloured*, if he *be not in a passion*.

That *drawn* is not the proper word, may be seen by turning to a subsequent scene of the play, in which Pistol is made to say, “O braggard vile, &c.” and at which speech, in the old copies, is the following stage direction—(*they drawe*.)

A. B.

² —— *the red plague*.] I suppose from the redness of the body, universally inflamed.

JOHNSON.

The *erysipelas* was anciently called the *red plague*.

STEEVENS.

By

L A U G H T E R.

I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow, to keep prince Harry in continual laughter, the wearing out of six fashions (which is four terms, or two actions), and he shall laugh without intervallums.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 5, S. 1.

The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me : I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 1, S. 2.

L A W S.

—— O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof!
Bidding the law make court'fy to their will.

Measure for Measure, A. 2, S. 4.

—— Your scope is as mine own;
So to inforce or qualify the laws,
As to your soul seems good.

Measure for Measure, A. 1, S. 1.

The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it :
If you deny me, fie upon your law !

Merchant of Venice, A. 4, S. 1.

—— I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority :
To do a great right, do a little wrong.

Merchant of Venice, A. 4, S. 1.

By *red plague*, I understand *lightning*. The “red plague rid you,” is, as though he should say, *lightning blast you*. Lightning is called by the poets, the red-wing'd messenger of Jove. Caliban may be supposed to have observed the dreadful effects of lightning; but how should he know any thing about the erysipelas ?

A. B.

It

It is the curse of kings, to be attended
 By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
 To break within the bloody house of life:
 And, on the winking of authority,
 To understand a law. *King John, A. 4, S. 2.*

We must not make a scare-crow of the law,
 Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
 And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
 Their perch, and not their terror.

Measure for Measure, A. 2, S. 1.

It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
 Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
 It would be thus with him.

Measure for Measure, A. 2, S. 2.

We have strict statutes and most biting laws,
 Which for these fourteen years we have let sleep;
 Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,
 That goes not out to prey.

Measure for Measure, A. 1, S. 4.

L I F E.

—— Haply, this life is best,
 If quiet life be best, sweeter to you,
 That have a sharper known; well corresponding
 With your stiff age; but, unto us, it is
 A cell of ignorance: travelling a-bed;
 A prison for a debtor that not dares
 To stride a limit. *Cymbeline, A. 3, S. 3.*

—— You, my lord, best know,
 (Who least will seem to do so) my past life
 Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
 As I am now unhappy. *Winter's Tale, A. 3, S. 2.*

—— What should be the fear?
 I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
 And,

And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself? *Hamlet*, A. 1, S. 4.

O thou good Kent, how shall I live, and work,
To match thy goodness? my life will be too short,
And every measure fail me¹. *Lear*, A. 4, S. 7.

— This our life, exempt from publick haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

As you like it, A. 2, S. 1.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good
and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our
faults whipp'd them not; and our crimes would de-
spair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues.

All's well that ends well, A. 4, S. 3.

—— At my birth,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
These signs have marked me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do shew,
I am not in the roll of common men.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 3, S. 1.

² — My life is spann'd already;
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun. *Henry VIII. A. 1, S. 1.*
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;

¹ — *every measure fail me.*] All good which I shall allot
thee, or *measure out* to thee, will be scanty. JOHNSON.

“Measure” here is *effort, endeavour*. A. B.

² — *My life is spann'd already.*] To span is to *gripe*, or
inclose in the hand; to *span* is also to measure by the palm and
fingers. The meaning, therefore, may either be, that hold is
taken of my life; my life is in the gripe of my enemies, or
that my time is measured, the length of my life is now deter-
mined. JOHNSON.

“My life is spann'd,” *i. e. my life is short*. We now say,
contracted to a span, for any short space of time. A. B.

Sharp

Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart ;
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose over-weening arm I have pluck'd back,
By false accuse doth level at my life.

Henry VI. P. 2, A. 3, S. 1.

I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life ; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you :
We both have fed as well ; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.

Julius Cæsar, A. 1, S. 2.

—— I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself ;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life.

Merchant of Venice, A. 4, S. 1.

Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. *Measure for Measure, A. 3, S. 1.*

—— Reason thus with life,—
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing,
That none but fools would keep.

Measure for Measure, A. 3, S. 1.

Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that :
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house ; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Merchant of Venice, A. 4, S. 1.

Make me to see it ; or (at least) so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on : or, woe upon thy life !

Othello, A. 3. S. 3.

—— For all, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate ;

Youth,

Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all
That happiness and prime¹, can happy call.

All's well that ends well, A. 2, S. 1.

L I O N.

——— I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went furly by,
Without annoying me:
And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting, and shrieking.

I do believe they are portentous things
Unto the climate, that they point upon.

Julius Caesar, A. 1, S. 3.

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his, that spoils her young before her face.

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 2, S. 2.

Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;
Whose top branch over-peer'd Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 5, S. 2.

Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat:

¹ ——— *prime.*] *Youth*; the spring or morning of life.

JOHNSON,
Should we not read *pride*? Dr. Johnson explains *prime* to mean *youth*; and indeed I do not see any other plausible interpretation that can be given of it. But how does that suit with the context? *Happiness and pride*, may signify, I think, the *pride of happiness*, the proudest state of happiness. TYRWHIT.

I think we should read,

“That happiness *in prime* can happy call.”

i. e. happiness in the greatest degree.

A. B.

Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs;
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 2, S. 1.

L I V E R.

¹ I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 1, S. 2.

L O V E, L O V E R.

—— Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true.

Merchant of Venice, A. 3, S. 2.

Heaven, and fortune, bar me happy hours!
Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest;
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!

Richard III. A. 4, S. 4.

—— The leisure, and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,

¹ *I had rather heat my liver with drinking.*] To know why the lady is so averse from *heating her liver*, it must be remembered, that a heated liver is supposed to make a pimpled face.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is mistaken, I believe, in supposing that the lady is thinking of a pimpled face. The seat of love was by ancient writers supposed to be in the liver. The soothsayer says to Charmion, "You shall be more loving than lov'd." If that is the case, replies she, I had rather heat my liver with drinking than with love.

A. B.

Which

Which so long fundred friends should dwell upon,
God give us leifure for these rites of love!

Richard III. A. 5, S. 3.

—— Perhaps, he loves you now;
And now no foil, nor cautel, doth besmirch
The virtue of his will: but, you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth.

Hamlet, A. 1, S. 3.

O, Hamlet, what a falling off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!

Hamlet, A. 1, S. 5.

Haste me to know it; that I, with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Hamlet, A. 1, S. 5.

This is the very ecstasy of love:
Whose violent property foredoes itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven,
That does afflict our natures.

Hamlet, A. 2, S. 1.

The instances, that second marriage move,
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.

Hamlet, A. 3, S. 2.

There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,
Dies in his own too much.

Hamlet, A. 4, S. 7.

^r *The instances.] The motives.*

JOHNSON.

We should rather explain "instances" by *circumstances*. We
cannot well say, *the motives that move*. A. B.

All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer
With sighs of love.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 3, S. 2.

You thief of love! what, have you come by night,
And stol'n my love's heart from him?

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 3, S. 2.

Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 5, S. 1.

Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:
O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 1, S. 1.

As waggish boys themselves in game forswear,
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 1, S. 1.

Ah me! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 1, S. 1.

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 1, S. 1.

Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 2, S. 2.

O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute!

Twelfth Night, A. 1, S. 1.

—— She

————— She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek.

Twelfth Night, A. 2, S. 4.

O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip !
A murd'rous guilt shews not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid.

Twelfth Night, A. 3, S. 1.

————— Such as I am, all true lovers are;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save, in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd.

Twelfth Night, A. 2, S. 4.

————— I cannot love him :
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth ;
And in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person.

Twelfth Night, A. 1, S. 5.

Write loyal cantons of contemned love,
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out Olivia !

Twelfth Night, A. 1, S. 5.

If lusty Love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch ?
If zealous Love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch ?
If Love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch ?

King John, A. 2, S. 2.

He counsels a divorce : a loss of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre ;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with ; even of her,
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king.

Henry VIII. A. 2, S. 2.

————— Farewell,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love.

Much ado about nothing, A. 4, S. 1.

I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to a sister, shew'd
Bashful sincerity and comely love.

Much ado about nothing, A. 4, S. 1.

I will not be sworn, but love may transform me
to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he
have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me
such a fool.

Much ado about nothing, A. 2, S. 3.

I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much
another man is a fool when he dedicates his behavi-
ours to love, will, after he hath laugh'd at such shal-
low follies in others, become the argument of his own
scorn, by falling in love.

Much ado about nothing, A. 2, S. 3.

Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how
I am censured: they say, I will bear myself proudly,
if I perceive the love come from her; they say too,
that she will rather die than give any sign of affec-
tion.—I did never think to marry:—I must not seem
proud.

Much ado about nothing, A. 2, S. 3.

————— Loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

Much ado about nothing, A. 3, S. 1.

————— She cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd.

Much ado about nothing, A. 3, S. 1.

They say, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth I can bear
them witness; and virtuous; 'tis so, I cannot re-
prove it: and wise—but for loving me:—By my
troth, it is no addition to her wit;—nor no great
argument

argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. *Much ado about nothing*, A. 2, S. 3.

If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew: I will go get her picture. *Much ado about nothing*, A. 2, S. 3.

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse, or thought, or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will,—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! *Othello*, A. 4, S. 2.

—— I would do much
To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio. *Othello*, A. 4, S. 1.

I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Much ado about nothing, A. 1, S. 1.
How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!

Much ado about nothing, A. 1, S. 1.
Prove, that ever I lose more blood with love, than
I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes
with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the
door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

Much ado about nothing, A. 1, S. 1.
Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;

¹ — atone them.] Make them *one*; reconcile them.

JOHNSON.

“Atone them” seems harsh. Perhaps we may read,

“Attune them,”

i. e. Create an harmony between them—reconcile them. A. B.

Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent.

Much ado about nothing, A. 2, S. 1.

— Were 't to renounce his baptism,
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,—
His soul is so enfetter'd to her love,
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function. *Othello, A. 2, S. 3.*

* What ! keep a week away ? seven days and nights !
Eight score eight hours ? and lovers absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times,
O weary reckoning ! *Othello, A. 3, S. 4.*

You know me well : and herein spend but time,
To wind about my love with circumstance :
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have.

Merchant of Venice, A. 1, S. 1.

Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the isicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine.

Merchant of Venice, A. 2, S. 1.

I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant ; by my love, I swear,
The best regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too : I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Merchant of Venice, A. 2, S. 1.

* *What ! keep a week away ?---Seven days and nights !]*

Hui ! univorsum triduum !

TERENCE.

A. B.

There

There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Merchant of Venice, A. 3, S. 2.

—— Ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont,
To keep obliged faith unforfeited !

Merchant of Venice, A. 2, S. 6.

O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,
In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess.
I feel too much thy blessing, make it less.

Merchant of Venice, A. 3, S. 2.

—— Now he goes,
With no less presence¹, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster. *Merchant of Venice, A. 3, S. 2.*

I am undone ; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me.

All's well that ends well, A. 1, S. 1.

—— Fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality ?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument.

All's well that ends well, A. 4, S. 2.

I am ashamed, that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace ;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, or sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.

Taming of the Shrew, A. 5, S. 2.

¹ *With no less presence.] With the same dignity of mien.*

JOHNSON.

I think it would be better to read *prescience*, i. e. no less confident of success.

A. B.

Never

Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
 Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs;
 O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
 And plant in tyrants mild humility.

Love's Labour Lost, A. 4, S. 3.

— Love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
 Lives not alone immured in the brain;
 But with the motion of all elements,
 Courses as swift as thought in every power.

Love's Labour Lost, A. 4, S. 3.

What? what? I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
 A woman, that is like a German clock,
 Still a repairing; ever out of frame;
 And never going aright, being a watch,
 But being watch'd that it may still go right?

Love's Labour Lost, A. 3, S. 1.

Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for
 your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me,
 some extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I
 shall turn sonneteer. *Love's Labour Lost*, A. 1, S. 2.

Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste.

As sweet and musical,

As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
 And, when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
 Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.

Love's Labour Lost, A. 4, S. 3.

¹ *And, when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods*

Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.] All the editions

agree in reading as above, and the commentators have endeavoured to explain it. But why the *voice of love* should make heaven *drowsy*, I do not rightly understand. It may very naturally be supposed to have a totally different effect. We should surely read,

“And, when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods

“Wakes drowsy heaven with the harmony.”

i. e. Heaven instantly becomes enlivened by it—all at once is harmony. It is a sound to “ravish all the gods!” &c. A. B.

For

For wisdom's fake, a word that all men love ;
 Or for love's fake, a word that loves all men ;
 Or for men's fake, the authors of these women ;
 Or women's fake, by whom we men are men ;
 Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves.

Love's Labour Lost, A. 4, S. 3.

—— Love is full of unbefitted strains ;
 All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain ;
 Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,
 Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms.

Love's Labour Lost, A. 5, S. 2.

If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
 Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
 Then at the expiration of the year,
 Come challenge me. *Love's Labour Lost, A. 5, S. 2.*

—— Tell this youth what 'tis to love.
 It is to be made all of sighs and tears ;—
 It is to be all made of faith and service ;—
 It is to be all made of fantasy,
 All made of passion, and all made of wishes.

As you like it, A. 5, S. 2.

That same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness ; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him judge, how deep I am in love. *As you like it, A. 4, S. 1.*

There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks ; if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

As you like it, A. 3, S. 2.

He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him,
 that

that Cupid hath clapt him o' the shoulder; but I warrant him heart-whole. *As you like it, A. 4, S. 1.*

Your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

As you like it, A. 3, S. 2.

It is as easy to count atomies, as to resolve the propositions of a lover. *As you like it, A. 3, S. 2.*

Say, that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness: the common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd fight of death makes
hard,

Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon. *As you like it, A. 3, S. 5.*

O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

As you like it, A. 4, S. 1.

Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does; that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences.

As you like it, A. 3, S. 2.

If ever (as that ever may be near)
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy¹;
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

As you like it, A. 3, S. 5.

¹ ——— power of fancy.] *Fancy* is here used for *love*.

JOHNSON.

I rather think that *fancy*, in this place, is *thought, deep reflection*.

A. B.

I have

I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politick; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these.

As you like it, A. 4, S. 1.

Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy:—yet he talks well;—
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.

As you like it, A. 3, S. 5.

Mistress, know yourself, down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,—
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets.

As you like it, A. 3, S. 5.

The oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings.

As you like it, A. 3, S. 4.

———— Then, the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow.

As you like it, A. 2, S. 7.

If thou remember'st not the flightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd.

As you like it, A. 2, S. 4.

If thou hast not fat, as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd.

As you like it, A. 2, S. 4.

If thou hast not broke from company,
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd.

As you like it, A. 2, S. 4.

———— Know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,

Without

Without addition, or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.

Comedy of Errors, A. 2, S. 2.

— Since the heavens have shap'd my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind, to answer it.

I had no father, I am like no father:

I have no brother, I am like no brother:

And this word—love, which grey-beards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,

And not in me. *Henry VI. P. 3, A. 5, S. 6.*

Love forswore me in my mother's womb:

And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,

She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe

To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;

To make an envious mountain on my back,

Where sits deformity to mock my body;

And am I then a man to be lov'd?

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 3, S. 2.

— She, whom all men praised, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

All's well that ends well, A. 5, S. 3.

I know I love in vain, strive against hope;

Yet, in this captious and intenable sieve,

I still pour in the waters of my love,

And lack not to lose still.

All's well that ends well, A. 1, S. 3.

To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress

Fall, when love please!—¹ marry, to each but one!

All's well that ends well, A. 2, S. 3.

— This

¹ ——— marry, to each but one!] I cannot understand this passage in any other sense than as a ludicrous exclamation, in consequence of Helena's wish of *one* fair and virtuous mistress to *each* of the lords. If that be so, it cannot belong to Helena; and might properly enough be given to Parolles. **TYRWHIT.**

¹ ——— This has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him.

All's well that ends well, A. 4, S. 2.

—— Holy father ; throw away that thought ;—
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a complete bosom.

Measure for Measure, A. 1, S. 4.

O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower ;
Or walk in thievish ways ; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are ; chain me with roaring bears ;
Or hide me nightly in a charnel house,
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble ;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Romeo and Juliet, A. 4, S. 1.

It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale : look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east :
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tip-toe on the misty mountains tops.

Romeo and Juliet, A. 3, S. 5.

The entire speech belongs to Helena. "But one" means,
with an exception to Bertram. She would insinuate, that *love* is
not to give him a mistress, as she herself assumes love's power,
and means to lay claim to Bertram. A. B.

¹ ——— *this has no holding,*
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him.] This passage appears to
me corrupt. She swears not *by* him whom she *loves*, but by *Ju-*
piter. I believe we may read to *swear to him.* There is, says
she, no *holding*, no consistency to swear to one that I *love him*,
when I swear it only to *injure* him. JOHNSON.

Helena certainly swears *by Jupiter*, and not *to her lover*, as Dr.
Johnson supposes. I read,

“—— this has no holding,
“ To swear by him, and to protest I love
“ Whom I will work against.”

A. B.

Wilt

Wilt thou be gone ! it is not yet near day :
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear ;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree :
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Romeo and Juliet, A. 3, S. 5.

————— O, my love ! my wife !
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty :
Thou art not conquer'd ; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.

Romeo and Juliet, A. 5, S. 3.

————— I beseech thee, youth,
Pull not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury :—O be gone !
By heaven, I love thee better than myself ;
For I come hither arm'd against myself.

Romeo and Juliet, A. 5, S. 3.

————— Love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams
Driving back shadows over low'ring hills :
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Romeo and Juliet, A. 2, S. 5.

Dost thou love me ? I know, thou wilt say—Ay ;
And I will take thy word ; yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false ; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs.

Romeo and Juliet, A. 2, S. 2.

————— O brawling love ! O loving hate !
O any thing, of nothing first created !
O heavy lightness ! serious vanity !
Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms !
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health !
Still-waking sleep. *Romeo and Juliet, A. 1, S. 1.*

Love

Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs ;
 Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lover's eyes¹ ;
 Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lover's tears :
 What is it else ? a madness most discreet,
 A choaking gall, and a preserving sweet.

Romeo and Juliet, A. 1, S. 1.

If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,
 Can in this book of beauty read, I love,
 Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen :
 As she in beauty, education, blood,
 Holds hand with any princess of the world.

King John, A. 2, S. 2.

I have done penance for contemning love ;
 Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
 With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
 With nightly tears, and daily heart-fore sighs.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 2, S. 4.

What should it be, that he respects in her,
 But I can make respective in myself,
 If this fond love were not a blinded god ?

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 4, S. 3.

This weak impress of love is as a figure
 Trenched in ice ; which with an hour's heat
 Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 3, S. 2.

Here is my hand for my true constancy ;
 And when that hour o'er-slips me in the day,
 Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,

¹ *Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lover's eyes.*] The author may mean, being purged of smoke, but it is, perhaps, a meaning never given to the word in any other place. I would rather read, *being urged, a fire sparkling.* Being incited and inforced. To urge the fire is the technical term. JOHNSON.

I do not believe that "purg'd" has any reference to *smoke*. "Being purg'd," is *being pure*. Love, says the poet, is for the most part as a smoke ; but when pure, it is as a fire, &c.

The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 2, S. 2.

—— Hinder not my course :

I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 2, S. 7.

—— Now my love is thaw'd ;

Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 2, S. 4.

I to myself am dearer than a friend ;
For love is still more precious in itself :
And Silvia, witness heaven, that made her fair,
Shews Julia but a swarthy Ethiop.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 2, S. 6.

¹ O, sweet-suggesting love, if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it!

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 2, S. 6.

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 2, S. 4.

—— Love's a mighty lord,
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,

¹ O, *sweet-suggesting love.*] To *suggest* is to *tempt*, in our author's language. The sense is, O, *tempting love*, if thou hast influenced me to sin, teach me to excuse it. Dr. Warburton reads *If I have sinn'd*; but, I think, not only without elegance, but

JOHNSON.

"Sweet-suggesting" has something more than *tempting* in it. It means *inspiring*, or *soul-inspiring*. Beside, *tempted* occurs in the following line. We should surely read—*If I have sinn'd*.

A. B.

There is no woe to his correction,
Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth!

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 2, S. 4.

Were't not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than living dully fluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 1, S. 1.

— As in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 1, S. 1.

— Love, where scorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 1, S. 1.

— As the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 1, S. 1.

Love is your master, for he masters you;
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 1, S. 1.

Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kifs the rod.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 1, S. 2.

L U S T.

That incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traiterous gifts,
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power

So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:

Hamlet, A. 1, S. 5.

¹ ——— His captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper;
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gypsy's lust.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 1, S. 1.

L I E, L Y I N G.

Manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and swears it.

Much ado about nothing, A. 4, S. 1.

O fir, we quarrel in print, by the book; I will name you the degrees. The first, the retort courteous; the second, the quip modest; the third, the reply churlish; the fourth, the reproof valiant; the fifth, the counter-check quarrelsome; the sixth, the lie with circumstance; the seventh, the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an if. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as, If you said so, then I said so; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If.

As you like it, A. 5, S. 4.

I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the retort courteous. If I sent him word again, it was not well

¹ ——— *his captain's heart, &c.*] I should prefer—his captain-heart, i. e. his bold, and daring spirit.

The mark of the genitive case obscures the meaning. A. B.

cut,

cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the quip modest. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called the reply churlish. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the reproof valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he would say I lie: this is called the counter-check quarrelsome; and so to the lie circumstantial, and the lie direct.

As you like it, A. 5, S. 4.

Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen.

Winter's Tale, A. 4, S. 3.

—— Will poor folk lie,
That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis
A punishment, or trial? Yes, no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true: to lapse in fullness
Is forer, than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings, than beggars.

Cymbeline, A. 3, S. 6.

Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying!—
I grant you, I was down, and out of breath; and so
was he: but we rose both at an instant, and fought
a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be be-
liev'd, so; if not, let them, that should reward va-
lour, bear the sin upon their own heads.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 5, S. 4.

M.

M A D N E S S.

—— SINCE I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear a madness held me.

Tempest, A. 5, S. 1.

———— Sometimes am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness. *Tempest, A. 2, S. 2.*

Not a foul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. *Tempest, A. 1, S. 2.*

———— Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks;
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. *Hamlet, A. 3, S. 4.*

This is mere madness:
And thus awhile the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping. *Hamlet, A. 5, S. 1.*

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: it is not madness,
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will reword; which madness
Would gambol from. *Hamlet, A. 3, S. 4.*

———— He was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea: singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
With harlocks, hemlocks, nettles, cuckow-flowers,
Darnel, all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn. *Lear, A. 4, S. 4.*

¹ How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of.

Hamlet, A. 2, S. 2.

¹ *How pregnant, &c.] Pregnant is ready, dexterous, apt.*

STEEVENS.

“Pregnant” is something more than dexterous, or apt. It here means, *full of consequence.*

A. B.

Mad

Mad let us grant him then : and now remains,
That we find out the cause of this effect ;
Or, rather say, the cause of this defect ;
For this effect, defective, comes by cause.

Hamlet, A. 2, S. 2.

That he is mad, 'tis true : 'tis true 'tis pity ;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true : a foolish figure ;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.

Hamlet, A. 2, S. 2.

What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord ?
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That bettles o'er his base into the sea ?
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason
And draw you into madness ? *Hamlet, A. 1, S. 4.*

—— He made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the
mark !)

And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth,
Was parmacuity for an inward bruise.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 1, S. 3.

Be Kent unmannerly, when Lear is mad.
Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows ? To plainness honour's
bound,

When majesty stoops to folly. *Lear, A. 1, S. 1.*

Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.

Measure for Measure, A. 5, S. 1.

M A J E S T Y.

Now will it best avail your majesty,
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France :

The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends.

Henry VI. P. 1, A. 3, S. 1.

—— The cease of majesty
Dies not alone ; but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it, with it : it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd, which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin.

Hamlet, A. 3, S. 3.

—— To beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees :
Which on the royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.

Richard II. A. 3, S. 3.

—— O majesty !
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost fit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 4, S. 4.

With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me ; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 1, S. 3.

M A L I C E.

Kneel not to me :
The power that I have on you, is to spare you :
The malice towards you, to forgive you ; live,
And deal with others better.

Cymbeline, A. 5, S. 5.

Fie, uncle Beaufort ! I have heard you preach,
That malice was a great and grievous sin :

And

And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?

Henry VI. P. 1. A. 3, S. 1.

M A N.

—— Espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.

The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd

Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd;

But I had not so much of man in me,

But all my mother came into mine eyes,

And gave me up to tears. *Henry V. A. 4, S. 6.*

—— In such cases,
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis ev'n so.

For let our finger ach, and it endues

Our other healthful members, ev'n to a sense

Of pain.¹ *Othello, A. 3, S. 4.*

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.

Put out the light, and then—Put out the light!

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,

I can again thy former light restore

Should I repent me:—but once put out thy light,

Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,

I know not where is that Promethean heat,

That can thy light relumine. *Othello, A. 5, S. 2.*

Bring me unto my trial when you will.

Dy'd he not in his bed? where should he die?

¹ *For let our finger ach, and it endues*

Our other healthful members, with a sense

Of pain.] I believe it should be rather subdues our other

healthful members to a sense of pain.

JOHNSON.

“Endues,” I believe, should be *induces*; i. e. *brings on, super-induces.* The passage should be printed thus:

“For let our finger ach, and it induces

“A sense of pain e'en to our healthful members.”

A. B.

Can I make men live, wher they will or no?—
Oh! torture me no more, I will confess.

Henry VI. P. 2, A. 3, S. 3.

Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice: his reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them; and, when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Merchant of Venice, A. 1, S. 1.

If to do, were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages, prince's palaces.

Merchant of Venice, A. 1, S. 2.

The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour trafficks with man's nature,
He is but outside: these pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out.

Timon of Athens, A. 1, S. 1.

A barren-spirited fellow, one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations;
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him,
But as a property.

Julius Cæsar, A. 4, S. 1.

Oh, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!

Measure for Measure, A. 3, S. 2.

—— Dishonest wretch!

Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?

Measure for Measure, A. 3, S. 1.

—— When maidens sue,

Men give like gods.

Measure for Measure, A. 1, S. 5.

Could great men thunder

As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,

For

For every pelting¹, petty officer,
Would use his heaven for thunder.

Measure for Measure, A. 2, S. 2.

——— Man! proud man,
(Drest in a little brief authority;
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence) like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep.

Measure for Measure, A. 2, S. 2.

Great men may jest with faints: 'tis wit in them;
But, in the less, foul profanation.

Measure for Measure, A. 2, S. 2.

——— Men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man, *Henry VIII. A. 5, S. 2.*

——— Men, that make
Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment,
Dare bite the best. *Henry VIII. A. 5, S. 2.*

——— This imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages; all men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please. *Henry VIII. A. 2, S. 2.*

——— He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion
Ty'd all the kingdom: simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law: I' the presence
He would say untruths; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning: he was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:

¹ ——— pelting.] i. e. Paltry.

STEEVENS.

"Pelting" is noisy, turbulent. See note on King Lear, page 45.

A. B.

His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.

Henry VIII. A. 4, S. 2.

I see, that men make hopes in such affairs,
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

All's well that ends well, A. 4, S. 2.

—— The jewel, best enamelled,
Will lose his beauty ; and the gold 'bides still,
That others touch ; yet often touching will
Wear gold : and so no man, that hath a name,
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.

Comedy of Errors, A. 2, S. 1.

— Wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown over-board,
The cable broke, our holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood ?
Yet lives our pilot still. *Henry VI. P. 3, A. 5, S. 4.*
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir ; for 'tis

¹ *I see that men make hopes in such affairs.]* The folio editions read :

“ —— make ropes in such a scarre.”

The emendation was introduced by Mr. Rowe. Ray says, that *scarre* is a cliff of a rock, or a naked rock on dry land, from the Saxon *carre*, cautes. STEEVENS.

“ Make ropes in such a scarre.” The passage is undoubtedly corrupt ; but the reading proposed by Mr. Rowe is poor and bald indeed ! If for “ ropes ” we read *japes*, and for “ scarre ” *scathe*, both which words were easily mistaken in transcribing, we shall, I believe, discover the meaning of the speech. *Jape* is *jest*, and *scathe* is *injury*. I read,

“ I see that men make japes of such a scathe :

“ That we'll forsake ourselves.”

i. e. “ I know that men are apt to make a jest of such injuries, and to think that they may rely on our weakness for success.”

This is the language which a woman of virtue may well be supposed to hold to the man who is endeavouring to seduce her.

A. B.

The

The royal disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.

As you like it, A. 4, S. 3.

Under an oak, whose boughs were mofs'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back. *As you like it, A. 4, S. 3.*

Men are April when they woo, December when
they wed: maids are May when they are maids,
but the sky changes when they are wives.

As you like it, A. 4, S. 1.

When a man's 'verses cannot be understood, nor
a man's good wit seconded with the forward child,
understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a
great reckoning in a little room.

As you like it, A. 3, S. 3.

If ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that
they call compliment, is like the encounter of two
dog-apes.

As you like it, A. 2, S. 5.

—— Now 'tis odds beyond arithmetick;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabrick. *Coriolanus, A. 3, S. 1.*

A man of fovereign parts he is esteem'd:
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.

Love's Labour Lost, A. 2, S. 1.

—— Man—how dearly ever parted,
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver. *Troilus and Cressida, A. 3, S. 3.*

—— O strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When

When faucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night !

All's well that ends well, A. 4, S. 4.

A most incomparable man; breath'd, as it were,
To an untirable and continue goodnefs:
He paffes^r.

Timon of Athens, A. 1, S. 1.

Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deepeft;
And in his fimple fhew he harbours treason.
The fox barks not, when he would fteal the lamb.
No, no, my fovereign; Glofter is a man
Unfounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Henry VI. P. 2, A. 3, S. 1.

———— Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for ftroke! thou cold fciatica,
Cripple our fenators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners !

Timon of Athens, A. 4, S. 1.

———— He ne'er drinks
But Timon's filver treads upon his lip;
And yet, (O, fee the monitroufnefs of man,
When he looks out in an ungrateful fhape!)
He does deny him.

Timon of Athens, A. 3, S. 2.

Timon will to the woods, where he fhall find
The unkindeft beaft more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound (hear me, ye good gods all)
The Athenians both within and out that wall !
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high, and low!

Timon of Athens, A. 4, S. 1.

^r *He paffes.*] i. e. He exceeds:—Goes beyond common bounds.

STEEVENS.

Shakefpeare had compared Timon to an horfe breathed or exercised for the courfe. He ftill preserves the fimile, and fays, that Timon *paffes*, i. e. gets before or outftrips others in goodnefs.

A. B.

———— Be

———— Be abhorr'd
 All feasts, societies, and throngs of men !
 His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains :
 Destruction fang mankind !

Timon of Athens, A. 4, S. 3.

I am misanthropos, and hate mankind.
 For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
 That I might love thee something.

Timon of Athens, A. 4, S. 3.

Promise me friendship, but perform none : if
 Thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for
 Thou art a man ! if thou dost perform, confound
 thee,

For thou art a man ! *Timon of Athens, A. 4, S. 3.*

Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
 Myself to be a marvellous proper man.

I'll be at charges for a looking-glass ;
 And entertain a score or two of taylors,
 To study fashions to adorn my body.

Richard III. A. 1, S. 2.

———— Common mother, thou
 Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
 Teems, and feeds all ; whose self-same mettle,
 Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puffed,
 Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
 The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,
 Yield him, who all thy human souls doth hate,
 From forth thy plenteous bosom one poor root !

Timon of Athens, A. 4, S. 3.

Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
 Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit :
 No more can you distinguish of a man,
 Than of his outward shew ; which, God he knows,
 Seldom, or never, jumpeth with the heart.

Richard III. A. 3, S. 1.

Let's

¹ Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 4, S. 8.

By heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy
The tongues of fooners; but a braver place
In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 4, S. 1.

What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spar'd a better man.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 5, S. 4.

I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you kingdoms, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription; why then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man.

Lear, A. 3, S. 2.

Is man no more than this? Consider him well:
thou owest the worm no filk, the beast no hide, the
sheep no wool, the cat no perfume:—thou art the
thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but
such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.

Lear, A. 3, S. 4.

What's the matter? If it be summer news,
Smile to't before: if winterly, thou need'st

¹ *Let's levy men, and beat him back again.*] This line expresses a spirit of war so unsuitable to the character of Henry, that I would give the first cold speech to the king, and the brisk answer to Warwick.

JOHNSON.

Every judicious reader must concur in this opinion.

STEEVENS.

It matters little to whom the line is given. Dr. Johnson's reason for taking it from Henry, however, is not very forcible. A king who had been imprisoned, and who had recently regained his liberty, might very well throw out a wish for "levying forces," and for beating back the man who was endeavouring to deprive him of his crown. This is surely highly natural, though a "spirit of war" were no way consonant to his general character.

A. B.

219.1

But

But keep that countenance still.—Speak man, thy
tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Cymbeline, A. 3, S. 4.

It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he, which is, was wish'd until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth
love,
Comes dear'd, by being lack'd.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 1, S. 4.

A great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the pick-
ing on's teeth.

Winter's Tale, A. 4, S. 3.

—— He cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd, and tutor'd in the world.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 1, S. 3.

—— Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.

Hamlet, A. 3, S. 2.

What a piece of work is man! How noble in rea-
son! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving,
how express and admirable! in action, how like an
angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty
of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to
me, what is this quintessence of dust?

Hamlet, A. 2, S. 2.

—— From his cradle,
He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one:
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
Lofty and four, to them that lov'd him not;
But, to those men that fought him, sweet as summer;
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he dy'd, fearing God.

Henry VIII. A. 4, S. 2.

————— She wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man : she thank'd
me :

And bad me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. *Othello*, A. 1, S. 3.

Good my complexion ! dost thou think, though
I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and
hose in my disposition ? *As you like it*, A. 3, S. 2.

Men should be what they seem ;
Or, those that be not, would they might seem none !
Othello, A. 3, S. 3.

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.
Hamlet, A. 1, S. 2.

O masters ! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men :
I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose

¹ *Good my complexion !*] This is a mode of expression, Mr. Theobald says, *which he cannot reconcile to common sense*. Like enough ; and so too the Oxford editor. But the meaning is, *hold good my complexion*, i. e. let me not blush. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation may be just, but as he gives no example of such a meaning affixed to the words in question, we are still at liberty to suspend our faith, till some luckier critic shall decide. All I can add is, that *paint* for the face was in Shakespeare's time called complexion. Shakespeare likewise uses *complexion* for *disposition*. STEEVENS.

I believe we should read,

“ Good ! cry complexion ! ”

Celia says, “ wonderful, wonderful, out of all cry ; ” to this Rosalind makes answer, “ then cry complexion, ” i. e. say it is my temperament, my constitution ; for though I am caparisoned like a man, I have not the manners, the disposition of one.

A. B.

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.

Julius Cæsar, A. 3, S. 2.

O what men dare do! what men may do! what
Men daily do! not knowing what they do!

Much ado about nothing, A. 4, S. 1.

Goodman Verges, fir, speaks a little of the mat-
ter: an old man, fir, and his wits are not so blunt,
as, God help, I would desire they were.

Much ado about nothing, A. 3, S. 5.

—— Thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man the best endu'd,
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man.

Henry V. A. 2, S. 2.

Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent child and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by;
And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to tryal of a man.

Much ado about nothing, A. 5, S. 1.

Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man liv-
ing, that is an old man, and no honefter than I.

Much ado about nothing, A. 3, S. 5.

Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 1, S. 1.

My lord of York, it better shew'd with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text;

Than now to see you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 4, S. 2.

There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd;
The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life. *Henry IV. P. 2, A. 3, S. 1.*

Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights :
Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;
He thinks too much : such men are dangerous.
Julius Cæsar, A. 1, S. 2.

These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch ;
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.
Julius Cæsar, A. 1, S. 1.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night ;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the capitol :
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action ; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.
Julius Cæsar, A. 1, S. 3.

This was the noblest Roman of them all :
His life was gentle ; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, This was a man !
Julius Cæsar, A. 5, S. 5.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad :
'Tis

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

Julius Cæsar, A. 3, S. 2.

Thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Merchant of Venice, A. 1, S. 3.

God made him, and therefore let him pass for a
man.

Merchant of Venice, A. 1, S. 2.

There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be drest in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!

Merchant of Venice, A. 1, S. 1.

Ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be
land rats, and water rats, water thieves, and land
thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there is the perill
of waters, winds, and rocks.

Merchant of Venice, A. 1, S. 3.

—— I'll hold thee any wager
When we are both apparell'd like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace.

Merchant of Venice, A. 3, S. 4.

France friend with England! what becomes of me?
Fellow, begone; I cannot brook thy sight;
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

King John, A. 3, S. 1.

—— Seldom, when
The steeled gaoler is the friend of men.

Measure for Measure, A. 4, S. 2.

* Is there any man has rebus'd your worship?

Taming of the Shrew, A. 1, S. 2.

M A N N E R S.

I do presume, fir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodnefs;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues.

All's well that ends well, A. 5, S. 1.

———— Harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts. *Henry IV. P. 1, A. 3, S. 1.*

———— Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains, and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight.
Twelfth Night, A. 4, S. 1.

———— In companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must needs be a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit.

Merchant of Venice, A. 3, S. 4.

Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be ashamed to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners.

Merchant of Venice, A. 2, S. 3.

* *Is there any man has rebus'd your worship?* What is the meaning of *rebus'd*? or is it a false print for *abus'd*?

TYRWHIT.

“Rebus'd your worship.” Has a *rebus* been made on your worship?—has any wit been exercised on you? A. B.

M A R.

M A R R I A G E.

—— O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' uses. *Othello, A. 3, S. 3.*

—— Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth blifs,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Henry VI. P. 1, A. 5, S. 6.

They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the capitol: who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines: side factions, and
give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such, as stand not in their liking.
Coriolanus, A. 1, S. 1.

I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have rail'd so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age.

Much ado about nothing, A. 2, S. 3.

M E L A N C H O L Y.

Sweet recreation barr'd what doth ensue,
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair*;

T 4

And,

* *Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair.*] Shakespeare could never make melancholy a male in this line, and a female in the next.

And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?

Comedy of Errors, A. 5, S. 1.

It is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of
many simples, extracted from many objects, and,
indeed, the fundry contemplation of my travels, in
which my often rumination wraps me in a most hu-
morous sadness.

As you like it, A. 4, S. 1.

He will look upon his boot, and sing; mend the
ruff, and sing; ask questions, and sing; pick his
teeth, and sing: I know a man that had this trick of
melancholy, sold a goodly manor for a song.

All's well that ends well, A. 3, S. 2.

Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;
And given my treasures, and my rights of thee
To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy?

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 2, S. 3.

—— She pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

Twelfth Night, A. 2, S. 4.

O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night dispunge upon me;
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 4, S. 9.

O, melancholy!

Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest harbour in?

Cymbeline, A. 4, S. 2.

next. This was the foolish insertion of the first editors. I
have, therefore, put it into hooks as spurious. WARBURTON.

All the commentators have objected to "kinsman," and justly
—why then should we not read *kindred*? A. B.

MEMORY.

M E M O R Y.

—— Remember thee?

Yea, from the table of my memory,
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter. *Hamlet, A. 1, S. 5.*

O thou, that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 5, S. 3.

Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have
a suit of fables. O heavens! die two months ago,
and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great
man's memory may out-live his life half a year. But,
by'r lady, he must build churches then.

Hamlet, A. 3, S. 2.

M E R C Y.

—— Mercy is above this scepter'd sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself.

Merchant of Venice, A. 4, S. 1.

How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

Merchant of Venice, A. 4, S. 1.

—— Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,—
To be fore-stalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is past. *Hamlet, A. 3, S. 3.*

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven

Upon

Upon the place beneath : it is twice blessed ;
It bleffeth him that gives, and him that takes :
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest.

Merchant of Venice, A. 4, S. 1.

Earthly power doth shew likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.

Merchant of Venice, A. 4, S. 1.

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so ;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.

Measure for Measure, A. 2, S. 1.

——— Think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made. *Measure for Measure, A. 2, S. 2.*

——— Lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Measure for Measure, A. 2, S. 4.

Against all sense you do importune her :
Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Measure for Measure, A. 5, S. 1.

——— Stain not thy tomb with blood :
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods ?
Draw near them then in being merciful :
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

Titus Andronicus, A. 1, S. 2.

The mercy, that was quick in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd :
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy ;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying them.

Henry V. A. 2, S. 2.

If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-atchiev'd Harfleur,
Till in her ashes she lie buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up ;

And

And the flesh'd foldier,—rough and hard of heart,—
 In liberty of bloody hand, shall range
 With conscience wide as hell. *Henry V.* A. 3, S. 3.
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
 That, in the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy. *Merchant of Venice*, A. 4, S. 1.
 When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
 That, for the fault's love is the offender friended.
Measure for Measure, A. 4, S. 2.

M E R I T, M E R I T S.

—— Who shall go about
 To cozen fortune, and be honourable
 Without the stamp of merit ?
Merchant of Venice, A. 2, S. 9.

—— 'Tis mad idolatry,
 To make the service greater than the God ;
 And the will dotes, that is inclinable
 To what infectionally itself affects,
 Without some image of the affected merit.
Troilus and Cressida, A. 2, S. 2.

So turns she every man the wrong side out ;
 And never gives to truth and virtue, that
 Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.
Much ado about nothing, A. 3, S. 1.

Be it known, that we, the greatest, are misthought
 For things that others do ; and, when we fall,
 We answer others' merits in our names,
 Are therefore to be pitied.
Antony and Cleopatra, A. 5, S. 2.

M E R R I M E N T.

Where be your gibes now ? your gambols ? your
 songs ? your flashes of merriment, that were wont
 to

to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock
your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get
you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her
paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come;
make her laugh at that. *Hamlet, A. 5, S. 1.*

M I N D.

—— My heart's subdu'd
Even to the very quality of my lord:
I saw Othello's visage in his mind;
And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.

Othello, A. 1, S. 3.

— When the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, tho' defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
With casted slough and fresh legerity.

Henry V. A. 4, S. 1.

You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy.

Julius Cæsar, A. 2, S. 1.

—— I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging jacks,
Which I will practise. *Merchant of Venice, A. 3, S. 4.*
That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall every where. *Henry VIII. A. 1, S. 3.*

—— If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State statues only.

Henry VIII. A. 1, S. 2.

When

When these so noble benefits shall prove
 Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt
 They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
 Than ever they were fair. *Henry VIII. A. 1, S. 2.*

With every minute you do change a mind;
 And call him noble, that was now your hate,
 Him vile, that was your garland.
Coriolanus, A. 1, S. 1.

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:
 For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
 And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
 So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
Taming of the Shrew, A. 4, S. 3.

I thought king Henry had resembled thee,
 In courage, courtship, and proportion:
 But all his mind is bent to holiness,
 To number Ave-Maries on his beads:
 His champions are—the prophets and apostles;
 His weapons, holy laws of sacred writ.
Henry VI. P. 2, A. 1, S. 3.

Follow I must, I cannot go before,
 While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.
 Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
 I would remove these tedious stumbling blocks,
 And smooth my way upon their headless necks.
Henry VI. P. 2, A. 1, S. 2.

—— He cannot flatter, he!—
 An honest mind and plain,—He must speak truth:
 An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
 These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
 Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
 Than twenty silly ducking observants¹,
 That stretch their duties nicely. *Lear, A. 2, S. 2.*

—— When

¹ *Than twenty silly ducking observants.*] The epithet *silly* cannot be right. First, because Cornwall, in this beautiful speech,
 is

————— When the mind's free,
 The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind
 Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
 Save what beats there. *Lear*, A. 3, S. 4.

Pray, do not mock me:
 I am a very foolish fond old man,
 Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,
 I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.
Lear, A. 4, S. 7.

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
 The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue,
 sword;
 The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
 The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
 The observ'd of all observers! quite, quite down!
Hamlet, A. 3, S. 1.

— Though nature with a beauteous wall
 Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
 I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
 With this thy fair and outward character.
Twelfth Night, A. 1, S. 2.

————— Fair youth,
 Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds
 By this rude place we live in. *Cymbeline*, A. 3, S. 6.

is not talking of the *different success* of these two kinds of parasites, but of their *different corruptions of heart*. Second, because he says, these ducking observants *know how* to stretch their duties nicely. I am persuaded we should read,

“Twenty *silky* ducking observants.”

Which not only alludes to the *garb* of a court sycophant, but admirably well denotes the smoothness of his character.

WARBURTON.

Silly means only *simple*, or rustic. *Nicely*, is *foolishly*.

STEEVENS.

“*Silky*” is surely the proper epithet. “*Nicely*” must mean, to the *extremest point*—as far as duty can go. A. B.

————— What

——— What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that
figh
From the inward of thee? One but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication. *Cymbeline, A. 3, S. 4.*

M I R A C L E.

They say, miracles are past; and we have our
philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar,
things supernatural and causeless.

All's well that ends well, A. 2, S. 3.

I am a rogue, if I were not at half sword with a
dozen of them two hours together: I have 'scap'd
by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the
doublet; four through the hose; my buckler cut
through and through; my sword hack'd like a hand-
saw, ecce signum. *Henry IV. P. 1, A. 2, S. 4.*

M I R T H.

From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot,
he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's
bow string, and the little hangman¹ dare not shoot at
him.

Much ado about nothing, A. 3, S. 2.

M I S C H A N C E.

——— I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's queen in former golden days:
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground.

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 3, S. 3.

¹ *The little hangman dare not shoot at him.] This character of
Cupid came from the Arcadia of Sir Philip Sidney. FARMER.*

I would read "twangman," i. e. bowman. Why Cupid
should be called *hangman*, I do not well see. A. B.

M I S E R Y.

M I S E R Y.

Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows.

Tempest, A. 2, S. 2.

—— Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindneffes
That I have done for you. *Twelfth Night*, A. 3, S. 4.

——— Willing misery
Out-lives incertain pomp, is crown'd before :
The one is filling still, never complete ;
The other at high wish. *Timon of Athens*, A. 4, S. 3.
Make my misery serve thy turn ; so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee ; for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. *Coriolanus*, A. 4, S. 5.

——— Being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends ;
'Tis right, quoth he ; thus misery doth part
The flux of company. *As you like it*, A. 2, S. 1.
I do remember an apothecary,——
And hereabouts he dwells,——whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples ; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones :
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes. *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 5, S. 1.

——— He covets less
Than misery itself would give ; rewards
His deeds with doing them ; and is content
To spend his time to end it'. *Coriolanus*, A. 1, S. 2.

M O C K,

¹ Com.

——— and is content

To spend his time, to end it.

MEN.

He's right noble.] The last words of Cominius's
speech

M O C K, M O C K E R Y.

— On old Hyem's chin, and icy crown,
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 2, S. 2.

Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join, in souls¹, to mock me too?

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 3, S. 2.

M O D E S T Y.

— By my modesty,
(The jewel in my dower) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you.

Tempest, A. 3, S. 1.

speech are altogether unintelligible. Shakespeare, I suppose,
wrote the passage thus:

— and is content

To spend his time.

To which Menenius, the warm friend of Coriolanus, replies,

To end it, he's right noble.

WARBURTON.

I know not whether my conceit will be approved, but I cannot
forbear to think our author wrote,

— He rewards

His deeds with doing them, and is content

To spend his time, to spend it.

To do great acts, for the sake of doing them; to spend his life
for the sake of spending it. JOHNSON.

The whole, I believe, may stand, and without any change,
though there is certainly a fault in the expression.—He is con-
tent to spend his time (life) to end it. That is, he is content to
pass his life in such a way (*i. e.* in war) as may possibly put an
end to his life. A. B.

¹ — join in souls.] Sir T. Hanmer would read, *in flouts*;
Dr. Warburton, *insolents*; Mr. Tyrwhit, *ill souls*; and Sir W.
Blackstone, *in scouls*; but I do not think that either reading is
right. Perhaps we may read,

“But you must insult join, and mock'ry too!”

Can you not be content to hate me, as I know you do? Why
must you add insolence and mockery to that hate? A. B.

O, for such means!

Though peril to my modesty¹, not death on't,
I would adventure. *Cymbeline, A. 3, S. 4.*

You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 2, S. 2.

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness?

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 3, S. 2.

We wound our modesty, and make foul the clear-
ness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish
them.

All's well that ends well, A. 1, S. 3.

—— Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness?

Measure for Measure, A. 2, S. 2.

—— Take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconstru'd in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes, *Merchant of Venice, A. 2, S. 2.*
If I know more of any man alive,
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy!

Much ado about nothing, A. 4, S. 1.

—— O thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deed. *Othello, A. 4, S. 2.*

¹ *Though peril to my modesty.*] I read,

“*Through peril.*”

I would for such means adventure through peril of modesty; I
would risque every thing but real dishonour. JOHNSON.

By “though peril” Imogen means—though my prudence may
be questioned---though modesty may take the alarm. A. B.

M O N A R C H S.

— Were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
 Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
 That ever made eye swerve: had force and know-
 ledge

More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
 Without her love. *Winter's Tale, A. 4, S. 3.*

— The gates of monarchs
 Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through
 And keep their impious turbands on, without
 Good-morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!
 We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
 As prouder livers do. *Cymbeline, A. 3, S. 3.*

M O N E Y.

How like a fawning publican he looks!
 I hate him for he is a christian:
 But more, for that, in low simplicity,
 He lends out money gratis, and brings down
 The rate of usance here with us in Venice.

Merchant of Venice, A. 1, S. 3.

Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i'
 the end, call me cut¹. *Twelfth Night, A. 2, S. 3.*

¹ *Call me cut.*] This contemptuous distinction is preserved in
 the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

“He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.”

“Ay, that I will, come cut and long tail, under the degree of a
 squire.”

STEEVENS.

“Call me cut,” *i. e.* call me wine-bibber—call me drunkard.
 This is highly natural. Men are very apt to rail against the
 vices that themselves are addicted to. We now say of a man
 who has been drinking to excess, that he is *cut*. The meaning
 of *cut*, in “come cut and long tail,” is, however, totally different.
 See note on *Merry Wives of Windsor*. A. B.

M O N S T E R.

Think, my lord!—By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shewn. *Othello*, A. 3, S. 3.

1 ——— Most monster-like, be shewn
For poor'st diminutives to dolts; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 4, S. 10.

M O O N.

I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moones sphere;

1 ——— *most monster-like, be shewn*

For poor'st diminutives, for dolts.] As the allusion here is to monsters carried about in shews, it is plain that the words, for *poorest diminutives*, must mean, for the least piece of money; we must therefore read the next word—

“For *doits*,”

i. e. farthings, which shews what he meant by *poorest diminutives*.

WARBURTON.

There was surely no occasion for the poet to *shew what he meant* by *poorest diminutives*. The expression is clear enough, and certainly acquires no additional force from the explanation. I rather believe we should read,

“For *poorest diminutives, to dolts.*”

This aggravates the contempt of her supposed situation; to be shewn as monsters are, not only for the smallest pieces of money, but to the most stupid and vulgar spectators. TYRWHIT.

I have adopted this truly sensible emendation. STEEVENS.

I cannot help thinking but that our author, by *diminutives*, rather means *persons* than *things*, and that we should read,

“—— monster-like, be shewn,

“For *poorest diminutives, for dolts.*

i. e. become a shew for the *rabble* and for *fools*. The French say, *le menu peuple*, for *le bas peuple*. *Menu*, in French, is *little, diminutive*. *Menu peuple*, if translated literally, is therefore the *little people*, or, as Shakespeare chooses to call them (in imitation of his neighbours) *diminutives*. In *Troilus and Cressida*, Ther-sites says of Patroclus,—“How the poor world is pestered with such water-flies; diminutives of nature!” A. B.

And

And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 2, S. 1.

—— The moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound:
And, thorough this distemperature, we see
The seasons alter.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 2, S. 2.

—— How slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 1, S. 1.

Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf beholds the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All the weary task fordone.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 5, S. 2.

—— In silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade:
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 4, S. 1.

M O R N I N G.

But, look, the morn, in ruffet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

Hamlet, A. 1, S. 1.

A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours! stoop, boys: this gate

¹ *Long withering out a young man's revenue.*] So in Chapman's translation of the 4th book of Homer:

“There the goodly plant lies withering out his grace.”

STEEVENS.

We should read “lithering,” i. e. lingering. *Lither* is idle.
lazy, sluggish. A. B.

Instructs you how to adore the heavens, and bows
you

To morning's holy office. *Cymbeline*, A. 3, S. 3.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins by times.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 4, S. 4.

The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And flecked darkness¹ like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's
wheels. *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 2, S. 3.

See, how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious fun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a yonker, prancing to his love!

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 2, S. 1.

M O T H E R.

—— Who might be your mother,
² That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? *As you like it*, A. 3, S. 5.

MURDER,

¹ *And flecked darkness.*] *Flecked* is spotted, dappled, streaked.
Lord Surrey uses the word in his translation of the 4th *Æneid*.

“Her quivering cheeks *flecked* with deadly stain.”

STEEVENS.

“*Flecked*” is undoubtedly *spotted*. But *flecked*, in this place,
should be *flick’ring*, i. e. *fluttering*. *Darkness*, or night, is always
represented with wings. To say, therefore, that night went off
slowly (“flickering”), or hesitatingly, like a drunkard, is beau-
tiful, and perfectly just. The text is certainly faulty, for if *fleck-*
ed, or *spotted darkness*, be likened to a *reeling man*, where is the
truth of the comparison? A. B.

² *That you insult, exult, and all at once.*] By examining the
crime of the person accused, we shall discover that the line is to
be read thus:

“That you insult, exult, and rail at once.”

But the Oxford editor improves it, and for *rail at once*, reads *do-*
mineer.

WARBURTON.

There

M U R D E R, M U R D E R E R.

Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,
And you have slander'd nature in my form;
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

King John, A. 4, S. 2.

O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murderer
dead,

Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick.

Richard III. A. 1, S. 2.

—— The great King of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded,
That thou shalt do no murder; wilt thou then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?

Richard III. A. 1, S. 4.

Perjury, perjury, in the highest degree,
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;
All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng to the bar,
Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent, and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Richard III. A. 5, S. 3.

—— I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;

There is no necessity for introducing "rail," and which is beside included in the word insult. We have only to make a transposition of the words:

"That you at once insult, exult,—and all,

"Over the wretched."

i. e. and *that too* over the wretched.

A. B.

I'll tent him to the quick; if he do blench,
I know my course. *Hamlet, A. 2, S. 2.*

———— I have heard,
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. *Hamlet, A. 2, S. 2.*

It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.
Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 3, S. 2.

———— O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!
That cannot be: since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
Hamlet, A. 3, S. 3.

A murderer, and a villain: a vice of kings:
A cut-purse of the empire and the rule;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket! *Hamlet, A. 3, S. 4.*

This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna:
'tis a knavish piece of work: but what of that? your
majesty, and we that have free souls, it toucheth us
not: let the gall'd jade wince, our withers are un-
wrung. *Hamlet, A. 3, S. 2.*

M U S I C K.

Where should this musick be? i' the air, or the earth?
Tempest, A. 1, S. 2.

This musick crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air, *Tempest, A. 1, S. 2.*

Give

Give me some musick ; musick, moody food
Of us that trade in love.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 2, S. 5.

If musick be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it ; that surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.

Twelfth Night, A. 1, S. 1.

Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no musick in the nightingale.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 3, S. 1.

Preposterous as! that never read so far
To know the cause why musick was ordain'd!
Was it not, to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain?

Taming of the Shrew, A. 3, S. 1.

—— The poet

Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods,
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But musick for the time doth change his nature.

Merchant of Venice, A. 5, S. 1.

How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of musick
Creep in our ears. *Merchant of Venice, A. 5, S. 1.*

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with musick.

Merchant of Venice, A. 5, S. 1.

I am never merry, when I hear sweet musick.

Merchant of Venice, A. 5, S. 1.

—— He may win :

And what is musick then? then musick is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch.

Merchant of Venice, A. 3, S. 2.

The man that hath no musick in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,

Is

Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
Let no such man be trusted.

Merchant of Venice, A. 5, S. 1.

Let musick sound, while he doth make his choice,
Then if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in musick. *Merchant of Venice*, A. 3, S. 2.

There is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. Why, do you think, that I am easier to be play'd on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Hamlet, A. 3, S. 2.

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends,
Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper musick to my weary spirit.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 4, S. 4.

M Y S T E R Y.

Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! you would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass.

Hamlet, A. 3, S. 2.

¹ *Unless some dull and favourable hand.*] Thus the old editions read it, evidently corrupt. Shakespeare seems to have wrote,

“Unless some doleing favourable hand.”

doleing, i. e. a hand using soft melancholy airs. WARBURTON.

I rather think that *dull* signifies melancholy, gentle, soothing.

JOHNSON.

“Dull and favourable hand.” The terms *dull* and *favourable* are too much opposed to be right. Shakespeare may have Anglicised the word *dolce*, and written,

“Unless some dolce and favourable hand.”

dolce, i. e. *soft, soothing.*

The Italian expression, *con dolce maniera*, signifies, to play in a soft and agreeable manner.

A. B.

N A I A D.

N.

N A I A D.

YO U nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wand'ring
brooks¹,

With your sedg'd crowns, and ever harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels. *Tempest*, A. 4, S. 1.

N A M E.

With thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat²,
And furbish new the name of John of Gaunt.

Richard II. A. 1, S. 3.

——— To abide a field,
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible³. *Henry IV.* P. 2, A. 2, S. 3.

N A T I O N.

¹ ——— *wand'ring brooks.*] The modern editors read *winding brooks*. The old copy *windring*. I suppose we should read *wand'ring*, as it is here printed. STEEVENS:

Perhaps we should read, *windered brooks*, i. e. brooks whose sides were decked, or ornamented, with flowers. *Windered*, in Chaucer, is *gay, trim, ornamented*. A. B.

² ——— *waxen coat.*] *Waxen* may mean *soft*, and consequently *penetrable*. STEEVENS.

A "waxen coat" is not a coat made of wax, nor even a *soft* coat. The speech is figurative. *Waxen* is employed as a participle present, and means *growing*.—*Coat* is used for *consequence, importance*, in allusion to ensigns armorial. Bolingbroke's meaning is,—that he hopes to overturn, or put down, the growing greatness of Mowbray, and to raise up the name of Gaunt.

A. B.

³ *Did seem defensible.*] *Defensible* does not, in this place, mean *capable of defence*, but *bearing strength, furnishing the means of defence*. MALONE.

The

N A T I O N.

——— Remember where we are;
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation :
If they perceive diffension in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
To wilful disobedience, and rebel!

Henry VI. P. 1, A. 4, S. 1.

He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a
million ; laugh'd at my losses, mock'd at my gains,
scorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd
my friends, heated mine enemies, and what's his
reason ! I am a Jew. *Merchant of Venice, A. 3, S. 1.*
This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations :
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition ; and, indeed, it takes
From our atchievements, though perform'd at height,
The pitch and marrow of our attribute.

Hamlet, A. 1, S. 4.

N A T U R E.

——— Nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean ; so, o'er that art
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. *Winter's Tale, A. 4, S. 3.*

——— Once a day, I'll visit
The chapel where they lie ; and tears, shed there,
Shall be my recreation : so long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. *Winter's Tale, A. 3, S. 2.*

The meaning is, that nothing but the name of Hotspur gave
strength or support to the cause. So in Richard III.

“ Beside, the king's name is a tower of strength, &c.”

A. B.

This

This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod :
 And there is in this business more than nature
 Was ever conduct of. *Tempest, A. 5, S. 1.*

How blest'd are we, that are not single men !
 Yet nature might have made me as these are,
 Therefore I will not disdain. *Wint. Tale, A. 4, S. 3.*

—— Nature wants stuff
 To vie strange forms with fancy ; yet, to imagine
 An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
 Condemning shadows quite.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 5, S. 2.

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
 Its tendernefs : and make itself a pastime
 To harder bosoms ! *Winter's Tale, A. 1, S. 2.*

O thou goddess,
 Thou divine nature, thou thyself thou blazon'st
 In these two princely boys ! They are as gentle
 As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
 Not wagging his sweet head, and yet as rough,
 Their royal blood enchas'd, as the rud'st wind,
 That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
 And make him stoop to the vale.

Cymbeline, A. 4, S. 2.

—— Though train'd up thus meanly
 I' the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
 The roofs of palaces ; and nature prompts them,
 In simple and low things, to prince it, much
 Beyond the trick of others. *Cymbeline, A. 3, S. 3.*

Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
 And therefore I forbid my tears : but yet
 It is our trick ; nature her custom holds,
 Let shame say what it will : when these are gone
 The woman will be out. *Hamlet, A. 4, S. 7.*

—— Hath nature given them eyes
 To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
 Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt

The

The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones¹
 Upon the number'd beach? and can we not
 Partition make with spectacles so precious
 'Twixt fair and foul? *Cymbeline*, A. 1, S. 7.

Use can almost change the stamp of nature,
 And either master the devil, or throw him out
 With wond'rous potency. Once more, good night!
 And when you are desirous to be blest,
 I'll blessing beg of you. *Hamlet*, A. 3, S. 4.

———— Here lay Duncan,
 His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;
 And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,
 For ruin's wasteful entrance: there the murderers

¹ ——— and the twinn'd stones

Upon the number'd beach?] I have no idea in what sense
 the beach, or shore, should be called *number'd*. I have ventured,
 against all the copies, to substitute,

“Upon th' unnumber'd beach?”

i. e. the infinite extensive beach,

THEOBALD.

“Upon th' unnumber'd beach?” Sense, and the antithesis,
 oblige us to read this nonsense thus:

“Upon the *humbled* beach?”

i. e. because daily insulted by the flow of the tide.

WARBURTON.

I know not well how to regulate this passage. *Number'd* is,
 perhaps, *numerous*. *Twinn'd stones* I do not understand. *Twinn'd*
shells, or *pairs of shells*, are very common. For *twinn'd* we might
 read *twin'd*, that is, *twisted*, *convolved*; but this sense is more
 applicable to shells than to stones. JOHNSON.

I would read thus:

“—— which can distinguish 'twixt

“The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones

“Unnumber'd on the beach?”

Unnumber'd seems to include both *stars* and *stones*. *Twinn'd*
stones, may mean, *stones in shape and number like the stars*.

The sense, I believe, is this; *Man*, says the poet, can distin-
 guish between the fiery orbs above, and the stones upon the beach,
 which are spherical like those orbs, and which also resemble
 them in number; and cannot we, assisted as we are by *reason*, by
 the faculties of the soul; or as he expresses it, having “*specta-
 cles so precious*,” distinguish between virtue and vice,—betwixt
 fair and foul? A. B.

Steep'd

Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore ¹.

Macbeth, A. 2, S. 3.

Let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the
action to the word, the word to the action; with
this special observance, that you o'erstep not the mo-
desty of nature; for any thing so overdone is from
the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first,
and now, was, and is, to hold the mirror as 'twere
up to nature; to shew virtue her own feature, scorn
her own image, and the very age and body of the
time his form and pressure. *Hamlet*, A. 3, S. 2.

That nature, which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
She that herself will fliver and disbranch

¹ *Unmannerly breech'd with gore.*] An *unmannerly dagger*, and
a *dagger breech'd*, or, as in some editions, *breach'd with gore*, are
expressions not easily to be understood. There are undoubtedly
two faults in this passage, which I have endeavoured to take
away by reading,

“ — daggers

“ Unmannerly drench'd with gore.”

*I saw, drenched with the king's blood, the fatal daggers, not only
instruments of murder, but evidences of cowardice.* JOHNSON.

“ Unmannerly breech'd with gore.”

This nonsensical account of the state in which the daggers
were found, must surely be read thus:

“ Unmannerly reech'd with gore.”

Reech'd, soiled with a dark yellow, which is the colour of any
reechy substance, and must be so of steel stained with blood.

WARBURTON.

“ This passage (says Mr. Heath) seems to have been the *crux*
“ *criticorum*. Every one has tried his skill at it, and I may ven-
“ ture to say, no one has succeeded.”

The whole matter is, I think, that some of the lines have
been transposed at the press. I regulate the passage thus:

“ — Here lay Duncan,

“ His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;

“ And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,

“ (Unmannerly breach!) for ruin's wasteful entrance.—

“ There the murderers, steep'd in the colours of their trade,

“ Their daggers drenched with gore.”

A. B.

From

From her maternal sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use. *Lear, A. 4, S. 2.*

Fie on't? O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to feed; things rank and gross in nature,
Possess it merely. *Hamlet, A. 1, S. 2.*

—— Nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews, and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. *Hamlet, A. 1, S. 3.*

—— What may this mean,——
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Hamlet, A. 1, S. 4.

—— 'Tis often seen,
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds.
All's well that ends well, A. 1, S. 3.

Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;
Within this mile break forth an hundred springs:
The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips;
The bounteous hufwife, nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you.
Timon of Athens, A. 4, S. 3.

Fiery? the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke, that—
No, but not yet:—may be, he is not well:
Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves,
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body. *Lear, A. 2, S. 4.*

O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's. *Lear, A. 2, S. 4.*

—— Nothing

— Nothing could have subdu'd nature
To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.—
Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters. *Lear, A. 3, S. 4.*

Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me,
the something that nature gave me, his countenance
seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his
hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much
as in him lies, mines my gentility with my educa-
tion. *As you like it, A. 1, S. 1.*

Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity, and
could put breath into his work, would beguile nature
of her custom¹, so perfectly he is her ape.
Winter's Tale, A. 5, S. 2.

— Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of her creditor,
Both thanks and use.

Measure for Measure, A. 1, S. 1.

N E C E S S I T Y.

— Art cold?
I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your
hovel. *Lear, A. 3, S. 2.*

— His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,

¹ *Of her custom.*] That is, *of her trade*,—would draw her cus-
tomers from her. JOHNSON.

“Her custom” is rather *her excellence; her powers, as usually
seen.* The meaning is, that he would rival nature. A. B.

But from deceit, bred by necessity,
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 3, S. 3.

All places that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens;
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.

Think not, the king did banish thee;
But thou the king.

Richard II. A. 1, S. 3.

It follows then, the cat must stay at home:
Yet that is but a curs'd necessity¹;
Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.

Henry V. A. 1, S. 2.

———— Greet him from me;

Bid him suppose some good necessity

Touches his friend². *Timon of Athens, A. 2, S. 2.*

¹ *Yet that is but a curs'd necessity.*] So the old quarto. The folios read *crush'd*; neither of the words convey any tolerable idea; but give us a counter reasoning, and not at all pertinent. We should read, "*'scus'd necessity*," that is, though there be a seeming necessity, yet it is one that may be well *excused* and *got over*.
WARBURTON.

Neither the old readings, nor the emendation, seem very satisfactory. A *curs'd necessity* has no sense; a *'scus'd necessity* is so harsh, that one would not admit it if any thing else can be found. A *crush'd necessity* may mean, a necessity which is *subdued* and *overpowered* by contrary reasons. We might read a *crude necessity*, but it is too harsh.
JOHNSON.

Mr. Steevens is for adhering to the reading of the quarto, "*curs'd necessity*," but it is impossible that it should be right. I would read a *carv'd necessity*, *i. e.* a necessity *cut out* for the occasion—a pretended necessity.
A. B.

² *Bid him suppose some good necessity*

Touches his friend.] Good, as it may afford Ventidius an opportunity of exercising his bounty, and relieving his friend, in return for his former kindness; or some *honest necessity*, not the consequence of a *villainous* and *ignoble bounty*. I rather think this latter is the meaning.
MALONE.

Good is here used for *real, absolute, no way feigned*.
A. B.

NEPTUNE.

N E P T U N E.

I, like a forester, the groves may tread,
 Even till the eastern gate all fiery-red,
 Opening on Neptune with fair bleffed beams,
 Turns into yellow gold his falt-green fstreams.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 3, S. 2.

His mother was a votrefs of my order ;
 And, in the fpiced Indian air, by night,
 Full often hath fhe goffipp'd by my fide ;
 And fat with me on Neptune's yellow fands,
 Marking the embarked traders on the flood.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 2, S. 2.

N E W S.

You have heard of the news abroad ; I mean, the
 whifper'd ones, for they are yet but ear-kiffing argu-
 ments¹ ?

Lear, A. 2, S. 1.

—— The firft bringer of unwelcome news
 Hath but a lofing office ; and his tongue
 Sounds ever after as a fullen bell,
 Remember'd knolling a departed friend.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 1, S. 1.

I faw a fmith ftand with his hammer, thus,
 The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
 With open mouth fwallowing a taylor's news ;
 Who, with his fhears and meafure in his hand,
 Standing on flippers (which his nimble hafte
 Had falſely thruſt upon contrary feet)

¹ ——— ear-kiffing arguments.] Subjects of difcourſe, topicks.
 JOHNSON.

Ear-kiffing arguments means, that they are yet in reality only
 whifpered ones, STEEVENS.

“*Ear-kiffing arguments*” may mean, news that is only talked of
 —news that is not confirmed. To ſay that the news is whifpered,
 is ſaying nothing as to its truth. Beſide, he had obſerved, that
 the news was whifpered immediately before. A. B.

Told of a thousand warlike French,
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent.

King John, A. 4, S. 2.

^r ——— Some news is come,
That turns their countenances.

Coriolanus, A. 4, S. 6.

N I G H T.

'Tis now the very witching time of night;
When church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes
out

Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot
blood,

And do such business as the bitter day
Would quake to look on. *Hamlet, A. 3, S. 2.*

Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his spright,
In the church-way paths to glide.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 5, S. 2.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:
This palpable gross play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gait of night.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 5, S. 1.

—— Night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to church-yards.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 3, S. 2.

^r ——— Some news is come,

*That turns their countenances.] i. e. That renders their
aspect sour. This allusion to the acescence of milk occurs again
in Timon of Athens. MALONE.*

I cannot think that *turns* has, in this place, any thing to do
with *sour*. It only means *that the news had affected them—that
they changed countenance on it.* A. B.

Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night,
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 3, S. 2.

Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 3, S. 2.

—— I have intreated him along
With us to watch the minutes of this night:
That, if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes¹, and speak to it.

Hamlet, A. 1, S. 1.

—— Are you not he,
That fright the maidens of the villag'ry;
And sometimes make the drink to bear no barm;
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 2, S. 1.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopy'd with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 2, S. 2.

True;
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night²,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.

Timon of Athens, A. 5, S. 1.

X 3

The

¹ —— approve our eyes.] Add a new testimony to that of our eyes. JOHNSON.

“Approve our eyes.” Have proof that we were no way mistaken, that we have not been fanciful. He had said in the first line of the speech,—Horatio says, 'tis but our phantasy. A. B.

² When the day serves, before black-corner'd night.] We should read,

“ —— black

The moon shines bright :—In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan wall,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Merchant of Venice, A. 5, S. 1.

———— Urchins

Shall, ¹ for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee.

Tempest, A. 1, S. 2.

———— This fearful night,

There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element,
It favours like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Julius Cæsar, A. 1, S. 3.

“ ——— black cornette night.”

A *cornette* is a woman's head-dress for the night. So in another place he calls her—*black brow'd night*. WARBURTON.

Black-corner'd night is probably corrupt, but black-cornette can hardly be right, for it should be *black-cornetted night*. I cannot propose any thing, but must leave the place in its present state.

JOHNSON.

I believe that Shakespeare, by this expression, meant only night, which is as obscure as a *dark corner*. STEEVENS.

“Black-corner'd night” is a very unmeaning expression. I would read,

“ ——— black, coaled night.”

I know not if the reading may be admitted, but I think it has much of Shakespeare's manner. Or he may have written *collied*.

A. B.

¹ ——— for that vast of night that they may work.] The *vast of night* means the night which is naturally empty and deserted, without action; or when all things lying in sleep and silence, makes the world appear one great uninhabited waste.

STEEVENS.

I understand *vast*, in this place, to mean *length of time—for, is during*. *Fairies* (says he) *shall, during the whole extent, or space of night, and in which they are allowed to work, all exercise on thee*. Our author, it may be remembered, uses *vastly* for extent of place.

A. B.

From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
 The hum of either army stilly sounds,
 That the fix'd centinels almost receive
 The secret whispers of each other's watch :
 Fire answers fire; and through their paly flames
 Each battle sees the other's umber'd face.

Henry V. A. 4, Chorus.

The confident, and over-lusty French
 Do the low-rated English play at dice;
 And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
 Who like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
 So tediously away.

Henry V. A. 4, Chorus.

Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs,
 Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
 The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,
 Give dreadful note of preparation.

Henry V. A. 4, Chorus.

———— Here nothing breeds,
 Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
 They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
 A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
 Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
 Would make such fearful and confused cries,
 As any mortal body, hearing it,
 Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.

Titus Andronicus, A. 2, S. 3.

Gallop apace you fiery-footed steeds,
 Towards Phœbus' mansion; such a waggoner
 As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
 And bring in cloudy night immediately.

Romeo and Juliet, A. 3, S. 2.

———— If the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound on unto the drowsy race of night¹.

King John, A. 3, S. 3.

The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
The time when scritch-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl².

Henry VI. P. 2, A. 1, S. 4.

³ Brief as the lightning in the colly'd night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And

¹ *Sound on unto the drowsy race of night.*] Some of the commentators have taken infinite pains to prove that the present reading, *sound on*, is faulty, and that we ought to read, "found one," &c. while the others have as stoutly maintained that the text should undoubtedly remain unchanged. I am of opinion, however, that both these readings are wrong, and have therefore ventured to alter the passage thus:

"———— If the midnight bell

"Had, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,

"Sounden unto the drowsy race of night."

To suppose that the king was unable to communicate his thoughts to Hubert, at any other time than when the bell was *sounding on*, is truly ridiculous and absurd. But that he should consider midnight as the proper season for conversing with him on the dreadful business in hand, is highly beautiful and just. He therefore says, if the bell *had sounded*, or *sounden*, then, &c.

In old language, the participle is frequently formed by the termination *en*, as it is now by *ed*. A. B.

² ——— *ban-dogs howl.*] The etymology of the word *ban-dogs* is unsettled. They seem, however, to have been designed by poets to signify some terrific beings, whose office it was to *make night hideous*, like those mentioned in the first book of Horace:

"Serpentes, atque videres

"Infernos errare canes."

STEEVENS.

"Ban-dog," or band-dog, is a dog kept in bands, or tied up. A mastiff. A. B.

³ *Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say,—behold!*

The jaws of darkness do devour it up.] Though the word *spleen* be here employed oddly enough, yet I believe it right.

And ere a man hath power to say,—behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 1, S. 1.

NOBLENES, NOBILITY.

¹ ——— When did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?

Henry VIII. A. 3, S. 2.

I am join'd with no foot but with nobility, and tranquillity; burgomasters and great moneyers; such as can hold in; ² such as will strike sooner than speak, and

right. Shakespeare, hurried on by the grandeur and multitude of his ideas, assumes every now and then an uncommon licence in the use of his words. Here he uses the word *spleen* for a sudden, hasty fit.

WARBURTON.

It is scarcely possible that *spleen* should be right. I read *shene*, i. e. shining, *Chauc.* *Spens.* Shakespeare uses it as a substantive, —*flash*, sudden blaze.

A. B.

¹ ——— When did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?] The expression is bad, and the thought false. It supposes Wolsey to be *noble*, which was not so. We should read,

“ ——— When did he regard
“ The stamp of nobleness in any person;
“ Out of't himself?”

i. e. When did he regard *nobleness* of blood in another; having none of his own to value himself upon?

WARBURTON.

I do not think this correction proper. The meaning of the present reading is easy. *When did he, however careful to carry his own dignity to the utmost height, regard any dignity of another?*

JOHNSON.

I conceive the meaning to be—that from his pride he never paid a proper respect to nobleness, but when he was absolutely obliged to it. “Out of himself” is, *of himself, of his own accord*. That this is the sense is evident. It is impossible, as Warburton rightly observes (though he has printed and pointed the passage wrong), that the Chamberlain should be talking of Wolsey's being *noble*.

A. B.

² Such as will strike sooner than speak; and speak sooner than drink;

and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray.
Henry IV. P. 1, A. 2, S. 1.

N O S E.

———— His chin, new reap'd,
 Shew'd like a stubble land at harvest home:
 He was perfumed like a milliner;
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
 A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
 He gave his nose. *Henry IV. P. 1, A. 1, S. 3.*

drink; and drink sooner than pray.] According to the specimen given us in this play, of this dissolute gang, we have no reason to think they were *less ready to drink than speak*. We should certainly read,—They will strike sooner than speak; and speak sooner than think; and think sooner than pray.

WARBURTON.

I am in doubt about this passage. There is yet a part unexplained. What is the meaning of *such as can hold in*? It cannot mean such as can keep their own secret, for they will, he says, *speak sooner than think*; and though we should read, by transposition, *such as will speak sooner than strike*, the climax will not proceed regularly. I must leave it as it is.

JOHNSON.

“Drink” is certainly wrong, and for the reason given by Dr. Warburton; but *think* is scarcely right. *Drink*, I am of opinion, has been printed in mistake for *drien*, the old word for *suffer*. I read the passage thus:

“Such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than *drien* (*suffer*); and *drien* (*suffer*) sooner than pray.” Here the climax is perfectly regular.

“Hold in” should, I think, be *hold on*, i. e. such as will pursue their course,—such as are not easily terrified. This agrees with the reading above proposed, and gives consistency to the entire speech.

A. B.

O A T H.

O.

O A T H.

HE professes no keeping of oaths; in breaking them, he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue: for he will be swine-drunk.

All's well that ends well, A. 4, S. 3.

Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun fees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound sea hides
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath.

Winter's Tale, A. 4, S. 3.

If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would
swear by thy face; my oath should be, by this fire:
but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed,
but for the light in thy face, the son of utter dark-
ness.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 3, S. 3.

A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances as infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 2, S. 7.

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 2, S. 7.

He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome
(I say, your city) to his wife and mother:

Breaking

Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten filk. *Coriolanus*, A. 5, S. 5.

—— You swore to us,—
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,—
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The feat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:
To this we swear our aid. *Henry IV.* P. 1, A. 5, S. 1.

That's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks
brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them
bravely. *As you like it*, A. 3, S. 4.

—— Were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
Comedy of Errors, A. 1, S. 1.

—— Pernicious woman,
Think'st thou thy oaths
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That's seal'd in approbation?
Measure for Measure, A. 5, S. 1.

With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths:
All pomp and majesty I do forswear.
Richard II. A. 4, S. 1.

Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; hold me dangerous.
Julius Cæsar, A. 1, S. 2.

No, not an oath:
Swear priests and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear

Such

Such creatures as men doubt : but do not stain
 The even virtue of our enterprize,
 Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
 To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,
 Did need an oath. *Julius Cæsar, A. 2, S. 1.*

So soon as ever thou seest him, draw ; and, as thou
 draw'st, swear horribly : for it comes to pass oft, that
 a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply
 twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than
 even proof itself would have earn'd him.

Twelfth Night, A. 3, S. 4.

O B L I V I O N.

Your desert speaks loud ; and I should wrong it,
 To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
 When it deserves with characters of brass
 A fortified residence, 'gainst the tooth of time
 And razure of oblivion.

Measure for Measure, A. 5, S. 1.

———— Last scene of all,
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion ;
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

As you like it, A. 2, S. 7.

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
 A great-siz'd monster of ingritudes ;
 Those scraps are good deeds past ; which are devour'd
 As fast as they are made.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 3, S. 3.

The noble isle doth want her proper limbs ;
 Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
 Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
 And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulph
 Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.

Richard III. A. 3, S. 7.

Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it :
 Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it ;
 That you know well: something it is I would,—
 O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
 And I am all forgotten.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 1, S. 3.

O B S T R U C T I O N.

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where ;
 To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot ;
 This sensible warm motion to become
 A kneaded clod. *Measure for Measure, A. 3, S. 1.*

O C C U P A T I O N.

O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
 The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
 Farewel ! Othello's occupation's gone !
Othello, A. 3, S. 3.

———— Contract, succession,

¹ Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none,
 No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil :
 No occupation. *Tempest, A. 2, S. 1.*

O D O U R.

That strain again ;—it had a dying fall :
 O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,
 Stealing and giving odour.—
Twelfth Night, A. 1, S. 1.

¹ Bourn, bound of land.] A bourn, in this place, signifies limit, a meer, a land-mark. STEEVENS.

“Bourn” is properly a *little river*, though sometimes used for a boundary. It must have its original meaning here, the more especially as “bound of land” immediately follows it.

Borne is a limit, a boundary. See note on King Lear, page 37.
 A. B.

O F F E N C E S.

O F F E N C E S.

That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. *Othello*, A. 1, S. 3.

If my offence be of such mortal kind,
That, neither service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit;
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
And shut myself up in some other course¹,
To fortune's alms. *Othello*, A. 3, S. 4.

Who is here so base, that would be a bond-man?
If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is
here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any,
speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so
vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak;
for him have I offended. *Julius Cæsar*, A. 3, S. 2.

King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along;
And he, that casts not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the offence make forfeit of his head.

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 2, S. 1.

¹ *And shoot myself up in some other course.*] The quarto 1630,
and the folio read,

“And shut myself up.”

I cannot help thinking this reading the true one. The idea
seems taken from the confinement of a monastic life.

STEEVENS.

I think the quarto right which reads *shoot*, instead of *shut*. To
say that a man will shut himself up in a course of life, is language
such as Shakespeare would never make use of, even in his most
whimsical or licentious moments. MONCK MASON.

I think the poet may have written,

“And shape myself upon some other course.”

To shape one's course, is a very common expression, and is used
by Shakespeare elsewhere. A. B.

The

The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incensing relicks of it.

All's well that ends well, A. 5, S. 3.

My life, fir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, fir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

All's well that ends well, A. 4, S. 3.

This is most strange! that she should in this time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour! sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,

That monsters it, ¹ or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall into taint ².

Lear, A. 1, S. 1.

I am

¹ *That monsters it.*] This uncommon verb occurs again in *Coriolanus*.

“To hear my nothings monster'd,” STEEVENS.

“Monsters it” should, I think, be *masters it*; and I am the more inclined to this opinion, as *monstrous* occurs a line or two before. I read the passage thus:

“—— that she should

“Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle

“So many folds of favour! sure, her offence

“Must be of most unnatural degree,

“That masters it.”

“That masters it,” *i. e.* *that masters your favour or kindness*. If we do not admit this reading, where is the antecedent to *it*?

A. B.

² —— or your fore-vouch'd affection

Fall into taint.] Such is the reading of the folio. The common books read,—“fall'n into taint.” Or, signifies *before*, and *or ever*, is, *before ever*; the meaning of the folio may therefore be, *sure her crime must be monstrous before your affection can be affected with hatred*.

JOHNSON.

I believe the reading of the first quarto,

“—— or you for vouch'd affection

“Fall'n into taint,”

to be the true one. In support of the reading of the quarto, in preference to that of the folio, it should be observed, that Lear had not *vouch'd*, had *not* made any particular declaration of his affection

I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better, my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in.

Hamlet, A. 3, S. 1.

O R N A M E N T.

——— In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?

Merchant of Venice, A. 3, S. 2.

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament:
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil?

Merchant of Venice, A. 3, S. 2.

affection for Cordelia; while, on the other hand, Goneril and Regan have made, in this scene, an ostentatious profession of their love for their father.

MALONE.

The reading of the folio is right. *Taint*, I think, is *suspicion*.

“ ——— or your fore-vouch'd affection

“ Fall into taint.”

That is, *the affection which you had before expressed will be questioned or disbelieved—its sincerity will be doubted.*

Mr. Malone is wrong, in saying that Lear had not made any declaration of his affection for Cordelia. He says of her, in one place, “ Now our joy, although the last, not least,” and in another, “ We lov'd her most,” &c.

A. B.

P.

P A S S I O N, P A S S I O N S.

IS this the noble Moor, whom our full senate
 Call—all-in-all sufficient? This the noble nature
 Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
 The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
 Could neither graze, nor pierce? *Othello*. A. 4, S. 1.

———— By heaven
 My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
 And passion having my best judgment collied¹,
 Affays to lead the way. *Othello*, A. 2, S. 3.

———— I will go to Benedick,
 And counsel him to fight against his passion:
 And, truly, I'll devise some honest flanders
 To stain my cousin with.

Much ado about nothing, A. 3, S. 1.

The colour of the king doth come and go,
 Between his purpose and his conscience,
 Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:
 His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

King John, A. 4, S. 2.

¹ *And passion having my best judgment collied.*] Thus the folio reads, and I believe rightly. *Othello* means, that passion has discoloured his judgment. To *colly*, anciently, signified to *besmut*, to *blacken as with coal*. Hanmer reads, *cholered*.

STEEVENS.

I think we should read “colliding.” To *collide* is to *clash*, to *strike against*. The line may stand thus:

“And passion now colliding 'gainst my judgment.”
i. e. Passion clashing or striking against my judgment, affays, &c.
 A. B.

O, that

O, that my tongue were in the thunders mouth !
 Then with a passion would I shake the world ;
 And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
 Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice.

King John, A. 3, S. 4.

— Such smiling rogues as these,
 Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain
 Too intrinsecate t' unloose: smooth every passion
 That in the nature of their lords rebels ;
 Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods ;
 Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
 With every gale and vary of their masters.

Lear, A. 2. S. 2.

Now and then an ample tear trill'd down
 Her delicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a queen
 Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
 Sought to be king o'er her.

Lear, A. 4, S. 3.

O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious
 perriwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very
 rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for
 the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplica-
 ble dumb shews and noise: I would have such a fel-
 low whipp'd for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-herods
 Herod: pray you avoid it.

Hamlet, A. 3, S. 2.

For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
 That he should weep for her? What would he do,
 Had he the motive and the cue for passion,
 That I have? he would drown the stage with tears,
 And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
 Make mad the guilty and appal the free,
 Confound the ignorant: and amaze, indeed,
 The very faculty of eyes and ears.

Hamlet, A. 2, S. 2.

That old and antique song we heard last night;
 Methought, it did relieve my passion much;

More than light airs, and recollected terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.

Twelfth Night, A. 2, S. 4.

Cefario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all my pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.

Twelfth Night, A. 3, S. 1.

Her passions are made of nothing but the finest
part of pure love: we cannot call her winds and wa-
ters, sighs and tears¹; they are greater storms and
tempests than almanacks can report.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 1, S. 2.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That from her working, all his visage warm'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!

Hamlet, A. 2, S. 2.

P A T I E N C E.

I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speak: choose your revenge yourself;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin.

Much ado about nothing, A. 5, S. 1.

¹ *We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears.*] I believe
Shakespeare wrote,

“We cannot call her sighs and tears, winds and waters.”

MALONE.

Mr. Malone is wrong in proposing any change. “Her winds
“and waters (that is, her sighs and tears), says Enobarbus,
“appear to be more than sighs and tears: they seem storms and
“tempests.” This sense is destroyed by transposition. A. B.

—— I know not how,
 But I do find it cowardly and vile,
 For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
 The time of life:—arming myself with patience,
 To stay the providence of some high powers,
 That govern us below. *Julius Cæsar*, A. 5, S. 1.

In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
 Thow shew'st the naked path-way to thy life,
 Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:
 That which in mean men we entitle—patience,
 Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
Richard II. A. 1, S. 2.

—— Since he stands obdurate,
 And that no lawful means can carry me
 Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
 My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
 To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
 The very tyranny and rage of his.
Merchant of Venice, A. 4, S. 1.

And am I thus rewarded?
 Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
 One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
 And to that woman, when she has done most,
 Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.
Henry VIII. A. 3, S. 1.

Ah, you blessed ministers above,
 Keep me in patience; and with ripen'd time,
 Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
 In countenance! *Measure for Measure*, A. 5, S. 1.

¹ —— (Alas!) to make me
 A fix'd figure, for the time of scorn
 Y 3 To

¹ —— but, alas! to make me
 A fixed figure, for the time of scorn
 [To point his slow unmoving finger at.] Much has been
 written on this passage. Mr. Steevens is for the present reading,
 and would very willingly explain it. Mr. Rowe had changed
 "time

To point his slow unmoving finger at,—

O! O!

Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:

But there, where I have garner'd up my heart;

Where either I must live, or bear no life;

The fountain from the which my current runs

Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!

Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads

To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion
there!

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubim;

Ay, there, look grim as hell! *Othello*, A. 4, S. 2.

Good master mustard-seed, I know your patience
well! *Midsummer Night's Dream*, A. 3, S. 1.

P E A C E.

— Let it not disgrace me,

If I demand, before this royal view,

“time of scorn” to “hand of scorn,” and he has been followed by succeeding editors. Mr. Malone thinks that Shakespeare might have written, “scorn of time,” and Mr. Monck Mason is of opinion, that “time of scorn” is a strange expression.

“Time of scorn” is undoubtedly nonsense; and if we admit the “hand of scorn” of Rowe, we shall lose a very considerable beauty, because we must then read—“the slow unmoving finger of scorn,” instead of the “slow unmoving finger of time.”

I read,

“A fixed figure and in scorn, for time

“To point his slow unmoving finger at.”

Nothing can be more poetical or beautiful, than thus to depict *Time*. “Slow unmoving,” for the imperceptible gradation of time.

A. B.

[*Patience*.] The Oxford edition reads, “I know your parentage well.” I believe the correction is right. JOHNSON.

Parentage was not easily corrupted to *patience*. I fancy the true word is *passions*, *sufferings*. FARMER.

By *patience* is meant, standing still in a mustard pot, to be eaten with the beef, on which it was a constant attendant.

COLLINS.

“Patience” is right. It is spoken ironically, and in reference to the hot and biting quality of mustard seed. A. B.

What

What rule, or what impediment, there is,
 Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,
 Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
 Should not, in this best garden of the world,
 Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?

Henry V. A. 5, S. 2.

Cry, havock, kings! back to the stained field,
 You equal potents, fiery-kindled spirits!

Then let confusion of one part confirm

The other's peace.

King John, A. 2, S. 2.

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,

To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:

Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,

Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Crom-
 well,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.

Henry VIII. A. 3, S. 2.

Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,

And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars

Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound;

Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,

Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd

The field of Golgotha. *Richard II. A. 4, S. 1.*

— Her own shall bless her;

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,

And hang their heads with sorrow: good grows with
 her

In her days, every man shall eat in safety,

Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing

The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.

Henry VIII. A. 5, S. 4.

Peace should still her wheaten garland wear,

And stand a comma¹ 'tween their amities.

Hamlet, A. 5, S. 2.

Y 4

Peace,

¹ *And stand a comma, &c.]*

“Stand a comma” is surely very unmeaning. Johnson, how-
 ever,

Peace, chewet, peace¹. *Henry IV. P. 1, A. 5, S. 1.*

And for we think, the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set you on
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;
Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,
And hard-resounding trumpets dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace².

Richard II. A. 1, S. 3.

P E A R L.

——— She is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 2, S. 4.

ever, would retain it, and Warburton would read, "stand a
"commerce," and Hanmer, "stand a cement." I think we
should read, "stand a compact." A. B.

¹ *Peace, chewet, peace.*] Mr. Theobald says, that a *chewet* is
a noisy chattering bird. Mr. Steevens says, that it is a pudding;
—and the latter is certainly right. I believe, however, that the
poet's word was *chevin* (the *chub fish*). "Peace, chevin, peace,"
peace, jolthead, peace. A. B.

² *To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;
Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace.*] This,
pretty as it is in the image, is absurd in the sense: for peace
awake is still peace, as well as when asleep. The difference is,
that peace asleep, gives one the notion of a happy people sunk
in sloth and luxury, which is not the idea the speaker would raise,
and from which state the sooner it was awaked the better.

WARBURTON.

Perhaps, "wake our ease," *i. e.* disturb our tranquillity, may be
the true reading. *Ease* and *peace* being nearly alike in sound,
the transcriber might be deceived by it. A. B.

That

That same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flouret's eyes,
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 4, S. 1.

—— When Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the watry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 1, S. 1.

I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 2, S. 1.

—— Then must you speak
Of one, that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdu'd
eyes,

Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their med'cinable gum.

Othello, A. 5, S. 2.

P E N I T E N C E.

By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeas'd.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 5, S. 3.

P E N U R Y.

Take the basest and most poorest shape,
That ever penury in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds, and persecutions of the sky.

Lear, A. 2, S. 3.

P H Œ B U S.

P H Œ B U S.

——— Pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength.

Winter's Tale, A. 4, S. 3.

——— Stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions; all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: feld-shown flamens
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses. *Coriolanus, A. 2, S. 1.*
Under the allowance of your grand aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front¹. *Lear, A. 2, S. 2.*

P I C T U R E.

Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis, painted by a running brook;
And Cytherea all in fedges hid;
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving fedges play with wind.

Taming of the Shrew, Induct.

P I T Y.

'Tis well known, that whiles I was protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me;

¹ *On flickering Phœbus' front.*] Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary, says this word means to *flutter*. Stoneyhurst, in his translation of the fourth book of Virgil's *Æneid*, describes Iris,

“ From the sky down flickering, &c.” STEEVENS.

To “flicker” is likewise to *flee*, to look proudly. Phœbus cannot well be said to *flutter*, but he certainly may be said to *flee*. Kent is laughing at Cornwall, and compares his “grand aspect” to the proud looks of Apollo.

A. B.

For

For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.

Henry VI. P. 2, A. 3, S. 1.

I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.

Timon of Athens, A. 3, S. 5.

Where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities,
there commendations go with pity, they are virtues
and traitors too.

All's well that ends well, A. 1, S. 1.

—— That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone.
Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than
Your gates against my force. *Coriolanus, A. 5, S. 2.*

My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears:
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies.

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 4, S. 8.

Say—pardon, king; let pity teach thee how:
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
No word like, pardon, for kings' mouth so meet.

Richard II. A. 5, S. 3.

If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be.

As you like it, A. 2, S. 7.

—— Thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch

Uncapable

Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Merchant of Venice, A. 4, S. 1.

———— If we suffer
(Out of our easiness, and childish pity
To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
Farewell all physick: and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state.

Henry VIII. A. 5, S. 2.

O, now you weep; and, I perceive you feel
The dint of pity¹: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here!
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

Julius Cæsar, A. 3, S. 2.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither: yet look up; behold;
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.

Richard II. A. 5, S. 1.

I am the most unhappy woman living.—
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope, no kindred weep for me,
Almost, no grave allow'd me:—like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head, and perish.

Henry VIII. A. 3, S. 1.

¹ ——— and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity.] Is the impression of pity.

The word is in common use among our ancient writers. So
in Preston's *Cambyfes*:

“Your grace therein may hap receive, with others, for your
haste,

“The *dent* of death, &c.”

STEEVENS.

Dint, with Shakespeare, and in this place, is rather *force* or
power. *Dent* is undoubtedly *stroke* or *impression*. A. B.

Thou

Thou know'st no law of God nor man ;
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

Richard III. A. 1, S. 2.

——— Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear : but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it !

Cymbeline, A. 4, S. 2.

——— Come on, poor babe ;
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens,
To be thy nurses ! Wolves, and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.

Winter's Tale, A. 2, S. 3.

P L A Y E R.

O, there be players, that I have seen play,—and
heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak
it profanely, that, neither having the accent of christ-
ians, nor the gait of christian, pagan, nor man,
have so strutted, and bellow'd, that I have thought
some of nature's journeymen had made men, and
not made them well, they imitated humanity so abo-
minably.

Hamlet, A. 3, S. 2.

P L E A S U R E, P L E A S U R E S.

——— Pleasure, and revenge,
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. *Troilus and Cressida, A. 2, S. 2.*
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again ; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 1, S. 2.

——— Grave sir, hail ! I come
To answer thy best pleasure ; be't to fly,

To

To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds. *Tempest, A. 1, S. 2.*

The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures.

Tempest, A. 3, S. 1.

P L O T S.

——— Let us know,
Our indiscretion sometime serves us well,
When our deep plots do fail : and that should teach
us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will. *Hamlet, A. 5, S. 2.*

P O E S Y.

——— Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.
Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 3, S. 2.

I had rather be a kitten, and cry—mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers ;
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree ;
And that would nothing set my teeth on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 3, S. 1.

P O I S O N.

——— I see that thou art poor ;
Hold, there is forty ducats : let me have
A dram of poison ; such soon-speeding geer
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead.

Romeo and Juliet, A. 5, S. 1.

——— He, that strikes
The venison first, shall be the lord o' the feast ;
To him the other two shall minister ;

And

And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. *Cymbeline*, A. 3, S. 3.

—— If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it.—Would, I were satisfied!
Othello, A. 3, S. 3.

I feel my master's passion! ⁱ this slave,
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
Timon of Athens, A. 3, S. 1.

P O M P.

—— This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous,
As he is subtle)
Only to shew his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master
To this last costly treaty. *Henry VIII.* A. 1, S. 1.
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and of all my lands,
Is nothing left me but my body's length!
Why what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
Henry VI. P. 3, A. 5, S. 2.

ⁱ —— *this slave,*
Unto his honour.] What Flaminius seems to mean is,—
This slave (to the honour of his character) has, &c.

STEEVENS.

How can the conduct and behaviour of Lucullus be said, in
any way, to redound to his honour? We should surely point
thus:

“ —— this slave

“ Unto his honour.”

i. e. This slave, who is continually talking of honourable ac-
tions;—who has always piqued himself on his honour. A. B.

Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trow'st thou, that e'er I'll look upon the world;
Or count them happy, that enjoy the fun?
No; dark shall be my light, and night my day;
To think upon my pomp, shall be my hell.

Henry VI. P. 2, A. 2, S. 4.

—— Take phyfic, pomp:
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And shew the heavens more just. *Lear, A. 3, S. 4.*

—— Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candy'd tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning.

Hamlet, A. 3, S. 2.

P R A I S E.

Thou shalt find she will out-strip all praise,
And make it halt behind her. *Tempest, A. 4, S. 1.*

He gave you all the duties of a man;
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue;
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle;
Making you ever better than his praise,
By still dispraising praise, valu'd with you.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 5, S. 2.

Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost¹: one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

Timon of Athens, A. 2, S. 2.

¹ *Feast-won, fast-lost.*] I do not understand this. I think we should read,

“Fast won, fast lost.”

i. e. Your friends are such as may be easily acquired, and who are easily lost.

A. B.

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise,
And, out of question, so it is sometimes;
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes.

Love's Labour Lost, A. 4, S. 1.

Your praise is come too swiftly home before you,
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?

As you like it, A. 2, S. 3.

Methinks she is too low for a high praise, too
brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise.

Much ado about nothing, A. 1, S. 1.

How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection?

Merchant of Venice, A. 5, S. 1.

Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause, and universal shout
Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no.

Merchant of Venice, A. 3, S. 2.

P R A Y E R S.

—— I'll bribe you with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere the sun rise. *Measure for Measure*, A. 2, S. 2.

—— He cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice.

All's well that ends well, A. 3, S. 4.

P R E C E P T.

¹ ——— Then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers. *Hamlet, A. 2, S. 2.*

P R E S E N C E.

It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim
To these ill-tuned repetitions ².
King John, A. 2, S. 1.

P R E Y.

So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws:

¹ *And then I precepts gave her.*] Thus the folio. The two elder
quartos read, *prescripts*. STEEVENS.

“Prescripts” is right—signifying *inhibition, restraint*. That
it is the true reading the context will fully shew. Polonius says,
that he had already observed to his daughter,

“Lord Hamlet is a prince: out of thy sphere—

“This must not be!”

Now this we may consider as a precept, or hint, to Ophelia how
she should behave. He then goes on,

“And then I prescripts (or orders) gave her,

“That she should lock herself from his resort,” &c.

A. B.

² *It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim*

To these ill-tuned repetitions.] Dr. Warburton has well
observed on one of the former plays, that to *cry aim* is to *encou-
rage*. I once thought that it was borrowed from archery; and
that *aim!* having been the word of command, as we now say
present! to *cry aim* had been to *incite notice*, or *raise attention*.
But I rather think that the old word of applause was *j'aime*, *I
love it*, and that to applaud was to *cry j'aime*, which the English,
not easily pronouncing *je*, sunk into *aime* or *aim*. JOHNSON.

I think it highly probable that we should read, “*cry aien*,”
i. e. *cry again!* *aien* is *again*.—See Chaucer and other old wri-
ters. *Cry aim* may, indeed, in other places, have the sense
which Dr. Warburton has given to it. A. B.

And

And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey;
And so he comes, to rend his limbs afunder.

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 1, S. 3.

——— Ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies ready to give up the ghost.

Julius Cæsar, A. 5, S. 1.

P R I D E.

——— Infants prattle of thy pride,
Thou art a most pernicious usurer;
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession and degrees.

Henry VI. P. 1, A. 3, S. 1

——— Who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the very very means do ebb?

As you like it, A. 2, S. 7.

What fire is in mine ears? can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.

Much ado about nothing, A. 3, S. 1.

——— Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness: for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me;
But owe thy pride thyself. *Coriolanus, A. 3, S. 2.*

——— He that's proud, eats up himself:
Pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his

Own chronicle; and whate'er praises itself
But in the deed, devours the deed i' the praise.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 2, S. 3.

——— Pride hath no other glass
To shew itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 3, S. 3.

If thou didst put this sour cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly; thou'dst courtlier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. *Timon of Athens*, A. 4, S. 3.

P R I N C E.

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but, to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.

Henry VIII. A. 3, S. 1.

The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as thorough-fares now,
For princes to come view fair Portia.

Merchant of Venice, A. 2, S. 7.

——— Now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't.

Tempest, A. 1, S. 2.

——— The shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicacies,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason waits on him.

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 2, S. 5.

The

The strawberry grows underneath the nettle ;
 And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best,
 Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality :
 And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation
 Under the veil of wildness. *Henry V. A. 1, S. 1.*

By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye.
 Why, hear ye, my masters : was it for me to kill the
 heir apparent ? should I turn upon the true prince ?
Henry IV. P. 1, A. 2, S. 4.

———— Like gross terms,
 The prince will, in the perfectness of time,
 Cast off his followers : and their memory
 Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
 By which his grace must mete the lives of others ;
 Turning past evils to advantages.
Henry IV. P. 2, A. 4, S. 4.

P R O M O N T O R Y.

———— I do but dream on sovereignty ;
 Like one that stands upon a promontory,
 And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
 Wishing his foot were equal with his eye ;
 And chides the sea that funders him from thence.
Henry VI. P. 3, A. 3, S. 2.

———— Thou remember'st
 Since once I sat upon a promontory,
 And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
 Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
 That the rude sea grew civil at her song.
Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 2. S. 2.

———— The strong-bas'd promontory
 Have I made shake ; and by the spurs pluck'd up
 The pine and cedar. *Tempest, A. 5, S. 1.*

P R O M O T I O N.

Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion;
And having that, do choak their service up
Even with the having. *As you like it, A. 2, S. 3.*

Q.

Q U E E N.

TO be a queen in bondage is more vile,
Than is a slave in base servility;
For princes should be free.

Henry VI. P. 1, A. 5, S. 4.

O, would to God, that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal, that must round my brow,
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom;
And die, ere men can say—God save the queen!

Richard III. A. 4, S. 1.

What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper, look on me.
What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.

Henry VI. P. 2, A. 3, S. 2.

What! shall king Henry be a pupil still,
Under the surly Gloster's governance?
Am I a queen in title and in style,
And must be made a subject to a duke?

Henry VI. P. 2, A. 1, S. 3.

Go thy ways, Kate: thou art, alone,
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,

Thy

Thy meekness, faint-like, wife-like government;
 Obeying in commanding,—and thy parts
 Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out¹,
 The queen of earthly queens.

Henry VIII. A. 2, S. 4.

—— I see, queen Mab hath been with you.
 She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
 In shapes no bigger than an agat-stone
 On the fore-finger of an alderman,
 Drawn with a team of little atomies
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
 Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
 The traces, of the smallest spiders' web;
 The collars, of the moonshine's watry beams;
 Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:
 Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
 Not half so big as a round little worm
 Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
 Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
 Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
 And in this state she gallops night by night
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
 On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight:
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees:
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
 Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
 And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,

¹ ——— *could speak thee out.*] If thy several qualities had
 tongues to speak thy praise. JOHNSON.

These qualities do sufficiently speak, or plead, for the queen
 in the king's breast: but he here means, by *speak thee out*, that
 if these qualities were known to the world, Catherine would be
 considered as the queen of earthly queens. A. B.

Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice :
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep ; and then anon
Drums in his ear ; at which he starts, and wakes ;
And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 1, S. 4.

Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen¹, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion ! *Winter's Tale*, A. 1, S. 2.

———— We say, the king
Is wise, and virtuous ; and his noble queen
Well struck in years². *Richard III.* A. 1, S. 1.

¹ *Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen.*] But how could this expedition
comfort the queen ? On the contrary, it would increase her
husband's suspicion. We should read,

“ ——— and comfort
“ The gracious queen's.”
i. e., be expedition my friend, and be comfort the queen's friend.

WARBURTON.
Dr. Warburton's conjecture is, I think, just ; but what shall
be done with the following words, of which I can make nothing ?
JOHNSON.

The obscurity of this passage arises from the wrong pointing.
I read,

“ Good expedition be my friend and comfort.
“ The gracious queen part of his theme, but nothing
“ Of his ill-ta'en suspicion !”

The meaning is—may expedition be my friend and comforter ;
and may the queen again become his (Leontes') theme, but
without suspicion. A. B.

² *Well struck in years.*] This odd expression in our language
was preceded by one as uncouth, though of a similar kind.

“ Well shot in years he seem'd.” *Spenser's F. 2.*
The meaning of neither is very obvious. STEEVENS.

This is said with a sneer, and purposely rendered ambiguous.
It may mean, “ somewhat old,” or as we now say, *stricken in
years* : or that the queen is *no girl*, but so far advanced in age, as
to be capable of advising the king. A. B.

R A G E.

R.

R A G E.

I Remember when the fight was done,
 When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
 Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
 Fresh as a bridegroom. *Henry IV. P. 1, A. 1, S. 3.*

Be gone.

Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
 One time will owe another¹. *Coriolanus, A. 3, S. 1.*

R A N K.

———— I do know but one
 That unaffailable holds on his rank²,
 Unshak'd of motion. *Julius Caesar, A. 3, S. 1.*

R A R E N E S S.

¹ *Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;*

One time will owe another.] I know not whether to owe, in this place, means to *possess by right*, or to *be indebted*: either sense may be admitted. *One time*, in which the people are seditious, will give us power in some other time: or this time of the people's predominance will own them in debt: that is, will lay them open to the law, and expose them hereafter to more servile subjection.

JOHNSON.

I am of opinion that Dr. Johnson has mistaken the sense; and that we should read, *we'll*, instead of *will*.

“Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;

“One time we'll owe (*i. e.* own) another.”

That is, at another time, at a more convenient season, we'll own another kind of tongue:—we'll hold a very different language.

A. B.

² ——— holds on his rank.] Perhaps, *holds on his race*; continues his course. We commonly say, to *hold a rank*, and to *hold on a course*.

JOHNSON.

“*Holds*

R A R E N E S S.

Thus did I keep my person fresh, and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast;
And won, by rareness, such solemnity.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 3, S. 2.

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But, when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 1, S. 2.

R A S H N E S S.

If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness¹.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 2, S. 2.

R E A S O N.

Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the
quick,

Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury

Do I take part.

Tempest, A. 5, S. 1.

"Holds on" here means, *rests on, relies on*; and the words
unassailable and *unshaken*, sufficiently prove that such is the sense.

A. B.

¹ ——— your reproof

Were well deserv'd of rashness.] In the old edition,

"——— your proof

"Were well deserv'd."

Which Mr. Theobald, with his usual triumph, changes to *ap-
proof*, which he explains *allowance*. JOHNSON.

I think "*approof*" is right. *Approof*, with the writers of
Shakespeare's time, is *commendation*. Your commendation of
Octavia (says Cæsar) would, if Cleopatra heard you, be con-
strued into folly; *rashness* here is *folly*. A. B.

Who

Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason? *Tempest*, A. 1, S. 2.

—— Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
That now lies foul and muddy. *Tempest*, A. 5, S. 1.

—— I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason; and scarce think,
Their eyes do offices of truth. *Tempest*, A. 5, S. 1.

—— Reason, my son
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,
The father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business. *Winter's Tale*, A. 4, S. 3.

Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? Is he not stupid
With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak, hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Winter's Tale, A. 4, S. 3.

I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony¹, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 3, S. 8.

—— Reason thus with reason fetter:
Love fought is good, but given unfought, is better.
Twelfth Night, A. 3, S. 1.

I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his musick vows,

¹ *The wounded chance of Antony.*] I know not whether the
author, who loves to draw his images from the sports of the
field, might not have written

“The wounded *chase* of Antony.”
The allusion is to a deer wounded and chased, whom all other
deer avoid. I will, says Enobarbus, follow Antony, though
chased and wounded.

“Wounded chance,” *i. e.* fallen fortunes.

JOHNSON.
A. B.
Now

Now see the noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.

Hamlet, A. 3, S. 1.

————— How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd;
Excitements of my reason, and my blood,
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That, for a fantasy, and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds.

Hamlet, A. 4, S. 4.

Sure, he, that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unus'd.

Hamlet, A. 4, S. 4.

————— Do not banish reason
For inequality: but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear, where it seems hid.

Measure for Measure, A. 5, S. 1.

If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo, Cæsar is afraid?

Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable¹.

Julius Cæsar, A. 2, S. 2.

————— She hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Measure for Measure, A. 1, S. 3.

What, upon compulsion? No, were I at the strap-
pado, or all the racks in the world, I would not
tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on com-

¹ *And reason to my love is liable.*] And reason, or propriety of
conduct and language, is subordinate to my love. JOHNSON.

Rather—Reason falls in with, or agrees, to what my love has
suggested. A. B.

pulsion ! if reasons were as plenty as black-berries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 2, S. 4.

R E B E L L I O N.

—— Their weapons only
Seem'd on our side, but, for their spirits and souls,
This word rebellion, it had froze them up.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 1, S. 1.

For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves : I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion. *Coriolanus, A. 3, S. 1.*

—— Your son had only but the corps,
But shadows, and the shews of men, to fight :
For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls ;
And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
As men drink potions. *Henry IV. P. 2, A. 1, S. 1.*

—— If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rage,
And countenanc'd by boys, and beggary ;
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. *Henry IV. P. 2, A. 4, S. 1.*
Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold ;
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion¹,
And welcome home again discarded faith.

King John, A. 5, S. 4.

R E M E M-

¹ *Unthread the rude eye of rebellion.*] Though all the copies concur

R E M E M B R A N C E.

Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear.

All's well that ends well, A. 5, S. 3.

There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray
you, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's
for thoughts¹.

Hamlet, A. 4, S. 5.

R E P E N T A N C E.

Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am
in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and

concur in this reading, how poor is the metaphor of *unthreading*
the eye of a needle! And besides, as there is no mention made of
a needle, how remote and obscure is the allusion without it! We
should read,

"Untread the rude way of rebellion." THEOBALD.

The metaphor is certainly harsh, but I do not think the passage
corrupted. JOHNSON.

"Unthread the rude eye of rebellion," is particularly harsh
indeed; but Shakespeare certainly wrote *tie*. *Unthread*, has no
allusion to a needle, but means *loosen*. The word is used in that
sense by Milton. We must read,

"Unthread the tie of rude rebellion."

i. e. loosen the knot of rebellion.

Mr. Steevens, indeed, observes in support of the ordinary
reading, that "Shakespeare elsewhere uses the expression, *thread-*
ing dark-ey'd night." But this is nothing to the purpose:
threading dark-ey'd night, is *traversing* or *going about during the*
night. To *thread* is to *pass through*, to *unthread* is to *loosen*.

A similar expression is to be found in Henry IV. "Unknot
this churlish knot of war." A. B.

¹ *There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; and there's pansies,*
that's for thoughts.] There is probably some mythology in the
choice of these herbs, but I cannot explain it. *Pansies* is for
thoughts, because of its name, *pensées*; but why *rosemary* indi-
cates *remembrance*, except that it is an evergreen, and carried at
funerals, I have not discovered. JOHNSON.

Rosemary has always been considered as an excellent *cephalic*.
The reason why *rosemary* indicates *remembrance*, is, because
it is supposed to strengthen the brain. It is well known that in
inveterate head-achs, the memory is frequently lost. A. B.

then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 3, S. 3.

Who by repentance is not satisfy'd,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 5, S. 3.

—— What then? what rests?

Try what repentance can: what can it not?

Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?

Hamlet, A. 3, S. 3.

R E P U T A T I O N.

Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser.

Othello, A. 2, S. 3.

—— What's the matter,

▪ That you unlace your reputation thus,

And spend your rich opinion, for the name

Of a night brawler? *Othello, A. 2, S. 3.*

The purest treasure mortal times afford,

Is—spotless reputation; that away,

Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.

Richard II. A. 1, S. 1.

Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land,

Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;

And thou, too careless, patient as thou art,

Committ'st thy anointed body to the cure

Of those physicians that first wounded thee.

Richard II. A. 2, S. 1.

▪ *That you unlace.]* Slacken or loosen. Put in danger of dropping, or perhaps strip of its ornaments. JOHNSON.

I would read,

“Unbrace your reputation.”

A. B.

R E V E N G E.

R E V E N G E.

——— As he does conceive
 He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
 Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
 In that be made more bitter.

Winter's Tale, A. 1, S. 2.

Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying;
 And now I'll do't:—and so he goes to heaven:
 And so am I reveng'd? that would be scann'd,
 A villain kills my father; and, for that,
 I, his sole son, do this same villain send
 To heaven.

Hamlet, A. 3, S. 3.

How all occasions do inform against me,
 And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
 If his chief good, and market of his time,
 Be but to sleep, and feed? a beast, no more.

Hamlet, A. 4, S. 4.

——— No, you unnatural hags,
 I will have such revenges on you both,
 That all the world shall,—I will do such things,—
 What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
 The terrors of the earth.

Lear, A. 2, S. 4.

No satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring,
 but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs but o' my
 breathing, no tears but o' my shedding.

Merchant of Venice, A. 3, S. 1.

If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle
 us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not
 die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if
 we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in
 that.

Merchant of Venice, A. 3, S. 1.

O that the slave had forty thousand lives;
 One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!

Now

Now do I see 'tis true.—Look here, Iago ;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven.

Othello, A. 3, S. 3.

Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

Othello, A. 5, S. 2.

R E V E R E N C E.

Knavery cannot sure hide himself in such reverence.

Much ado about nothing, A. 2, S. 3.

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world : now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

Julius Cæsar, A. 3, S. 2.

I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush,
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 1, S. 3.

—— Though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust ; yet reverence
(That angel of the world) doth make distinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was princely ;
And tho' you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Cymbeline, A. 4, S. 2.

R I C H E S.

Poor and content, is rich, and rich enough ;
But riches, fineless, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.

Othello, A. 3, S. 3.

Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say,—there is no sin, but to be rich ;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say,—there is no vice, but beggary.

King John, A. 2, S. 2.

—— When thou art old, and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant.

Measure for Measure, A. 3, S. 1.

Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle;
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.

Henry VI. P. 2, A. 4, S. 7.

I have often wish'd myself poorer, that I might
come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits:
and what better or properer can we call our own,
than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious
comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, com-
manding one another's fortunes!

Timon of Athens, A. 1, S. 2.

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendship?

Timon of Athens, A. 4, S. 2.

R I D D L E.

No egma, no riddle, no l'envoy¹; no salve in the
male, fir: O fir, plantain, a plain plantain; no l'en-
voy, no l'envoy, no salve, fir, but a plantain!

Love's Labour Lost, A. 3, S. 1.

R O M E.

¹ *No l'envoy.*] The *l'envoy* is a term borrowed from the old French poetry. It appeared always at the head of a few concluding verses to each piece, which either served to convey the moral, or to address the poem to some particular person. It was frequently adopted by the ancient English writers.

No salve in the male, fir.] What this can mean is not easily discovered.

R O M E.

Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
 Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down
 His corrigible neck¹, his face subdu'd
 To penetrative shame; whilst the wheel'd seat
 Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
 His baseness that ensued?

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 4, S. 12.

The noble sister of Publicola,
 The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle
 That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
 And hangs on Dian's temple. *Coriolanus*, A. 5, S. 3.

discovered. If *mail*, for a *pocket* or *bag*, was a word then in use, *no salve in the male*, may mean, No salve in the mountebank's budget. Or, shall we read, *no enigma*, *no riddle*, *no l'envoy*—*in the vale*, *sir*, *O*, *sir plantain*. The matter is not great, but one could wish for some meaning or other. JOHNSON.

I believe we should read and point the passage thus:

“No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*. No salve for the mal, sir.
 “O, sir plantain, a plain plantain; no *l'envoy*, no salve, sir,
 “but a plantain.”

There is a quibble on the word *envoy*, which signifies both an *ambassador*, and the *address* that Dr. Johnson has noticed.

When Costard and Moth come in, Armado says,—“Here is
 “some riddle, come, the *l'envoy*, the *address*---begin.” Costard
 plays upon *envoy*, which he supposes to mean *ambassador*, whom
 he considers as a *salve*, meaning that an *envoy* is frequently sent
 to *heal grievances*, but that *envoy* would not heal a broken pate.
 He therefore goes on,---“No salve for the mal, sir” (*i. e. this*
is no salve for the sore, sir). “Plantain, plantain, sir, no salve
 like a plain plantain.”

That such is the quibble, will be seen by what follows:

Armado. Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*, and the
 word *envoy* for a salve?

Moth. Doth the wise consider them other? is not *l'envoy* a
 salve? A. B.

¹ *His corrigible neck*.] *Corrigible* for *corrected*. STEEVENS.

Corrigible does not here mean *corrected*; but ready, or willing
 to be corrected. The sense is---would'st thou see thy master
 bending his neck, and tamely submitting or yielding himself to
 any ignominious punishment that the victor may choose to inflict
 on him? A. B.

——— What trash is Rome,
 What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
 For the base matter to illuminate
 So vile a thing as Cæsar? *Julius Cæsar*, A. 1, S. 3.

If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend
 of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar
 was no less than his. If then that friend demand,
 why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—
 Not that I lov'd Cæsar less, but that I lov'd Rome
 more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die
 all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free
 men? *Julius Cæsar*, A. 3, S. 2.

Thou last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
 It is impossible, that ever Rome
 Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more
 tears

To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.

Julius Cæsar, A. 5, S. 3.

——— Must I back,
 Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
 Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
 What men provided, what munition sent,
 To underprop this action? *King John*, A. 5, S. 2.

Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,
 That Rome is but a wilderness of tygers;
 Tygers must prey; and Rome affords no prey,
 But me and mine. *Titus Andronicus*, A. 3, S. 1.

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
 A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
 The grave stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
 Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;
 Stars shone with trains of fire; dews of blood fell;
 Disasters veil'd the sun; and the moist star,
 Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands
 Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.

Hamlet, A. 1, S. 1.

——— Shall

—— Shall they hoist me up,
 And shew me to the shouting varlets
 Of censuring Rome? rather a ditch in Egypt
 Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
 Lay me stark-naked, and let the water-flies
 Blow me into abhorring!

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 5, S. 2.

—— By the discovery,
 We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,
 To take in many towns¹, ere, almost, Rome
 Should know we were afoot. *Coriolanus*, A. 1, S. 2.

R O S E.

Say, that she rail; why then I'll tell her plain,
 She sings as sweetly as a nightingale :
 Say, that she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear
 As morning roses newly wash'd with dew :
 Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;
 Then I'll commend her volubility,
 And say,—she uttereth piercing eloquence.

Taming of the Shrew, A. 2, S. 1.

Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
 That men of your nobility, and power,
 Did 'gage them both in an unjust behalf—
 As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—
 To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
 And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 1, S. 3.

¹ *To take in many towns.*] *To take in*, is here, as in many other places, *to subdue*. STEEVENS.

To take in, is here considered by Mr. Steevens, I think, in too large and positive a sense. By *take in* the poet surely means, *include in the plan of operations*, that is, their plan was to make an attack on many towns, *in the hope of subduing them*. A. B.

—¹ Since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily tincture of her face.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 4, S. 3.

—— Hoary headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 2, S. 2.

—— Earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that, which withering on the virgin-thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 1, S. 1.

—— When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither :—I'll smell it on the tree.

Othello, A. 5, S. 2.

¹ *But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,*

That now she is become as black as I.] What is *pinching* a tincture? *Starved*, in the third line, made the blundering editors write *pinch'd* in the fourth, though they might have seen that it was a tanning, scorching, not a freezing air, that was spoken of. For how could this latter quality in the air so affect the whiteness of the skin as to turn it black? We should read,

“And *pitch'd* the lily tincture,” &c.

i. e. turned the white tincture *black*.

WARBURTON.

This is no emendation. None ever heard of a face being *pitched* by the weather. The colour of a part *pinched* is livid, as it is commonly termed, *black and blue*. The weather may therefore be justly said to *pinch*, when it produces the same visible effect.

JOHNSON.

“Pinch'd” should be *penctē*, *i. e.* *painted*. Since she threw her mask away, the air hath starved the roses in her cheeks, and so painted or changed her lily complexion, that she is now swarthy as I am.

The word is found in Chaucer, and other early writers.

A. B.

SADNESS.

S.

S A D N E S S.

SUCH a want-wit fadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Merchant of Venice, A. 1, S. 1.

In footh, I know not why I am so fad;
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn. *Merchant of Venice, A. 1, S. 1.*

Methinks, nobody should be fad, but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as fad as night,
Only for wantonness. *King John, A. 4, S. 1.*

Methinks, your looks are fad, your chear appall'd¹.
Henry VI. P. 1, A. 1, S. 2.

S A L V A T I O N.

For a quart d'ecu he will sell the fee-simple of his
salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the intail
from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for
it perpetually. *All's well that ends well, A. 4, S. 3.*

S E A.

——— Know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,

¹ ——— your chear appall'd.] Chear is countenance, appear-
ance. STEEVENS.

“Chear” is not countenance, but gaiety, cheerfulness.——“Your
“chear appall'd,” means, your cheerfulness abated. He had al-
ready said, “your looks are fad.” A. B.

A a 4

I would

I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth. *Othello*, A. 1, S. 2.

———— O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink ! that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again.
Much ado about nothing, A. 4, S. 1.

———— Suppose, that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty ; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning,
Play with your fancies ; and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing :
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
To sounds confus'd : behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge. *Henry V.* A. 3, *Chorus*.

———— When I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea,
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows, and of flats ;
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs.
Merchant of Venice, A. 1, S. 1.

The time and my intents are savage-wild ;
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty tygers, or the roaring sea.
Romeo and Juliet, A. 5, S. 3.

We will not from the helm, to sit and weep ;
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck
As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair,
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea ?

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 5, S. 4.

———— Is't

———— Is't meet, that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much,
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'd?

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 5, S. 4.

———— The sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare fail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk?
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse. *Troilus and Cressida, A. 1, S. 3.*

———— Great floods have flow'd
From simple sources; and great seas have dry'd,
When miracles have by the greatest been deny'd.
All's well that ends well, A. 2, S. 1.

Was I, for this, nigh wreck'd upon the sea;
And twice by aukward wind from England's bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this, but well fore-warning wind
Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?

Henry VI. P. 2, A. 3, S. 2.

I have seen two such fights, by sea, and by land;
but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky;
betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a
bodkin's point. *Winter's Tale, A. 3, S. 3.*

———— Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea¹ with drops full salt.

Tempest, A. 1, S. 2.

S E A S O N.

¹ ———— *deck'd the sea.*] To deck the sea, if explained, to honour,

S E A S O N.

He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season¹. *Macbeth*, A. 4, S. 2.

S E L F - S L A U G H T E R.

—— I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's: against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens my weak hand. *Cymbeline*, A. 3, S. 4.

S E N S E.

² I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,
And he grows angry. *Othello*, A. 5, S. 1.
Impossible

honour, adorn, or dignify, is indeed ridiculous, but the original import of the verb *deck* is, *to cover*; so in some parts they yet say *deck the table*. This sense may be borne, but perhaps the poet wrote *fleck'd*, which I think is still used in rustic language of drops falling upon water. Dr. Warburton reads *mock'd*, the Oxford edition *brack'd*. JOHNSON.

I have little doubt but that the poet wrote "beck'd the sea," *added rivers to the sea*. *Beck*, in early writers, is a river. "I have beck'd the sea," for, *I have added rivers to the sea*, is not indeed a very easy language, but it is certainly the language of Shakespeare. A. B.

¹ *The fits o' the season.*] *The fits of the season* should appear to be, from the following passage in *Coriolanus*, the *violent disorders* of the season, its convulsions:

"—— but that

"The violent fit o' th' times craves it as physick."

STEEVENS.

"He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows

"The fits o' the season."

The meaning is,—He is wise and judicious, and knows how to conduct himself according to the temper of the times. A. B.

² *I've rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,
And he grows angry.*] This is a passage much controverted

¹ Impossible be strange attempts, to those
That weigh their pain in sense; and do suppose,
What hath been cannot be.

All's well that ends well, A. 1, S. 1.

S E R P E N T.

verted among the editors. Sir T. Hanmer reads *quab*, a *gudgeon*; not that a gudgeon can be *rubbed* to much *sense*, but that a man grossly deceived, is often called a gudgeon. Mr. Upton reads *quail*, which he proves, by much learning, to be a very choleric bird. Dr. Warburton retains *gnat*, which is found in the early quarto. Theobald would introduce *knot*, a small bird of that name. I have followed the text of the folio, and third and fourth quartos.

A *quat*, in the midland counties, is a *pimple*, which by rubbing is made to smart, or is rubbed to sense. Rodorigo is called a *quat* by the same mode of speech, as a low fellow is now termed, in low language, a *scab*. JOHNSON.

All the commentators, I believe, have mistaken the sense of this passage. A “*quat*,” in my opinion, is an *intimate*, a *crony*. We now say, when we speak of the intimacy of one man with another,—“O! they are quater-cousins.”—I therefore read as follows:

“I have *fubb'd* this young quat,” &c.

i. e. I have *fubb'd*, or *put off*, this quater-cousin, or associate of mine, as long as possible, and now he grows angry. “*Quat*” appears to be an abbreviation of “*quater*,” and may have been used for *quater-cousin*, or *friend*, in the same way that *cuz* is employed for *cousin*, a relation by blood or marriage. A. B.

¹ *Impossible be strange attempts, to those*

That weigh their pain in sense; and do suppose,

What hath been cannot be.] These lines I read with

Hanmer:

“Impossible be strange attempts to those

“That weigh their pain in sense, and do suppose,

“What ha’nt been, cannot be.”

New attempts seem impossible to those who estimate their labour or enterprizes by sense, and believe that nothing can be but what they see before them. JOHNSON.

There is no necessity for alteration. The passage is sufficiently clear as it stands. New attempts, says Helena, appear so very difficult to most people, that they are apt to imagine it is impossible we should ever succeed in them, though it is well known that events or occurrences, equally strange with that on which I am meditating, have frequently been observed in the world. If any change is made, it should be as follows:

“Impossible

S E R P E N T.

Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
 Not he, that sets his foot upon her back.
 The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;
 And doves will peck, in safeguard of their brood.
 Who hath not seen them (even with those wings
 Which sometime they have us'd in fearful flight)
 Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
 Offering their own lives in their young's defence?

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 2, S. 2.

'Tis given out, that, sleeping in my orchard,
 A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
 Is by a forged process of my death
 Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
 The serpent that did sting thy father's life,
 Now wears his crown.

Hamlet, A. 1, S. 5.

She hath abated me of half my train;
 Look'd back upon me; struck me with her tongue,
 Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:
 All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall
 On her ingrateful top! strike her young bones;
 You taking airs, with lameness! *Lear, A. 2, S. 4.*

S E R V I C E.

——— 'Tis the curse of service;
 Preferment goes by letter, and affection,
 Not by the old gradation, where each second
 Stood heir to the first. *Othello, A. 1, S. 1.*

Nym, and Bardolph, are sworn brothers in filch-

"Impossible be strange attempts, to those
 "Who weigh their pain in sense; nor do suppose
 "What hath been, can be."

A. B.

ing;

ing; and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew,
by that piece of service, the men would carry coals¹.

Henry V. A. 3, S. 2.

S H A D O W S.

——— 'Tis such as you,
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings; such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking.

Winter's Tale, A. 2, S. 3.

By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.

Richard III. A. 5, S. 3.

S H A M E.

O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutiny in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire.

Hamlet, A. 3, S. 4.

——— Bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen, and son:
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual.

Winter's Tale, A. 3, S. 2.

¹ *I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals.] It appears, that in Shakespeare's age, to carry coals was, I know not why, to endure affronts.*

JOHNSON.

Cant phrases are the ephemerons of literature. In the quartos the passage stands thus:

"I knew by that *they meant* to carry coles."

STEEVENS.

"Carry coals"—there is a quibble here on the English word *coal*, and the French word *colle*, which signifies *sham*, *bamboozle*, or *cheat*.

"I knew by that *they meant* to carry coles,"

i. e. I saw plainly that they were *bamboozlers*, or *tricksters*. A. B.

O Cæsar,

O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this;
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek¹, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces² by
Addition of his envy!

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 5, S. 2.

———— I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes.

Much ado about nothing, A. 4, S. 1.

Thought I, thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. *Much ado about nothing*, A. 4, S. 1.

I dare assure thee, that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive, or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Julius Cæsar, A. 5, S. 4.

For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so, I hear, he doth account me too:
Yet this before my father's majesty,—
I am content, that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation;

¹ *To one so meek.*] Meek, I suppose, means here, *tame*, subdued by adversity. Cleopatra, in any other sense, was not eminent for meekness. MALONE.

Weak, I think, would be a better word in the mouth of Cleopatra. *One so weakened or reduced by adversity, that my servant takes advantage of it.* A. B.

² *Parcel the sum of my disgraces.*] To parcel her disgraces, might be expressed in vulgar language, to bundle up her calamities. JOHNSON.

I do not see any thing inelegant here. *Parcel is augment.*

A. B.

And

And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 5, S. 1.

—— I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
Mend, when thou canst; be better, at thy leisure.

Lear, A. 2, S. 4.

—— How you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my monies.

Merchant of Venice, A. 1, S. 3.

Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposed:
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face;
Or bid me tell my tale in express words;
Deep shame had struck me dumb.

King John, A. 4, S. 2.

—— I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

As you like it, A. 4, S. 3.

His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee;
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd
To do him justice and revenge on you.

King John, A. 2, S. 1.

The God of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st
prove

To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars

Like

Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!

Coriolanus, A. 5, S. 3.

If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Britains; whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.

Richard III. A. 5, S. 3.

What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou
hast done; and then say, it was in fight! What
trick, what device, what starting hole, canst thou
now find out, to hide thee from this open and ap-
parent shame?

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 2, S. 4.

———— A divulged shame,
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Sear'd

———— *A divulged shame,*

Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name

Sear'd otherwise; no worse of worst extended,

With vilest torture let my life be ended.] This passage is

apparently corrupt, and how shall it be rectified? I have no
great hope of success, but something must be tried. I read the
whole thus:

———— A divulged theme,

“ Traduc'd by odious ballads my maiden name;

“ Sear'd otherwise, to worst of worst extended,

“ With vilest torture let my life be ended.”

First, I venture what is dearest to me, my maiden reputation;
but if your distrust *extends* my character to the *worst* of the *worst*,
and supposes me *seared* against the sense of infamy, I will add to
the stake of infamy the stake of life. Yet we may try another
experiment.

“ Fear otherwise to worst of worst extended.”

That is, let me act under the greatest terrour possible.

Yet once again we will try to find the right way, by the glim-
mer of Hanmer's emendation:

———— my maiden name

“ Sear'd; otherwise the worst of worst extended,” &c.

JOHNSON.

The great difficulty seems to lie in, “*No worse of worst ex-
tended,*” and the passage is evidently corrupt. I therefore
read,

“———— A di-

Sear'd otherwise; no worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

All's well that ends well, A. 2, S. 1.

——— At such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The meered question¹: 'twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 3, S. 11.

S I C K N E S S.

——— I was writing of my epitaph,
It will be seen to-morrow; my long sickness
Of health, and living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things.

Timon of Athens, A. 5, S. 2.

“——— A divulged shame,

“Traduced by odious ballads; my maiden name

“Sear'd otherwise;—and worse, if worse, attended

“With vilest torture let my life be ended.”

i. e. I would submit to shame, and become the subject of odious ballads; my maiden reputation should be otherwise feared and branded; and if any thing can be *worse*, or more dreadful than this, my life should willingly be ended in torture. A. B.

¹——— *he being*

The meered question.] The *meered* question is a term I do not understand. I know not what to offer, except

“The *mooted* question,”

That is, the *disputed* point, the subject of debate; *mere* is indeed a *boundary*, and the *meered* question, if it can mean any thing, may, with some violence of language, mean, the *disputed boundary*. JOHNSON.

Meered may be a word of our author's own formation, from *mere*. He being the *sole*, the entire subject of dispute. MALONE.

Shakespeare, I should think, wrote *meetest*. “He being the *meetest* question,” *i. e.* he being the properest person to answer the attack of Cæsar, not you. A. B.

Like a sickness, did I loath this food :
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 4, S. 1.

S I L E N C E.

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy : I were but
little happy, if I could say how much.

Much ado about nothing, A. 2, S. 1.

—— Silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dry'd, and a maid not vendible.

Merchant of Venice, A. 1, S. 1.

I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn
into silence, and discourse grow commendable in
none only but parrots.

Merchant of Venice, A. 3, S. 5.

Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps !
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges ; here no storm,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.

Titus Andronicus, A. 1, S. 2.

—— Her smoothness,
Her very silence, and her patience,
Speak to the people. *As you like it, A. 1, S. 3.*

—— I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this fight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still ;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue.

Hamlet, A. 1, S. 2.

S I N, S I N S.

—— Our compell'd fins
Stand more for number than for accompt.

Measure for Measure, A. 2, S. 4.

—— Confess thee freely of thy fin;
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choak, the strong conception
That I do groan withal. *Othello*, A. 5, S. 2.

S L A N D E R.

I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here;
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear;
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poison. *Richard II.* A. 1, S. 1.

—— Slander lives upon succession;
For ever hous'd, where it once gets possession.
Comedy of Errors, A. 3, S. 1.

—— What king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
Measure for Measure, A. 3, S. 2.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash¹;
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan.
Cymbeline, A. 4, S. 2.

Laertes, I must common with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me.
Hamlet, A. 4, S. 5.

¹ *Fear not slander, censure rash.*] Perhaps,

“Fear not *slander's* censure rash.”

JOHNSON.

The text, I think, is right. “Censure rash” is *hasty opinion*.
Slander is something worse. A. B.

——— 'Tis slander ;

Whose edge is sharper than the sword ; whose tongue
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile ; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world ; kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters. *Cymbeline*, A. 3, S. 4.

——— For haply, slander,

Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air. *Hamlet*, A. 4, S. 1.

S L E E P.

——— O'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 3, S. 2.

I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee ;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 3, S. 1.

Sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 3, S. 2.

In revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chac'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 2, S. 4.

——— I

Do come with words as med'cinal as true ;
Honest, as either ; to purge him of that humour,
That presses him from sleep.

Winter's Tale, A. 2, S. 3.

To see his nobleness !
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declined, droop'd, took it deeply,

Threw

Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd.

Winter's Tale, A. 2, S. 3.

———— Nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick ; nor fane, nor capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius.

Coriolanus, A. 1, S. 10.

———— Thou Mars ! I tell thee,
We have a power of foot ; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for't : thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me ;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing.

Coriolanus, A. 4, S. 5.

Canst thou, O partial sleep ! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude !
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king ? Then, happy low, lie down !
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 3, S. 1.

———— O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 3, S. 1.

Why rather, sleep, ly'st thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber ;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,

Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody ?

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 3, S. 1.

—— Fast asleep ? It is no matter ;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber :
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Julius Cæsar, A. 2, S. 1.

Fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones.

Measure for Measure, A. 4, S. 2.

—— Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday. *Othello, A. 3, S. 3.*

S M I L E.

——— Ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles ;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time, to grace my stratagems.

Richard III. A. 3, S. 5.

What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to't with thy sword.

Timon of Athens, A. 5, S. 5.

In Richard's time,—What do you call the place ?—
A plague upon't !—it is in Glostershire ;—
'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept,
His uncle York ;—where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 1, S. 3.

S N O W.

S N O W.

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
 'Twixt natural son and fire ! thou bright defiler
 Of Hymen's purest bed ! thou valiant Mars !
 Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
 Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
 That lies on Dian's lap !

Timon of Athens, A. 4, S. 3.

S O C I E T Y.

—— This is worshipful society,
 And fits the mounting spirit ; like myself :
 For he is but a bastard to the time,
 That doth not smack of observation.

King John, A. 1, S. 1.

—— So please you, leave me ;
 Stick to your journal course : the breach of custom
 Is breach of all. I am ill ; but your being by me
 Cannot amend me : society is no comfort
 To one not sociable.

Cymbeline, A. 4, S. 2.

—— Elfe,
 Could such inordinate, and low desires,
 Such barren pleasures, rude society,
 As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,
 Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
 And hold their level with thy princely heart ?

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 3, S. 2.

S O L D I E R.

When a foldier was the theme, my name
 Was not far off : then was I as a tree,
 Whose boughs did bend with fruit ; but, in one
 night,

A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,

B b 4

Shook

Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather. *Cymbeline*, A. 3, S. 3.

—— Our slippery people
(Whose love is never link'd to the deserfer,
Till his deserts are past) begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his dignities
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main foldier.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 1, S. 2.

If I be not ashamed of my foldiers, I am a fouc'd
gurnet: I have misus'd the king's press damnably.
I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty sol-
diers, three hundred and odd pounds.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 4, S. 2.

—— As the foldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse,
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 1, S. 3.

—— Debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem foldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's
accord,
Nothing so full of heart¹.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 1, S. 3.

¹ —— they have galls,
*Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and Jove's accord,
Nothing so full of heart.*] As this passage is printed I cannot
discover any meaning in it. If there be no corruption, the se-
micolon which is placed after *swords*, ought rather to be placed
after the word *accord*; of which, however, the sense is not very
clear. I suspect that the transcriber's ear deceived him, and that
we should read,

“And Jove's a god,” &c.

MALONE.

“Accord” is certainly right. “Jove's accord” is, *Jove gives
sanction to their proceedings. Jove is their protector.* A. B.

Their

Their weapons like to lightning came and went ;
 Our soldiers—like the night-owl's lazy flight,
 Or like an idle thresher with a flail,—
 Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 2, S. 1.

———— Then, a soldier ;
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth.

As you like it, A. 2, S. 7.

Consider further,
 That when he speaks not like a citizen,
 You find him like a soldier : do not take
 His rougher accents for malicious sounds ;
 But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
 Rather than envy you.

Coriolanus, A. 3, S. 3.

———— In a moment, look to see
 The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
 Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters ;
 Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
 And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls ;
 Your naked infants spitted upon pikes ;
 Whiles the mad mothers, with their howls confus'd,
 Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
 At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.

Henry V. A. 3, S. 3.

———— You men of Harfleur,
 Take pity of your town, and of your people,
 Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command ;
 Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
 O'er-blows the filthy and contagious clouds
 Of heady murder, spoil, and villainy.

Henry V. A. 3, S. 3.

He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose,
 like an honest man, and a soldier ; and now is he
 turned

turned orthographer ; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes.

Much ado about nothing, A. 2, S. 3.

—— Say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves. *Coriolanus*, A. 3, S. 2.

Behold ! I have a weapon :
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh ; I have seen the day,
That, with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop. *Othello*, A. 5, S. 2.

Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal—
More like a soldier, than a man o' the church,
As stout, and proud, as he were lord of all,—
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.

Henry VI. P. 2, A. 1, S. 1.

S O N.

Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows ! the bounded wa-
ters

Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe :
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead :
Force should be right.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 1, S. 3.

—— If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought ;
To pluck down justice from your awful bench ;

To

To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 5, S. 2.

Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours,
Be now the father, and propose a son:

Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely flighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdained;

And then imagine me taking your part,

And, in your power, so silencing your son.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 5, S. 2.

If I were mad, I should forget my son;

Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he:

I am not mad; too well, too well I feel

The different plague of each calamity.

King John, A. 3, S. 4.

I am not mad;—this hair I tear is mine;

My name is Constance; I was Geffrey's wife;

Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost.

King John, A. 3, S. 4.

What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?

Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?

King John, A. 3, S. 1.

——— Oh, time's extremity!

Hast thou so track'd and splitted my poor tongue,

In seven short years, that here my only son

Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?

Comedy of Errors, A. 5, S. 1.

All my followers to the eager foe

Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,

Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.

My sons—God knows what hath bechanced them:

But this I know,—they have demean'd themselves

Like men born to renown, by life, or death.

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 1, S. 4.

Where

Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
 Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?
 Who fies, and kneels, and says—God save the queen?
 Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
 Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?

Richard III. A. 4, S. 4.

There thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin,
 In envy that my lord Northumberland
 Should be the father of so blest a son:
 A son, who is the theme of Honour's tongue;
 Who is sweet Fortune's minion, and her pride:
 Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
 See riot and dishonour stain the brow
 Of my young Harry. *Henry IV. P. 1, A. 1, S. 1.*

—— What might I have been,
 Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
 Such goodly things as you?

Winter's Tale, A. 5, S. 1.

I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for
 this. I'll none of him¹.

All's well that ends well, A. 5, S. 3.

¹ *I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toule for this. I'll none of him.*] Thus the first folio. The second reads,

“I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toule him for
 “this.”

The reading of the first copy seems to mean this: I'll buy me
 a new son-in-law, and toll the bell for this, *i. e.* look upon him
 as a dead man. The second reading, as Dr. Percy suggests, may
 imply; I'll buy me a son-in-law as they buy a horse in a fair;
 and toul him, *i. e.* enter him on the toul, or toll book, to prove
 I came honestly by him. STEEVENS.

The commentators have totally mistaken the meaning of *toule*.
 We must read and point thus:

“I'll buy me a son-in-law in a fair: a toule. For this, I'll
 none of him.”

A *toule*, or *tole*, is a *toy*. The word is found in Chaucer.
 Laseu says, he will go to a fair, and buy a toy, a *puppet* for a
 son-in-law; he will have nothing to do with Bertram. A. B.

—— Priam's fix-gated city
(Dardan, and Thymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,
And Antenoridas) with maffy staples,
And correfponfive and fulfilling bolts¹,
Sperrs up the fons of Troy. *Prol. Troilus and Cressida.*

S O R R O W.

—— Wisely, good fir, weigh
Our forrow with our comfort. *Tempest, A. 2, S. 1.*

—— If hearty forrow
Be a fufficient ranfom for offence,
I tender it. *Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 5, S. 3.*

When it pleafeth their deities to take the wife of a
man from him, it fhews to man the tailors of the
earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are
worn out, there are members to make new, and, in-
deed, the tears live in an onion², that fhould water
this forrow. *Antony and Cleopatra, A. 1, S. 2.*

Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A faint-like forrow:
Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evil
With them, forgive yourfelf.

Winter's Tale, A. 5, S. 1.

¹ —— *fulfilling bolts.*] To fulfil, in this place, means to fill
till there be no room for more. In this fenfe it is now obfolete.

STEEVENS.

“Fulfilling” cannot, in this place, have the fenfe that Mr.
Steevens has annexed to it,—“fulfilling bolts” muft here fig-
nify, bolts that answer the end for which they were made: bolts that
fit their fockets well; bolts that render us fecure. A. B.

² *The tears that live in an onion.*] So in the Noble Soldier,—
“So much water as you might fqueeze out of an onion had been
“enough,” &c. STEEVENS.

So much water as you might fqueeze, &c. is not, I think, the
precife and definite meaning of *the tears that live in an onion*. I
conceive the fenfe of the paffage to be this,—“the tears fhould
“be forced tears which are to water this forrow.” That is to
fay, fuch tears as an onion is apt to occafion, A. B.

—— Patience

——— Patience and Sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once : her smiles and tears
Were like a better day¹. Those happy smiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropt. *Lear*, A. 4, S. 3.

Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke;
From which even here I slip my wearied head,
And leave the burden of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife,—and queen of sad mischance.
Richard III. A. 4, S. 4.

Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
Richard III. A. 1, S. 4.

——— Remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.—
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's!
Richard III. A. 1, S. 3.

¹ ——— *her smiles and tears*
Were like a better day.] It is plain we should read—"a
"wetter May," *i. e.* a spring season wetter than ordinary.

WARBURTON.

A *better* day is the *best* day, and the *best* day is a day most favourable to the productions of the earth—such are the days in which there is a due mixture of rain and sunshine.

STEEVENS.

We should read,

"——— *the better day.*"

The sense is then sufficiently clear.

"You have seen, says the gentleman, sunshine and rain at
"once? Cordelia's smiles and tears were like *the better day*,"
i. e. like to that day in which sunshine prevails over rain.

A. B.

Patience

Thy

Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.
 Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
 Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
 Begin to water. *Julius Caesar, A. 3, S. 1.*

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.—
 No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
 So many blows upon this face of mine,
 And made no deeper wounds?—Oh, flattering glass,
 Like to my followers in prosperity,
 Thou dost beguile me. *Richard II. A. 4, S. 1.*

—— Be sad, good brothers,
 For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you;
 Sorrow so royally in you appears,
 That I will deeply put the fashion on,
 And wear it in my heart.
Henry IV. P. 2, A. 5, S. 2.

—— I found the prince in the next room,
 Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;
 With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
 That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
 Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
 With gentle eye-drops. *Henry IV. P. 2, A. 4, S. 4.*

—— 'Tis all men's office to speak patience
 To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
 But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
 To be so moral, when he shall endure
 The like himself.

Much ado about nothing, A. 5, S. 1.
 Shorten my days thou can'st with fullen sorrow,
 And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow.
 Thou can'st help time to furrow me with age,
 But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
 Thy word is current with him for my death;
 But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.
Richard II. A. 1, S. 3.

Dust

Dust was thrown upon his sacred head ;
 Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—
 His face still combating with tears and smiles,
 The badges of his grief and patience,—
 That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
 The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted.
Richard II. A. 5, S. 2.

Gnarling Sorrow hath less power to bite
 The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.
Richard II. A. 1, S. 3.

—— The apprehension of the good
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse :
 Fell Sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
 Than when it bites, but lanceth not the fore.
Richard II. A. 1, S. 3.

—— I hardly yet have learn'd
 To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee :
 Give Sorrow leave a while to tutor me
 To this submission. *Richard II. A. 4, S. 1.*
 Now will canker Sorrow eat my bud,
 And chafe the native beauty from his cheek,
 And he will look as hollow as a ghost ;
 As dim and meagre as an ague's fit.
King John, A. 3, S. 4.

Oh, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
 Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die ;
 And let belief and life encounter so,
 As doth the fury of two desperate men,
 Which in the very meeting, fall, and die.
King John, A. 3, S. 1.

If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard ;
 And Sorrow, wag¹ ! cry ; hem, when he should
 groan ;

Patch

¹ *If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard ;
 And Sorrow, wag ! cry hem when he should groan.]* Such is
 the reading of all the copies ; and on this very difficult passage
 the

Patch grief with proverbs ; make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters ; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.

Much ado about nothing, A. 5, S. 1.

S O U L.

Excellent wretch ! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee ! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again. *Othello*, A. 3, S. 3.

—— I wonder in my soul,
What you could ask me, that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering on. What ! Michael Cassio,
That came a wooing with you ; and so many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part : to have so much to do
To bring him in ! *Othello*, A. 3, S. 3.

——— Beshrew me much Emilia,
I was (unhandsome warrior as I am) ¹
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul ;
But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indicted falsely. *Othello*, A. 3, S. 4.

the commentators have tried their critical skill, but without success. I cannot discover any meaning in the lines as they at present stand, and shall therefore propose a trifling alteration. I read,

“ Call Sorrow hag ! cry hem when he should groan.”

A. B.

¹ —— (unhandsome warrior as I am)] How this came to be so blundered, I cannot conceive. It is plain Shakespeare wrote,

“ Unhandsome wrangler as I am.” *WARBURTON.*

Unhandsome warrior, is evidently *unfair assailant*.

JOHNSON.

“ Unhandsome warrior” should surely be “unhandsome lawyer,” or pleader. The context will sufficiently warrant this reading. *Lawyer* and *warrior* being somewhat alike in sound, the mistake was made in transcribing. A. B.

That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.

Richard III. A. 1, S. 1.

Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have.

Richard III. A. 1, S. 2.

The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!

Richard III. A. 1, S. 3.

I do not know that Englishman alive,
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night;
I thank my God for my humility.

Richard III. A. 2, S. 1.

——— Remember this,——

God, and our good cause, fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy faints, and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces.

Richard III. A. 5, S. 3.

I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition;
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect,
Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 1, S. 3.

——— This visitation

Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul;
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.

Hamlet, A. 3, S. 4.

——— Uncivil

—— Uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd out,
That e'er devotion tender'd!

Twelfth Night, A. 5, S. 1.

The soul and body rive not more at parting,
Than greatness going off.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 4, S. 11.

Even as I was then, is Percy now.
Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state
Than thou, the shadow of succession.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 3, S. 2.

—— O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh
There is a soul, counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love.

King John, A. 3, S. 3.

—— We have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply,
Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love;
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power. *Measure for Measure, A. 1, S. 1.*

—— Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be lov'd, and fear'd.

Henry VIII. A. 5, S. 4.

It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood,

Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.

Othello, A. 5, S. 2.

——— You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.

Henry VIII. A. 2, S. 1.

Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery¹
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.

Henry VI. P. 1, A. 4, S. 2.

S P E E C H.

——— Rude am I in my speech,
And little blest'd with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years pith,
Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field.

Othello, A. 1, S. 3.

——— But, I do see, you are mov'd;
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech

¹ *To rive their dangerous artillery.*] I do not understand the phrase to *rive artillery*; perhaps it might be to drive; we say to *drive a blow*, and to *drive at a man*, when we mean to express furious assault.

JOHNSON.

Rive their artillery, seems to mean, charge their artillery so much as to endanger their bursting.

TOLLET.

“*To rive*” is properly *to break*; and *to break* has sometimes the sense of *to open*.

“*Rive* their artillery on the enemy” is, *break their artillery on the enemy*. The expression is equivalent to the modern one—*open the artillery*.

A. B.

To

To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion. *Othello*, A. 3, S. 3.

There was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they look'd as they had heard of a world ransom'd, or one destroy'd; a notable passion of wonder appear'd in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if the importance were joy or sorrow.

Winter's Tale, A. 5, S. 2.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lieve the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and begot a temperance, that may give it smoothness.

Hamlet, A. 3, S. 2.

His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 5, S. 1.

S P I R I T, S P I R I T S.

I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 5, S. 3.

——— My spirits obey; and Time
Goes upright with his carriage. *Tempest*, A. 5, S. 1.
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy lustre thickens
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 2, S. 2.

— Hence

Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds ;
Some, war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats ; and some, keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint spirits.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 2, S. 3.

— Damned spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 3, S. 2.

Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep ;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up, and stands on end. *Hamlet*, A. 3, S. 4.

I am thy father's spirit ;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night ;
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. *Hamlet*, A. 1, S. 5.

— I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-founding throat
Awake the god of day ; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine. *Hamlet*, A. 1, S. 1.

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!--
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
Th at I will speak to thee. *Hamlet*, A. 1, S. 4.

My father's spirit in arms ! all is not well ;
I doubt some foul play : would the night were come ;
Till

Till then sit still, my foul : foul deeds will rise
(Though all the earth o'erwhelm them) to men's eyes.

Hamlet, A. 1, S. 2.

—— The spirit that I have seen,
May be a devil: and the devil hath power
To resume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with such spirits)
Abuses me to damn me.

Hamlet, A. 2, S. 2.

—— Let me not live,
After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain.

All's well that ends well, A. 1, S. 2.

‡ Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will coast my crown, and, like an empty eagle,
Tire on the flesh of me, and of my son!

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 1, S. 1.

—— Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues. *Measure for Measure, A. 1, S. 1.*

Oh Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails.

Julius Cæsar, A. 5, S. 3.

‡ *Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will coast my crown, and, like an empty eagle,
Tire on the flesh.]*

Read *coast*, i. e. hover over it.

WARBURTON.

The word which Dr. Warburton would introduce, appears to violate the metaphor, nor is to *coast* used as a term in falconry. We may however maintain the integrity of the figure, by inserting the word *cote*. To *cote* is to come up with, to overtake.

STEEVENS.

“Cote” may perhaps be right. To *cote*, however, is not to come up with, to overtake, but to mark, to notice. Henry's meaning is, that the Duke of York would keep his eye at all times on the crown; that he would never lose sight of it.

A. B.

We

We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
 And in the spirit of men there is no blood;
 O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
 And not dismember Cæsar! but, alas,
 Cæsar must bleed for it! *Julius Cæsar*, A. 2, S. 1.

Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
 To his full height!—On, on, you noblest English,
 Whose blood is set from fathers of war-proof!

Henry V. A. 3, S. 1.

—— Gracious lord,
 Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
 Look back unto your mighty ancestors:
 Go, my dread lord, to your great grandfire's tomb,
 From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit;
 And your great uncle's, Edward the black prince.

Henry V. A. 1, S. 2.

Who sets me else? by heaven I'll throw at all:
 I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
 To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Richard II. A. 4, S. 1.

I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
 Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke;
 Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
 I shall not find myself so apt to die:
 No place will please me so, no mean of death,
 As, here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
 The choice and master spirits of this age.

Julius Cæsar, A. 3, S. 1.

That I did love thee, Cæsar; O, 'tis true:
 If then thy spirit look upon us now,
 Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
 To see thy Antony making his peace,
 Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
 Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?

Julius Cæsar, A. 3, S. 1.

—— Soul

———— Soul of Rome!
 Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!
 Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
 My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
 And I will strive with things impossible;
 Yea, get the better of them.

Julius Cæsar, A. 2, S. 1.

———— What should be in that Cæsar?
 Why should that name be founded more than yours?
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
 Sound them it doth become the mouth as well;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.

Julius Cæsar, A. 1, S. 2.

———— He reads much;
 He is a great observer, and he looks
 Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays
 As thou dost, Antony; he hears no musick;
 Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
 As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
 That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.

Julius Cæsar, A. 1, S. 2.

Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
 Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
 Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
 But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
 Never lacks power to dismiss itself.

Julius Cæsar, A. 1, S. 3.

———— She is too disdainful;
 I know, her spirits are as coy and wild
 As haggards of the rock.

Much ado about nothing, A. 3, S. 1.

Happy in this, she is not yet so old
 But she may learn: happier than this,
 She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
 Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit

Commits

Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.

Merchant of Venice, A. 3, S. 2.

—— A braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath in Christendom.

King John, A. 2, S. 1.

I hold you as a thing ensky'd, and fainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;
And to be talked with in sincerity,
As with a faint. *Measure for Measure*, A. 1, S. 5.

¹ Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak;
His powerful sound within an organ weak.

All's well that ends well, A. 2, S. 1.

Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
(Who shall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd) hath here almost persuaded
(For he's a spirit of persuasion², only

Professes

¹ *Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak;
His powerful sound within an organ weak.*] To speak a sound
is a barbarism. Beside the construction is vicious with the two
ablatives, *in thee*, and *within an organ weak*. The lines, there-
fore, should be read and pointed,

“Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak:

“His power full sounds within an organ weak.”

WARBURTON.

If we change the order of the lines, there is no longer any
difficulty.

“O powerful sound within an organ weak!

“Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak!”

A. B.

² *For he's a spirit of persuasion.*] Of this entangled sentence I
can draw no sense from the present reading, and therefore ima-
gine that the author gave it thus:

“For he, a spirit of persuasion, only

“Professes to persuade.”

Of which the meaning may be either, *that he alone, who is a spirit
of persuasion, professes to persuade the king*; or that, *he only pro-
fesses*

Professes to persuade) the king, his son's alive ;
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,
As he, that sleeps here, swims. *Tempest*, A. 2, S. 1.

S P L E E N.

—— At this match,
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance. *King John*, A. 2, S. 2:

S P O R T, S P O R T S.

—— To confound such time,—
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state, and ours,—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys ; who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 1, S. 4.

There be some sports are painful ; but their labour
Delight in them sets off. *Tempest*, A. 3, S. 1.

professes to persuade, that is, without being so persuaded himself, he makes a shew of persuading the king. JOHNSON.

“(For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
“Professes to persuade.)”

The meaning is, *that in cases like to that of which they are speaking, he is generally admitted, or considered, as a spirit of persuasion, who endeavours to persuade of the truth of the news he brings. That such agreeable reports are readily listened to. The want of the pronoun who, occasions much of the difficulty.* Read,

Who professes to persuade. A. B.

—— At this match

With swifter spleen.] Our author uses *spleen* for any violent hurry, or tumultuous speed. So in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, he applies *spleen* to the lightning. JOHNSON.

“Spleen” is *anger*, but the word is out of its place. We must read the line thus:

“Swifter than powder can in spleen enforce.” A. B.

— Never

— Never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 2, S. 2.

— Let it work;
For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar: and it shall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon. *Hamlet*, A. 3, S. 4.

Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Henry VI. P. 2, A. 3, S. 2.

— His addiction was to courses vain:
His companions unletter'd, rude, and shallow;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

Henry V. A. 1, S. 1.

S T A R S.

Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Julius Caesar, A. 1, S. 2.

— Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my foldier, bidding me depend

Upon

Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?

King John, A. 3, S. 1.

Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky;
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented unto Henry's death!

Henry VI. P. 1, A. 1, S. 1.

Henry the fifth! thy ghost I invoke;
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
Than Julius Cæsar. *Henry VI. P. 1, A. 1, S. 1.*

I am the prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 5, S. 4.

Thy lord? that is my lord, Leonatus.
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
That knew the stars, as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open. *Cymbeline, A. 3, S. 2.*

S T A T E.

——— Yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Ægypt
Might be my question¹.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 2, S. 2.

¹ ——— *my question.*] *i. e.* My theme or subject of conversation. MALONE.

Mr. Malone here considers *question* in a much too limited sense. *My question* must, in this place, mean *my business*. This is a matter, says Cæsar (meaning the practising on his state), that I should particularly inquire into. A. B.

S T O N E.

Go to then ; your confiderate stone^r.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 2, S. 2.

S T O R M.

This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,
(As on a mountain top the cedar shews,
That keeps his leaves in spight of any storm)
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Henry VI. P. 2, A. 5, S. 1.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these ?

Lear, A. 3, S. 4.

S U N.

Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.

Merchant of Venice, A. 2, S. 1.

^r ——— *your confiderate stone.*] This line is passed by all the editors, as if they understood it, and believed it universally intelligible. I cannot find in it any very obvious, and hardly any possible meaning. I would therefore read,

“Go to then, you confiderate ones.”

You who dislike my frankness and temerity of speech, and are so confiderate and discreet, Go to.

JOHNSON.

I believe, *Go to then, your confiderate stone*, means only this : *If I must be chidden, henceforward I will be mute as a marble statue, which seems to think, though it can say nothing.* STEEVENS.

“Confiderate stone,” as Dr. Johnson observes, is certainly without meaning. I am persuaded that it is a misprint, and that we should read : *Go to then ; your confederate's tone ; i. e. Go to then ; as your confederate would say.* By which words, Enobarbus seems to reprove Antony for his mildness, and at the same time to throw out an insinuation that Cæsar is somewhat too assuming in his manner.

A. B.

To

To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
 Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist;
 Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,
 The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold.

King John, A. 3, S. 1.

—— It is I,
 That lying, by the violet, in the sun,
 Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
 Corrupt with virtuous season.

Measure for Measure, A. 2, S. 2.

Soft! What light through yonder window breaks?
 It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!
 Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
 Who is already sick and pale with grief,
 That thou her maid art far more fair than she.

Romeo and Juliet, A. 2, S. 2.

When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
 But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams.

Comedy of Errors, A. 2, S. 2.

Ne'er through an arch so hurry'd the blown tide,
 As the re-comforted through the gates. Why, hark
 you,

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
 Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
 Make the sun dance.

Coriolanus, A. 5, S. 4.

The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
 Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
 And her pale fire she snatches from the sun;
 The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
 The moon into salt tears; the earth's a thief,
 That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
 From general excrement: each thing's a thief.

Timon of Athens, A. 4, S. 3.

D d

—— I was

—— I was born so high,
Our airy buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Richard III. A. 1, S. 3.

The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.

Richard III. A. 5, S. 3.

The sun will not be seen to-day; what's that to me
More than to Richmond? for the self-same heaven
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Richard III. A. 5, S. 3.

Yet will I imitate the sun;
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wondered at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
That seem to strangle him.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 1, S. 2.

—— Come, the song we had last night:
Mark it, Cefario; it is old, and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with
bones,

Do use to chaunt it. *Twelfth Night, A. 2, S. 4.*

—— We fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecat's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolick.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 5, S. 2.

At first I did adore a twinkling star;
But now I worship a celestial sun.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 2, S. 6.

All

All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make
him

By inch-meal a disease! *Tempest, A. 2, S. 2.*

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more :
Fortune and Antony part here ; even here
Do we shake hands.—All come to this?—The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar ; and this pine is bark'd
That over-topp'd them all.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 4, S. 10.

—— Once, or twice,
I was about to speak ; and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike. *Winter's Tale, A. 4, S. 3.*

S U R G E.

— Do but stand upon the foaming shore :
The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds ;
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous
main,
Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fix'd pole ;
I never did like molestation view
On the enchain'd flood. *Othello, A. 2, S. 1.*

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs. *Tempest, A. 2, S. 1.*

For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea ;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

Titus Andronicus, A. 3, S. 1.

—— Leak'd is our bark;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the furies threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air. *Timon of Athens*, A. 4, S. 2.

—— Say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood,
Which once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.
Timon of Athens, A. 5, S. 2.

How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Shew scarce so gross as beetles:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high. *Lear*, A. 4, S. 6.

S W A Y.

—— Confederates,
So dry he was for sway¹, with the king of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage.
Tempest, A. 1, S. 2.

¹ *So dry he was for sway.*] i. e. So thirsty. The expression, I am told, is not uncommon in the midland counties. STEEVENS.
“Dry” is very inelegant. I suppose we should read *dree*, i. e. forrowing. A. B.

T.

T A L E.

— **B**Y your gracious patience,
 I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
 Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what
 charms,
 What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
 (For such proceeding I am charg'd withal)
 I won his daughter with. *Othello, A. 1, S. 3.*

Oh, but they say, the tongues of dying men
 Inforce attention, like deep harmony :
 Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
 My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.
Richard II. A. 2, S. 1.

In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
 With good old folks; and let them tell thee tales
 Of woful ages, long ago betid.
Richard II. A. 5, S. 1.

He hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear, he
 will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows
 old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth.
Merchant of Venice, A. 1, S. 2.

It is not so; thou hast mis-spoke, mis-heard;
 Be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again :
 It cannot be; thou dost but say, 'tis so;
 I trust, I may not trust thee; for thy word
 Is but the vain breath of a common man.
King John, A. 3, S. 1.

There's nothing in this world can make me joy :
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.

King John, A. 3, S. 4.

— Aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Love's Labour Lost, A. 2, S. 1.

I thank him that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking; only this—
Let each man do his best: and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 5, S. 2.

— But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

Hamlet, A. 1, S. 5.

"The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 2, S. 1.

¹ *The wisest aunt.] Aunt is procurefs.*

STEEVENS.

The author of the REMARKS says, "this conjecture is much
"too wanton and injurious to the word *aunt*, which, in this place
"at least, certainly means no other than an *innocent old woman*."

REED.

"Aunt"—this word should be written *aunct*—abbreviation
of *auncient*. It means an old person, *man or woman*. A. B.

T A L K E R.

T A L K E R.

Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear¹.

Merchant of Venice, A. 1, S. 1.

T E A R S.

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile:—
Out of my sight!

Othello, A. 4, S. 1.

What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself;
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead;
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 4, S. 4.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii.

Julius Cæsar, A. 3, S. 2.

You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in;
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother.

King John, A. 2, S. 2.

—— Look, the good man weeps!
He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear, he is true-hearted; and a foul
None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,

¹ *I'll grow a talker for this gear.*] *Gear* appears to me to have no meaning here. I would therefore read,

“I'll grow a talker for this year.”

MALONE.

“Gear” should, in this place, be written *gere*, i. e. a jest. Antonio says, “a good jest; I shall become a talker.” A. B.

And do as I have bid you.—He has strangled
His language in his tears. *Henry VIII. A. 5, S. 1.*

I am about to weep ; but, thinking that
We are a queen (or long have dream'd so), certain
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire. *Henry VIII. A. 2, S. 4.*

When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks ; as doth the honey dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Titus Andronicus, A. 3, S. 1.

Oh, turn thy edged sword another way ;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help !
One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom,
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore ;
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots !

Henry VI. P. 1, A. 3, S. 3.

Oh, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears ;
Sing, syren, for thyself, and I will dote :
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie.

Comedy of Errors, A. 3, S. 2.

Her sighs will make a battery in his breast ;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart ;
The tyger will be mild, while she doth mourn ;
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
To hear, and see, her plaints, her brinish tears.

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 3, S. 1.

—— I can smile, and murder while I smile ;
And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart ;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 3, S. 2.

— You are more inhuman, more inexorable,---
O, ten times more,---than tygers of Hyrcania.

See,

See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears :
 This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
 And lo! with tears I wash the blood away.

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 1, S. 4.

—— The hairy fool,
 Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
 Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
 Augmenting it with tears. *As you like it, A. 2, S. 1.*

—— The big round tears
 Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
 In piteous chafe. *As you like it, A. 2, S. 1.*

—— The smiles of knaves
 Tent in my cheeks ; and school-boys' tears take up
 The glasses of my sight ! A beggar's tongue
 Make motion through my lips : and my arm'd knees,
 Who bow'd but in my stirrop, bend like his
 That hath received an alms ! *Coriolanus, A. 3, S. 2.*

—— I am weaker than a woman's tear,
 Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance ;
 Less valiant than the virgin in the night
 And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.
Troilus and Cressida, A. 1, S. 1.

For myself,—foe as he was to me,
 Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
 Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
 I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
 Look pale as primrose, with blood-drinking sighs,
 And all to have the noble duke alive.

Henry VI. P. 2, A. 3, S. 2.

If the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my
 tears ; if the wind were down, I could drive the
 boat with my sighs.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 2, S. 3.

—— Within a month ;
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had

Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She marry'd. *Hamlet, A. 1, S. 2.*

What! we have many goodly days to see!
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl;
Advantaging their loan, with interest
Oftentimes double gain of happiness.

Richard III. A. 4, S. 4.

— Neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate fire.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 3, S. 1.

A little month; or ere these shoes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears:—why she, even she,—
O heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer,—marry'd with my
uncle,

My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules. *Hamlet, A. 1, S. 2.*

——— She hath offer'd to the doom,
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 3, S. 1.

Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
Write, till your ink be dry: and with your tears
Moist it again. *Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 3, S. 2.*

There might you have beheld one joy crown ano-
ther; so, and in such manner, that, it seem'd, for-
row wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded
in tears. *Winter's Tale, A. 5, S. 2.*

His tears run down his beard, like winter drops
From eaves of reeds. *Tempest, A. 5, S. 1.*

——— Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause: when you shall know your mis-
tress.

Has

Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out. *Winter's Tale, A. 2, S. 1.*

Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
That glues my lips, and will not let me speak.
Henry VI. P. 3, A. 5, S. 2.

Therefore great France
My mourning, and important tears¹, hath pitied.
Lear, A. 4, S. 4.

T E M P E S T.

I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds;
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Julius Caesar, A. 1, S. 3.

—— Most degenerate king!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm:
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.
Richard II. A. 2, S. 1.

The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cry'd, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.
Henry VI. P. 3. A. 5, S. 6.

¹ ——— important.] In other places of this author for *im-
portunate.*

JOHNSON.

“Important tears” mean not that she was *whining* or *im-
portunate*: beside, she had already mentioned her *mourning*.
“Important tears” signify *the greatness*, the importance of her
cause; a cause that had for its object no less than the preservation
of her father's life.

A. B.

T H I E F.

T H I E F.

Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves.

Measure for Measure, A. 2, S. 2.

—— I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try.

Measure for Measure, A. 2, S. 1.

T H O U G H T, T H O U G H T S.

—— Thou dost mean something :
I heard thee say but now,—Thou lik'dst not that,
When Cassio left my wife ; what didst not like ?
And, when I told thee—he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'dst, indeed !
If thou dost love me, shew me thy thought.

Othello, A. 3, S. 3.

Utter my thoughts ? Why, say, they are vile and
false ;

As where's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not ? who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful ?

Othello, A. 3, S. 3.

Faster than spring-time showers, comes thought on
thought,

And not a thought, but thinks on dignity.
My brain more busy than the labouring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.

Henry VI. P. 2, A. 3, S. 1.

Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves,—
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last : like silly beggars,

Who,

Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,
That many have, and others must sit there.

Richard II. A. 5, S. 5.

——— Now the bishop
Turns insurrection to religion :

Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind;
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair king Richard. *Henry IV. P. 2, A. 1, S. 1.*

Left you should not understand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,
I would detain you here some month or two.

Merchant of Venice, A. 3, S. 2.

— That supernal judge, that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right—
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy.

King John, A. 2, S. 1.

If that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Then, in despite of broad-ey'd watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts.

King John, A. 3, S. 3.

Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Hamlet, A. 5, S. 2.

——— Thoughts are no subjects;
Intent, but merely thoughts.

Measure for Measure, A. 5, S. 1.

THUNDER.

T H U N D E R.

—— To the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt. *Tempest, A. 5, S. 1.*

—— The thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper. *Tempest, A. 3, S. 3.*

His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd arm
Crested the world; his voice was property'd
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 5, S. 2.

—— Thou all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds; all germins spill at once
That make ingrateful man! *Lear, A. 3, S. 2.*

T I M E.

—— These twenty years,
This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world:
Where I have liv'd an honest freedom; paid
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time. *Cymbeline, A. 3, S. 3.*

Experience is by industry atchiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time.
Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 1, S. 3.

Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 1, S. 1.

Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 3, S. 1.

Still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint ;—O cursed spight !
That ever I was born to set it right !

Hamlet, A. 1, S. 5.

— Who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin?

Hamlet, A. 3, S. 1.

———— From this time,
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence ;
Set your entreatments ¹ at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley.

Hamlet, A. 1, S. 3.

Let's take the instant by the forward top ;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals, ere we can effect them.

All's well that ends well, A. 5, S. 3.

Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring
To cross me from the golden time I look for !

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 3, S. 2.

———— Blossoming time,
That from the feedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison.

Measure for Measure, A. 1, S. 5.

—— O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was ; for beauty, wit,

¹ Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
[Than a command to parley.] Entreatments here mean
company, conversation, from the French *entretien*. JOHNSON.

The meaning rather is, Do not shew an inclination to listen to
him on every slight entreaty. Polonius had said immediately be-
fore—“ Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence.”

High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 3, S. 3.

We did keep time, fir, in our catches.

Sneck up¹! *Twelfth Night*, A. 2, S. 3.

In the spring time, the pretty rank time²,

When birds do sing. *As you like it*, A. 5, S. 3.

T O N G U E.

—— The duke, great Bolingbroke,—
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,—
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,
While all tongues cry'd—God save thee Bolingbroke!

Richard II. A. 5, S. 2.

Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,

¹ *Sneck up!*] “The modern editors, says Mr. Steevens, have regarded this unintelligible expression as the designation of a *biccup*. But I think we might safely read, *sneak-cup*, i. e. one who takes his glass in a sneaking manner.”

“Sneck-up,” I think, should be written *sneb-up*. *Sneb* is an old word for *check*, or *rebuke*. See Spencer.

We now say *snub*, and *snub-up*. When it is remembered that Malvolio has taken upon him to admonish Sir Toby, the knight may very naturally call him *sneb-up*, i. e. reprover. They have not been talking of *drinking*, so that *sneak-cup* is hardly the word.

A. B.

² ——— *the pretty rank time.*] Thus the modern editors. The old copy reads,

“In the spring time, the pretty *rang* time.”

I think we should read,

“In the spring time, the pretty *ring* time.”

i. e. the aptest season for marriage. STEEVENS.

The true reading, perhaps, will be,

“—— the pretty *range* time.”

i. e. the proper time for wandering about.

A. B.

And

And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue?

Taming of the Shrew, A. 1, S. 2.

The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge, invifible,

 Their conceits have wings,
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, fwifter
things. *Love's Labour Lost, A. 5, S. 2.*

Be not thy tongue thy own fhame's orator;
Look fweet, fpeak fair, become difloyalty;
Apparel vice, like virtue's harbinger:
Bear a fair prefence, though your heart be tainted.

Comedy of Errors, A. 3, S. 2.

He gives the bafinado with his tongue;
Our ears are cudgell'd;
Zounds! I was never fo bethumpt with words,
Since I firft call'd my brother's father, dad.

King John, A. 2, S. 2.

—— I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the trades in Rome. I'll return conful,
Or never truft to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery, further. *Coriolanus, A. 3, S. 2.*
Now my tongue's ufe is to me no more,
Than an unstringed viol, or a harp;
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.

Richard II. A. 1, S. 3.

* Your favour is well appear'd by your tongue.

Coriolanus, A. 4, S. 3.

E e

TOUCH.

* *But your favour is well appear'd by your tongue.*] This is
ftrange nonfence. We fhould read,

“ ——— is well appealed,”

i. e. brought into remembrance.

WARBURTON.

I fhould

T O U C H.

Didst thou but know the only touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 2, S. 7.

——— You must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common kissing Titan; and forget
Your labour once and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry. *Cymbeline, A. 3, S. 4.*
Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forake unfounded deeps to dance on sands.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 3, S. 2.

Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 5, S. 3.

If to preserve this vessel for my lord,
From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be—not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Othello, A. 4, S. 2.

I should read,

“——— is well *affear'd*.”

That is, *strengthened, attested*, a word used by our author in *Macbeth*.

JOHNSON.

“*Appear'd*” is, *made known, shewn*, and “*favour*” is *face*.

Your face is made known by your tongue, or your tongue speaks for you, or, I know you by your tongue.

This passage does not, in my opinion, seem so nonsensical as Dr. Warburton supposes it to be.

A. B.

¹ *From any other foul unlawful touch.*] “Any other foul unlawful touch” must be wrong. The quarto reads, “bated foul, &c.” The true reading, I suppose, will be,

“From any *bated* foul unlawful touch.” A. B.

TRAITOR,

TRAITOR, TREASON.

He, that temper'd thee, bade thee stand up,
 Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
 Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
 If that same dæmon, that hath gull'd thee thus,
 Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
 He might return to vasty Tartar back,
 And tell the legions—I can never win
 A foul so easy as that Englishman's.

Henry V. A. 2, S. 2.

Our doubts are traitors,
 And make us lose the good we oft might win
 By fearing to attempt.

Measure for Measure, A. 1, S. 5.

——— If she be a traitor,
 Why so am I; we still have slept together,
 Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
 And wherefoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
 Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

As you like it, A. 1, S. 3.

Thus do all traitors;
 If their purgation did consist in words,
 They are as innocent as grace itself.

As you like it, A. 1, S. 3.

——— Her fair sister,
 Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
 Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
 Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
 But lest myself be guilty of self-wrong,
 I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Comedy of Errors, A. 3, S. 2.

Treason is not inherited, my lord;
 Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
 What's that to me? Mistake me not so much,
 To think my poverty is treacherous.

As you like it, A. 1, S. 3.

TRAVEL, TRAVELLER.

A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear, you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

As you like it, A. 4, S. 1.

You were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller.

All's well that ends well, A. 2, S. 3.

—— Our court you know is haunted With a refined traveller of Spain; A man in all the world's new fashion planted, That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:— A man of complements.

Love's Labour Lost, A. 1, S. 1.

Thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs, and the bannerets, about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden.

All's well that ends well, A. 2, S. 3.

—— Valentine, adieu!

Think on thy Protheus, when thou, haply, seest Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 1, S. 1.

Farewell, monsieur traveller: look, you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are.

As you like it, A. 4, S. 1.

—— To importune you, To let him spend his time no more at home, Which would be great impeachment to his age¹, In having known no travel in his youth.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 1, S. 3.

TRUTH.

¹ —— great impeachment to his age.] Impeachment is hindrance—
So in Henry V. “—— but

T R U T H.

I see a strange confession in thine eye :
 Thou shak'st thy head ; and hold'st it fear, or sin,
 To speak a truth. *Henry IV. P. 2, A. 1, S. 1.*

—— Ornament is but the guiled shore¹
 To a most dangerous sea ; the beauteous scarf
 Veiling an Indian beauty ; in a word,
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on
 To entrap the wisest. *Merchant of Venice, A. 3, S. 2.*

What in the world should make me now deceive,
 Since I must lose the use of all deceit ?
 Why should I then be false ; since it is true
 That I must die here, and live hence by truth ?
King John, A. 5, S. 4.

In this, the antique and well-noted face
 Of plain old form is much disfigured :
 Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
 For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.
King John, A. 4, S. 2.

Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
 With thy religious truth, and modesty,
 Now in his ashes honour : peace be with him !
Henry VIII. A. 4, S. 2.

“ —— but could be glad
 “ Without impeachment to march on to Calais.”

STEEVENS.

I do not see how “impeachment” can, in this place, have the sense of *hindrance*. In the quotation from Henry V. it certainly has that meaning, but here, I think, it signifies *discredit*, dishonour. A. B.

¹ —— *the guiled shore.*] i. e. The treacherous shore. I should not have thought that the word wanted explanation, but that some of the editors have rejected it, and read *gilded*.

STEEVENS.

“Guiled shore” is *deceived shore*. We must read *guiling shore*, i. e. deceitful. A. B.

Noble prince,
 As there comes light from heaven, and words from
 breath,
 As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
 I am affianc'd this man's wife as strongly
 As words could make up vows.

Measure for Measure, A. 5, S. 1.

—— This is all as true as it is strange:
 Nay, it is ten times true, for truth is truth
 To the end of reckoning.

Measure for Measure, A. 5, S. 1.

—— I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
 Mine honour for his truth: who being so heighten'd,
 He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
 Seducing so my friends: and, to this end,
 He bow'd his nature, never known before
 But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

Coriolanus, A. 5, S. 5.

While others fish with craft for great opinion,
 I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
 Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
 With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 4, S. 4.

—— Alas,
 I am as true as truth's simplicity,
 And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 3, S. 2.

As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
 As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
 As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—
 Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
 As truth's authentic author to be cited,
 As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,
 And sanctify the numbers.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 3, S. 2.

He's

He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
 With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd,
 Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.

All's well that ends well, A. 5, S. 3.

—— If speaking truth,
 In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
 Such attribution should the Douglas have,
 As not a foldier of this season's stamp
 Should go so general current through the world.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 4, S. 1.

If circumstances lead me, I will find
 Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
 Within the centre.

Hamlet, A. 2, S. 2.

Hugh Capet also, —

To fine his title¹ with some shew of truth.

Henry V. A. 1, S. 2.

T U T O R.

What, I say,

My foot my tutor²?

Tempest, A. 1, S. 2.

¹ *To fine his title*, &c.] This is the reading of the quarto 1608, that of the folio is, *to find his title*. I believe that *find* is right. The jury *finds* for the plaintiff, or *finds* for the defendant: *to find his title* is, to determine in favour of his title with some shew of truth. Dr. Warburton says, that *fine his title* is, to refine or improve it.

JOHNSON.

Both the quartos read, *to fine his title*, *i. e.* to make it *shewy* or *specious*, by some appearance of justice.

STEEVENS.

“*To fine his title*” should perhaps be—to *fix his title*, *i. e.* to settle his title; so that it should not any longer be disputed.

A. B.

² *My foot my tutor?*] This expression I do not understand. It should certainly be,—“*My foot my tutor?*” *Soot*, in old language, is *sweet*; and may here be used as a word of endearment.

“What! my sweeting become my tutor?”
 He shortly after calls her *darling*.

A. B.

T Y R A N T.

—— Why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
 Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
 But that he fees, the Romans are but sheep:
 He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.

Julius Cæsar, A. 1, S. 3.

—— It is excellent
 To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous,
 To use it like a giant.

Measure for Measure, A. 2, S. 2.

Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words.
 Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;
 Their touch affrights me, as a serpent's sting.
 Thou baleful messenger, out of my fight!
 Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny
 Sits, in grim majesty, to fright the world.

Henry VI. P. 2, A. 3, S. 2.

Ah me, I see the ruin of my house!
 The tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;
 Insulting tyranny begins to jut
 Upon the innocent and awless throne.

Richard III. A. 2, S. 4.

Richard: except, those whom we fight against
 Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
 For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
 A bloody tyrant, and a homicide.

Richard III. A. 5, S. 3.

—— I'll not call you tyrant,
 But this most cruel usage of your queen
 (Not able to produce more accusation
 Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) something fa-
 vours

Of tyranny.

Winter's Tale, A. 2, S. 3.

—— O thou tyrant!
 Do not repent these things; for they are heavier

Than all thy woes can stir : therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. *Winter's Tale*, A. 3, S. 2.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve !

Tempest, A. 2, S. 2.

U.

U N I O N.

——— **W**E grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted ;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries molded on one stem.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 3, S. 2.

U N K I N D N E S S.

——— Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught : O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture here,—
I can scarce speak to thee. *Lear*, A. 2, S. 4.

U S E.

As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint. *Measure for Measure*, A. 1, S. 3.

V A L O U R.

V.

V A L O U R.

IN a false quarrel there is no true valour.

Much ado about nothing, A. 5, S. 1.

I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? Have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 4, S. 3.

Then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart; who, great and puff'd up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 4, S. 3.

You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard.

King John, A. 2, S. 1.

Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart: and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as valour's monument.

Henry VI. P. 1, A. 3, S. 2.

———— The deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. *Coriolanus*, A. 2, S. 2.

What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,

When

When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all 'vantages.

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 1, S. 4.

There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins,
To give each naked curtle-ax a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheath for lack of sport: let us but blow on
them,

The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.

Henry V. A. 4, S. 2.

The better part of valour is—discretion: in the
which better part, I have saved my life.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 5, S. 4.

She did shew favour to the youth in your fight,
only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse va-
lour; to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your
liver: you should then have accosted her.

Twelfth Night, A. 3, S. 2.

———— We have seen nothing:

We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
Our valour is, to chace what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely. *Cymbeline, A. 3, S. 3.*

———— To be furious,

Is, to be frightened out of fear: and in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart: when valour preys on reason.
It eats the sword it fights with.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 3, S. 11.

So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces. *Tempest, A. 4, S. 1.*

———— Here I clip

The anvil of my sword; and do contest

As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. *Coriolanus*, A. 4, S. 5.

The composition, that your valour and fear makes
in you, is a virtue of a good wing¹, and I like the
wear well. *All's well that ends well*, A. 1, S. 1.

Mark then a bounding valour in our English;
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Breaks out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality².

Henry V. A. 4, S. 3.

¹ *Is a virtue of a good wing.*] Mr. Edwards is of opinion, that a virtue of a good wing, refers to his nimbleness in running away. The phrase, however, is taken from falconry, as may appear from Marston's *Fawne*.—"I love my hawk for the goodness of his wing, &c." Or it may be taken from dress. So in *Every Man Out of his Humour*—"I would have mine such a fuit, such stuff, such wing, &c." Mr. Tollet observes, that a good wing, signifies a strong wing in Lord Bacon's *Natural History*. STEEVENS.

"A virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well," is nonsense. For "wing" we must read *vigon*, a sort of Spanish wool. The whole should run thus—The composition that your valour and fear makes in you, is a vigon of good virtue, and I like the wear well.—i. e. Your valour and fear is a stuff of good manufacture, and I like the wear well. Without such reading, where is the integrity of the metaphor? as Dr. Warburton would say. A. B.

² *Killing in relapse of mortality.*] What it is to kill in relapse of mortality, I do not know. I suspect that it should be read:

"Killing in reliques of mortality."

That the allusion is, as Mr. Theobald thinks, *exceedingly beautiful*, I am afraid few readers will discover. The valour of a putrid body, that destroys by the stench, is one of the thoughts that do no great honour to the poet. JOHNSON.

"Mortality" is *sickness*, "relapse" is *return*, and the preposition "of" is used, as is common with the writers of Shakespeare's time, instead of *by*. The sense of the passage is this—The valour, or rather the power of our English is such, that being dead, they will yet (*in return*) destroy their enemies by breeding a sickness—by the stench which will arise from their bodies. A. B.

VENGEANCE.

V E N G E A N C E.

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell !
Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne,
To tyrannous hate ! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For, 'tis of aspicks' tongues ! *Othello*, A. 3, S. 3.

Thou dost, in thy passages of life,
Make me believe, that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,
To punish my mis-treadings.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 3, S. 2.

V I C T O R Y.

— Victory, with little loss doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French ;
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors. *King John*, A. 2, S. 2.

A victory is twice itself, when the atchiever brings
home full numbers.

Much ado about nothing, A. 1, S. 1.

——— At his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory ;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.

Coriolanus, A. 5, S. 5.

Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,
Came to my tent, and cry'd—On ! victory !
I promise you, my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.

Richard III. A. 5, S. 3.

A thousand hearts are great within my bosom :
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons !
Upon them ! victory sits on our helms.

Richard III. A. 5, S. 3.

V I L L A I N.

V I L L A I N.

Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore,
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;
Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath. *Othello*, A. 3, S. 3.

Which is the villain? let me see his eyes;
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him.

Much ado about nothing, A. 5, S. 1.

Write down—that they hope they serve God:—
and write God first; for God defend but God should
go before such villains!

Much ado about nothing, A. 4, S. 1.

When rich villains have need of poor ones, poor
ones may make what price they will.

Much ado about nothing, A. 3, S. 3.

Is he not approved in the height a villain, that
hath slander'd, scorn'd, dishonour'd my kinswoman?
O, that I were a man!

Much ado about nothing, A. 4, S. 1.

An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.

Merchant of Venice, A. 1, S. 3.

I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.

Merchant of Venice, A. 1, S. 3.

If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility?
revenge: If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should
his sufferance be by Christian example? why, re-
venge. The villainy, you teach me, I will execute;
and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

Merchant of Venice, A. 3, S. 1.

— A rush

—— A rush will be a beam
To hang thee on ; or, wouldst thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.

King John, A. 4, S. 3.

Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum :
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocence.

King John, A. 4, S. 3.

—— O, how this villainy
Doth fat me with the very thought of it !
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his foul black like his face.

Titus Andronicus, A. 3, S. 1.

—— Trust not the physician ;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob : take wealth and lives together ;
Do villainy, do, since you profess to do't,
Like workmen : I'll example you with thievery.

Timon of Athens, A. 4, S. 3.

—— A hungry lean-fac'd villain,
A meer anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller ;
A needy, hollow-ey'd sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man. *Comedy of Errors, A. 5, S. 1.*

—— Since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,---
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.

Richard III. A. 1, S. 1.

—— They whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey ;
But then I sigh, and with a piece of scripture,
Tell them---that God bids us do good for evil.

And

And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ.

Richard III. A. 1, S. 3.

O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables,—meet it is, I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark.

Hamlet, A. 1, S. 5.

——— Am I a coward?

Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lye i' the
throat

As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?
Ha! why I should take it: for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal.

Hamlet, A. 2, S. 2.

——— I lov'd my niece;

And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains;
That dare as well answer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.

Much ado about nothing, A. 5, S. 1.

I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and
baffle me¹.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 1, S. 2.

——— Love him, feed him,

Keep in your bosom: yet remain assur'd,
That he's a made-up villain².

Timon of Athens, A. 5, S. 1.

V I R G I N.

¹ *And baffle me.*] Mr. Tollet says, that *to baffle* means, to treat a person with the greatest ignominy imaginable; but I rather think that *to baffle* is, in this place, to *mock*, to *laugh at*. Bessler, Fr. A. B.

² *——— a made-up villain.*] That is, a villain that adopts qualities

V I R G I N.

Hail, virgin, if you be; as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less!

Measure for Measure, A. 1, S. 3.

V I R T U E.

—— 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To say,—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous.

Othello, A. 3, S. 3.

Do you think, I do not know you by your excellent wit? can virtue hide itself?

Much ado about nothing, A. 2, S. 1.

It is most expedient for the wife (if Don Worm, his conscience, finds no impediment to the contrary) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself.

Much ado about nothing, A. 5, S. 2.

My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.

Julius Cæsar, A. 2, S. 3.

There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.

Merchant of Venice, A. 3, S. 2.

—— For you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself;

qualities and characters not properly belonging to him; a hypocrite.

JOHNSON.

I rather believe that by “a made-up villain” we are to understand, a man who is skilled or complete in rogueries. Dr. Johnson considers *made-up* in the sense of *counterfeit*, but he is surely wrong. If any one, of bad character, adopts qualities and manners that do not properly belong to him, we cannot say that he counterfeits the villain, but on the contrary, that he counterfeits the honest man.

A. B.

A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich ; that to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account. *Merchant of Venice*, A. 3, S. 2.

Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.
Measure for Measure, A. 3, S. 1.

——— If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues,—which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing,—let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through.

Henry VIII. A. 1, S. 2.

——— If our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not.

Measure for Measure, A. 1, S. 1.

——— Most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue.

Measure for Measure, A. 2, S. 2.

Virtue he had, deserving to command :
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams ;
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings ;
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
Than mid-day sun, fierce bent against their faces.

Henry VI. P. 1, A. 1, S. 1.

My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers ;
That love, which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 3, S. 2.

Myself have often heard him say, and swear,—
That this his love was an eternal plant ;
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun.

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 3, S. 3.

I ——— Your

—— Your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.

As you like it, A. 2, S. 3.

—— Of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece;
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her virtues.

As you like it, A. 1, S. 2.

The only foil of his fair virtue's gloss,
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any foil)
Is a sharp wit, match'd with too blunt a will.

Love's Labour Lost, A. 2, S. 1.

—— All his virtues,—
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,—
Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss;
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 2, S. 3.

—— For the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue 'specially to be achiev'd.

Taming of the Shrew, A. 1, S. 1.

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignify'd by the doer's deed:
Where great additions swell, and virtue none,
It is a drop'd honour.

All's well that ends well, A. 2, S. 3.

You are more faucy with lords, and honourable
personages, than the heraldry of your birth and vir-
tue gives you commission.

All's well that ends well, A. 2, S. 3.

Any thing, that's mended, is but patch'd: virtue,
that transgresses, is but patch'd with sin; and sin,
that amends, is but patch'd with virtue.

Twelfth Night, A. 1, S. 5.

The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
 If she unmask her beauty to the moon :
 Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes :
 The canker galls the infants of the spring,
 Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd,
 And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
 Contagious blastments are most imminent.

Hamlet, A. 1, S. 3.

——— Forgive me this my virtue :
 For, in the fatness of these purfy times,
 Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg ;
 Yea, curb, and woo, for leave to do him good.

Hamlet, A. 3, S. 4.

O, throw away the worser part of it,
 And live the purer with the other half.
 Good night : but go not to mine uncle's bed ;
 Assume a virtue, if you have it not.

Hamlet, A. 3, S. 4.

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
 Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven ;
 So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
 Will fate itself in a celestial bed,
 And prey on garbage.

Hamlet, A. 1, S. 5.

Virtue is of so little regard in these coster-monger
 times, that true valour is turn'd bearherd : preg-
 nancy¹ is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit
 wasted in giving reckonings.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 1, S. 2.

¹ *Pregnancy.*] *Pregnancy* is readiness. STEEVENS.
 "Pregnancy" is something more than readiness. It means
 liveliness, great abilities. A. B.

V O W S.

* It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;
But vows to every purpose must not hold.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 5, S. 3.

'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth;
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by
But take the highest to witnesses.

All's well that ends well, A. 4, S. 2.

Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 3, S. 2.

Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sister's vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,—O, and is all forgot?

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 3, S. 2.

Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears:
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 3, S. 2.

Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 2, S. 6.

[*It is the purpose.*] The mad prophetess speaks here with all the coolness and judgment of a skilful casuist. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is right. But was he to be told that *reason* is frequently found in *madness*? He might, indeed, have learnt it from our author:

“O matter and impertinency mixt!

“Reason in madness!”

See *King Lear*.

A. B.

——— Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance;
love,
Where there's another man: the vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues.

Cymbeline, A. 2, S. 4.

Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
By the revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villainy; not born, where't grows;
But worn, a bait for ladies. *Cymbeline, A. 3, S. 4.*

V O Y A G E.

As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage, is but merely
A fit or two o' the face¹. *Henry VIII. A. 1, S. 3.*

¹ *A fit or two o' the face.*] A fit of the face seems to be what we now term a *grimace*, an artificial cast of the countenance.

JOHNSON.

“A fit o' the face” seems rather to be a resemblance. He means that they had caught the manners of the French. It appears to be of the same import as *trick o' the face*, which we now use, and which means nothing more than a *likeness*.

A. B.

W A R.

W.

W A R, W A R S.

——— **I** HAVE be-dimm'd
The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war. *Tempest, A. 5, S. 1.*

Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain, which darkens him.
Antony and Cleopatra, A. 3, S. 1.

——— Will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war?
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light,
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?
Henry IV. P. 1, A. 5, S. 1.

——— Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood.
Henry IV. P. 1, A. 4, S. 1.

In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars:
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,

That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 2, S. 3.

No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flow'rets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 1, S. 1.

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Richard III. A. 4, S. 4.

Grim-visag'd War hath smooth'd his wrinkled front,
And now,—instead of mounting barbed steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.

Richard III. A. 1, S. 1.

——— O War, thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance!

Henry VI. P. 2, A. 5, S. 2.

This is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist
(that was his own phrase) that had the whole theo-
rique of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice
in the chape of his dagger.

All's well that ends well, A. 4, S. 3.

——— Poor lord! is't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war?

All's well that ends well, A. 3, S. 2.

'Tis

'Tis not the roundure of your old fac'd walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war.

King John, A. 2, S. 1.

—— His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike: war is no strife
To the dark house, and the detested wife.

All's well that ends well, A. 2, S. 3.

You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one
captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war,
here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword en-
trench'd it. *All's well that ends well, A. 2, S. 1.*

Were half to half the world by the ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt. *Coriolanus, A. 1, S. 1.*

Think'st thou, that I will leave my kingly throne,
Wherein my grandfire, and my father, sat?
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
Ay, and their colours—often borne in France;
And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow;
Shall be my winding-sheet.

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 1, S. 1.

This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 2, S. 5.

—— What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,

¹ 'Tis not the rondure.] *Rondure* means the same as the French *rondeur*, i. e. the circle. STEEVENS.

To suppose that by "rondure" Philip means the roundness of their walls, that he is merely describing them as a circle, were highly absurd. By *rondure* we are to understand the round, the whole extent of the walls. A. B.

The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares ;
Where foxes, geese. *Coriolanus*, A. 1, S. 1.

Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! my throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! *Coriolanus*, A. 3, S. 2.

—— You, lord archbishop,
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war?
Turning your books to graves¹, your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances; and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?
Henry IV. P. 2, A. 4, S. 1.

Be copy now to men of groffer blood,
And teach them how to war!—And you, good yeo-
men,
Whose limbs were made in England, shew us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding.

Henry V. A. 3, S. 1.

¹ *Turning your books to graves.*] For graves Dr. Warburton very plausibly reads *glaiives*, and is followed by Sir T. Hanmer.

JOHNSON.

We might perhaps as plausibly read *greaves*, i. e. armour for the legs: a kind of boots. Ben Jonson employs the word in his *Hymenæi*.

“Upon their legs they wore silver *greaves*.”

I know not whether it be worth adding, that the metamorphosis of *leathern covers of books* into *greaves*, i. e. *boots*, seems to be more apposite than the conversion of them into instruments of war.

STEEVENS.

“*Glaives*” is unquestionably the true reading. The metamorphosis (as Mr. Steevens calls it) of the *covers of books* into *boots*, is certainly more easy than the changing of them into *swords*. But “*turning your books to glaves*,” is not to be taken literally:—the meaning is, *quitting your books to take up arms*.

A. B.

—— Mothers

— Mothers shall but smile, when they behold
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
 All pity choak'd with custom of fell deeds:
 And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
 With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
 Cry havock, and let slip the dogs of war.

Julius Cæsar, A. 3, S. 1.

—— Take heed how you impawn our person,
 How you awake the sleeping sword of war;
 We charge you, in the name of God, take heed:
 For never two such kingdoms did contend,
 Without much fall of blood. *Henry V.* A. 1, S. 2.

—— Thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
 And tame the savage spirit of wild War;
 That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
 It may lie gently at the foot of Peace.

King John, A. 5, S. 2.

—— This commodity,
 This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
 Clapt on the outward eye of fickle France,
 Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
 From a resolv'd and honourable war,
 To a most base and vile-concluded peace.

King John, A. 2, S. 2.

—— O, farewell!
 Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump,
 The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
 The royal banner; and all quality,
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!

Othello, A. 3, S. 3.

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
 But by the chance of war¹. *Henry IV. P. 1*, A. 1, S. 3.

—— The

¹ *He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,*

But by the chance of war.] A poor apology for a soldier
 and

———— The mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother¹.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 3, S. 4.
O, wi-

and man of honour, that he fell off, and revolted by the chance of war. The poet certainly wrote,

“ But ’bides the chance of war.”

i. e. He never did revolt, but *abides* the chance of war, as a prisoner. WARBURTON.

The plain meaning is, he came not into the enemy's power but by the chance of war. To *'bide* the chance of war may well enough signify, to stand the hazard of a battle, but can scarcely mean to endure the severity of a prison. JOHNSON.

Notwithstanding the attempt of Dr. Johnson to explain the present reading, I cannot help thinking that the passage is corrupt. The poet may have written,

“ He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
“ But *try'd* the chance of war.”

The meaning will then be, that Mortimer neither revolted to the enemy, nor hung back during the fight: that he did his utmost. A. B.

¹ *I'll raise the preparation of a war*

Shall stain your brother.] Thus the printed copies. But sure, Antony, whose business here is to mollify Octavia, does it with a very ill grace: and 'tis a very odd way of satisfying her, to tell her, the war he raises, shall *stain*, *i. e.* cast an odium upon her brother. I have no doubt but we must read, with the addition only of a single letter,

“ Shall *strain* your brother,”

i. e. shall lay him under constraints; shall put him to such shifts, that he shall neither be able to make progress against, or to prejudice me. THEOBALD.

I do not see but *stain* may be allowed to remain unaltered, meaning no more than *shame* or *disgrace*. JOHNSON.

“ Stain,” I think, is right, only that it should be printed *'stain* for *sustain*, or *support*. The context will warrant this reading. Antony says, that if he loses his honour, he loses himself: still, adds he, to shew you how much I am inclined to be well with Cæsar, yourself shall go between us, and I will make preparation to support him, if he be so minded as to act with me. “ So your desires are yours,” continues he, *i. e.* you have your wishes for a perfect reconciliation: be quick, and, if possible, effect it. To this Octavia returns him thanks, which she would certainly not have done, had he insinuated that he meant to *shame* or *disgrace* her brother. When it appears to you, proceeds Antony, where this begins (*i. e.* where there is any fault),

turn

O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The foldier's pole¹ is fall'n; young boys, and girls,
Are level now with men.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 4, S. 13.

W A R R I O R.

——— Tell the constable,
We are but warriors for the working-day :
Our gayness, and our guilt, are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field.

Henry V. A. 4, S. 3.

——— Thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate².

Henry VI. P. 1, A. 1, S. 2.

W A V E S.

——— Like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see. *Twelfth Night*, A. 1, S. 2.

W E A R I N E S S.

——— Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard. *Cymbeline*, A. 3, S. 6.

turn your displeasure that way. From all which we may infer,
that he was willing to assist Cæsar, if in honour he could do so.
The poet wrote *'stain* on account of the metre. A. B.

¹ *The soldier's pole.*] He at whom the soldiers pointed, as at a
pageant held high for observation. JOHNSON.

Perhaps by "soldier's pole," is meant the *standard*—the prin-
cipal military ensign. A. B.

² *If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.*] "Mate" should be
meet. *Meet* is here used as a substantive, and in the sense of
equal—one who may be allowed to enter the lists with him.

A. B.

W E L C O M E.

W E L C O M E.

Sir, you are very welcome to our house :
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

Merchant of Venice, A. 5, S. 1.

A hundred thousand welcomes : I could weep,
And I could laugh ; I am light, and heavy. Wel-
come.

A curse begin at very root of's heart,
That is not glad to see thee !

Coriolanus, A. 2, S. 1.

— Therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

Hamlet, A. 1, S. 5.

——— Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, shew in our brother's welcome ;
Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart. *Winter's Tale, A. 1, S. 2.*

——— Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome ; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.

Winter's Tale, A. 4, S. 3.

W I D O W.

Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings !
A widow cries ; be husband to me, heavens !
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace. *King John, A. 3, S. 1.*
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed ?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety ?

Richard III. A. 1, S. 2.

— See

—— See what now thou art.

For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
 For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
 For one being su'd to, one that humbly sues;
 For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care:
 For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
 For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
 For one commanding all, obey'd of none.

Richard III. A. 4, S. 4.

—— A poor petitioner,
 A care-craz'd mother to a many fons,
 A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
 Even in the afternoon of her best days,
 Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
 Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts
 To base declension.

Richard III. A. 3, S. 7.

If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere
 he dies, he shall live no longer in monument, than
 the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

Much ado about nothing, A. 5, S. 2.

W I F E.

If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife :---
 My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife:
 O insupportable! O heavy hour!
 Methinks, it should be now a huge eclipse
 Of sun and moon; and that the affrighted globe
 Should yawn at alteration.

Othello, A. 5, S. 2.

W I N D S.

I am a feather for each wind that blows.

Winter's Tale, A. 2, S. 3.

Thou shalt be as free
 As mountain winds.

Tempest, A. 1, S. 2.

—— The

———— The elements

Of whom your fwords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowe that's in my plume. *Tempest*, A. 3, S. 3.

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the
cocks!

You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt couriers to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head! *Lear*, A. 3, S. 2.

The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempest, and a blustering day.
Henry IV. P. 1, A. 5, S. 1.

How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The skarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like a prodigal doth she return;
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!
Merchant of Venice, A. 2, S. 6.

To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world.
Measure for Measure, A. 3, S. 1.

Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
Have every pelting^r river made so proud,
That they have over-borne their continents.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 2, S. 2.

W I N E.

^r ——— pelting.] The meaning is plainly despicable, mean, sorry,
wretched,

W I N E.

O thou invifible fpirit of wine, if thou haft no name to be known by, let us call thee---devil ! O, that men fhould put an enemy in their mouths, to ftéal away their brains ! that we fhould, with joy, revel, pleafure, and applaufe, transform ourfelves into beafts !

Othello, A. 2, S. 3.

W I S D O M.

——— Wiſdom wiſhes to appear moſt bright,
When it doth tax itſelf.

Measure for Measure, A. 2, S. 4.

The amity that wiſdom knits not, folly may eaſily untie.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 2, S. 3.

——— Full oft we ſee
Cold wiſdom waiting on ſuperfluous folly.

All's well that ends well, A. 1, S. 1.

Thus do we of wiſdom and of reach,
With windlaces, and with aſſays of bias,
By indirections find directions out ;
So, by my former lecture and advice,
Shall you, my ſon : you have me, have you not ?

Hamlet, A. 2, S. 1.

W I T.

Sometimes I have no more wit than a Chriſtian, or an ordinary man has : but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Twelfth Night, A. 1, S. 3.

wretched, but as it is a word without any reaſonable etymology, I ſhould be glad to diſmiſs it for *petty* ; yet it is undoubtedly right.

JOHNSON.

“Pelting” ſhould be *palting*. See note on King Lear.

A. B.

Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.

Love's Labour Lost, A. 1, S. 1.

—— Gentle, sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet
With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light.

Love's Labour Lost, A. 5, S. 2.

—— The world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons, and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit.

Love's Labour Lost, A. 5, S. 2.

None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant.

Love's Labour Lost, A. 5, S. 2.

This fellow picks up wit, as pigeons peas;
And utters it again, when Jove doth please:
He is wit's pedlar. *Love's Labour Lost, A. 5, S. 2.*

Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth, in simplicity.

Love's Labour Lost, A. 5, S. 2.

You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of
Atlanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? we
two will rail against our mistresses, the world, and all
our misery.

As you like it, A. 3, S. 2.

A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in
it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all
the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours which en-
viron it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive,
full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which
deliver'd

deliver'd o'er to the voice (the tongue), which is the birth, becomes excellent wit.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 4, S. 3.

A good old man, fir; he will be talking; as they say, when the age is in, the wit is out.

Much ado about nothing, A. 3, S. 5.

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak.

Much ado about nothing, A. 3, S. 1.

¹ That I had no angry wit to be a lord.

Timon of Athens, A. 1, S. 1.

W I T C H.

Saint Withold footed thrice the wold;
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;

Bid her alight,

And her troth plight,

And, aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee²!

Lear, A. 3, S. 4.

G g 2

Aroynt

¹ *That I had no angry wit to be a lord.*] This reading is absurd and unintelligible. But as I have restored the text, *that I had so hungry a wit to be a lord*, it is satirical enough of conscience. Viz. I would hate myself, for having no more wit than to covet so insignificant a title. WARBURTON.

The meaning may be, I should hate myself for patiently enduring to be a lord. This is ill enough expressed. Perhaps some happy change may set it right. I have tried, and can do nothing, yet I cannot heartily concur with Dr. Warburton.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps we may read,

“So angry wit.”

Shakespeare may use *angry* in the sense of *perverse, untoward*.

A. B.

² — aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee!] We should read the line thus:

“Aroynt

¹ Aroynt thee, witch ! the rump-fed ronyon ² cries.
Macbeth, A. 1, S. 3.

W O E, W O E S.

Now the wasted brands do glow,
 Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch'ing loud,
 Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
 In remembrance of a shroud.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 5, S. 2.

“Aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee, *right*.”

i. e. depart forthwith.

WARBURTON.

“Aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee!” *i. e.* scab take thee, witch, scab take thee! *See note on Macbeth.*

There is no occasion for Dr. Warburton's reading, “aroynt thee right,” or *depart forthwith*. How *aroynt* could ever be supposed to have the sense of *depart*, I have not been able to discover.

A. B.

¹ *Aroynt thee.*] *Aroint*, or *avaunt*, be gone.

POPE.

I had met with the word *aroint* in no other author, till looking into Heern's Collections, I found it in a very old drawing, that he has published, in which St. Patrick is represented visiting hell, and putting the devils into great confusion by his presence, of whom one, that is driving the damned before him with a prong, has a label issuing out of his mouth, with these words, OUT · OUT, ARONGT, of which the last is evidently the same with *aroint*, and used in the same sense as in this passage.

JOHNSON.

The commentators are agreed that *aroint* is the same as *avaunt*; but they have totally mistaken the meaning of the word. “Royne” is *scab*, a term of reproach, and frequently used as such by our earlier writers. We must therefore read,

“Aroint the witch!”

i. e. scab take, or scab catch the witch. “Aroint” is formed by the same analogy as *arouse*, *aright*, &c. but improperly.

“Out out, arongt,” as instanced by Dr. Johnson, means *out out, scab!*

A. B.

² ——— *ronyon cries.*] *i. e.* A scabby or mangy woman. Fr. *Rogneux*, *royne*, scurf.

STEEVENS.

I do not think Mr. Steevens has rightly explained the word. Bailey says, that *ronyon* means a fat, bulky woman. It seems in this place, however, to have the sense of *snarler*, from *rogonner*, Fr. to snarl, to growl, to grumble.

A. B.

— I have

—— I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 3, S. 1.

Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And, to the nightingale's complaining notes,
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 5, S. 3.

That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy; O, woe is me!
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Hamlet, A. 3, S. 1.

—— We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe; and think of us
As of a father: for, let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne;
And, with no less nobility of love¹
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart toward you. *Hamlet, A. 1, S. 2.*

—— Wise men ne'er wail their present woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.

Richard II. A. 3, S. 2.

—— One that was a woful looker-on,
² When as the noble duke of York was slain.

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 2, S. 1.

G g 3

—— Our

¹ *And with no less nobility of love.] Nobility for magnitude.*

WARBURTON.

Nobility is rather generosity.

JOHNSON.

"Nobility of love" may mean, true and virtuous love.

A. B.

² *Ab, one that was a woful looker-on,*

When as the noble duke of York was slain.] "When as"
should be printed as a single word, *whenas*. It means nothing
more than *when*: *as* is added for the sake of the metre. So

"whereas"

——— Our escape
Is much beyond our loss : our hint of woe¹
Is common. *Tempest*, A. 2, S. 1.

W O M A N,

Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man ; men, that she is
That rarest of all women. *Winter's Tale*, A. 5, S. 1.

If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are, took something good,
To make a perfect woman : she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd. *Winter's Tale*, A. 5, S. 1.

——— E'en a woman ; and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares. It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods ;
To tell them that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stolen our jewel.
Antony and Cleopatra, A. 4, S. 13.

These dangerous unsafe lunes o' the king ! beshrew
them !

He must be told on't, and he shall : the office
Becomes a woman best ; I'll take't upon me :
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister.
Winter's Tale, A. 2, S. 2.

"whereas" is frequently printed for *where*. So in our author's poem—"Wholesome Counsel."

Whenas thine eye hath chose the dame. A. B.

¹ ——— *our hint of woe.*] *Hint* is that which recalls to the memory. The cause that fills our minds with grief is common. Dr. Warburton reads *stint* of woe. JOHNSON.

I would read, "Our hent of woe." *Hent*, in Chaucer and Spencer, is, *got, caught, laid hold of*. "Our hent of woe" may therefore mean, *the woe that seizes or preys on us.* A. B.

——— However

—— However we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are. *Twelfth Night*, A. 2, S. 4.

— Women are as roses; whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.
Twelfth Night, A. 2, S. 4.

Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.
Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 5, S. 3.

You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear, and niceness,
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Women its pretty self) into a waggish courage;
Ready in gybes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the weazel. *Cymbeline*, A. 3, S. 4.

—— Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: and yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on't;—frailty, thy name is woman!
Hamlet, A. 1, S. 2.

A woman mov'd, is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Taming of the Shrew, A. 5, S. 2.

Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!
Think we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn critics—apt without a theme,
For depravation—to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule. *Troilus and Cressida*, A. 5, S. 2.

Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will
out at the casement; shut that, it will fly with the
smoak out at the chimney.

As you like it, A. 4, S. 1.

——— In that day's feats,
 ' When he might act the woman in the scene,
 He prov'd best man i' the field.

Coriolanus, A. 1, S. 2.

Do you not know I am a woman? when I think,
 I must speak. *As you like it*, A. 3, S. 2.

The duke is made protector of the realm;
 And yet shalt thou be safe? Such safety finds
 The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.
 Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
 The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,
 Before I would have granted to that act.

Henry VI. P. 3, A. 1, S. 1.

Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
 Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
 Bidst thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish;
 Wouldst thou have me weep? why, now thou hast thy
 will. *Henry VI. P. 3*, A. 1, S. 4.

I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore
 I will die a woman with grieving.
Much ado about nothing, A. 4, S. 1.

One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is
 wise; yet I am well: another virtuous; yet I am

¹ *When he might act the woman in the scene.*] It has been more
 than once mentioned, that the parts of women were, in Shake-
 speare's time, represented by the most smooth faced young men
 to be found among the players. STEEVENS.

This does not appear to me to have any allusion to plays or
 players. "When he might act the woman in the scene," seems
 to mean, that from his extreme youth, little was expected from
 him in the field: yet at the time when he was only sixteen years
 of age, and when he would not have been censured had he shewn
 the fear and timidity of a woman, he proved himself an hero.
 Beside, it is Cominius who speaks, and not Shakespeare.

A. B.

well;

well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace.

Much ado about nothing, A. 2, S. 3.

I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:

I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman well-reputed; Cato's daughter.

Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?

Julius Caesar, A. 2, S. 1.

All women shall pardon me: because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, for the which I may go the finer I will live a bachelor.

Much ado about nothing, A. 1, S. 1.

—— My sometime general,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,

As 'tis to laugh at them. *Coriolanus*, A. 4, S. 1.

—— With immodest hatred,
The child-bed privilege deny'd, which 'longs
To women of all fashion;—lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit¹.

Winter's Tale, A. 3, S. 2.

¹ *I have got strength of limit.*] I know not well how strength of limit, can mean *strength to pass the limits* of the child-bed chamber, which yet it must mean in this place, unless we read in a more easy phrase, *strength of limb*. JOHNSON.

“Strength of limit” should, perhaps, be strength *or* limit. Limit for the usual, or appointed, or settled time, for quitting her chamber. A. B.

W O R D.

What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he?
What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where
remains he? How parted he with thee? And when
shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

As you like it, A. 3, S. 2.

— Hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you.

King John, A. 4, S. 1.

¹ ——— These haughty words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees.

Henry VI. P. 1, A. 3, S. 3.

Gregory, o' my word, ² we'll not carry coals.

Romeo and Juliet, A. 1, S. 1.

That

¹ ——— *these haughty words of hers*

Have batter'd me like roaring cannon shot.] How these
lines came hither I know not. There is nothing in the speech
of Joan haughty or violent; it is all soft entreaty and mild ex-
postulation. JOHNSON.

“Haughty” does not here mean *violent* or *vehement*, but *great*,
important. He says, in the next scene, his haughty courage,
i. e. his great, his distinguished valour. A. B.

² ——— *we'll not carry coals.]* Dr. Warburton very justly ob-
serves, that this was a phrase formerly in use, but as he has given
no instances in support of his declaration, I thought it necessary
to subjoin the following:

Nash, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, says, “We
“will bear no coles.” So in Marston’s *Antonio and Melida*,
“He has had wrong; and if I were he, *I would bear no coles.*”
Again in *May-day*, “You must swear by no man’s beard but
“your own, for that may breed a quarrel; above all things,
“you must *carry no coals.*” And again in the same play,
“Now my ancient being a man of an *un-coal carrying* spirit.”

STEEVENS,
A quibble

That in the captain's but a cholerick word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Measure for Measure, A. 2, S. 2.

W O R L D.

——— World, world, O world!

But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age. *Lear*, A. 4, S. 1.

I am sorry, I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 5, S. 3.

Why, let the stricken deer go weep,

The hart ungalled play :

For some must watch, while some must sleep ;

Thus runs the world away. *Hamlet*, A. 3, S. 2.

——— O God! O God!

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world !

Hamlet, A. 1, S. 2.

I care not for thee, Kate ; this is no world,
To play with mammet¹, and to tilt with lips :
We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 2, S. 3.

A quibble on *coal*, Eng. and *colle*, Fr. *Colle* is what we call *sham*, *bam*, *imposition*. “ We'll not carry coles,” or *colles*,—*i. e.* We'll not be *imposed on*. We'll not be *bamboozled*. A. B.

¹ ——— *mammet*s.] *Puppets*.

JOHNSON.

“ Mammet” are undoubtedly *puppets*. But why should Hotspur be thought so very ungallant as to call his lady a puppet ? I am rather inclined to think that the poet wrote *mammels* (*mammelles*, Fr.)

“ To play with mammals, and to tilt with lips.”

In this reading there is that *integrity of expression*, which otherwise we may look for in vain. A. B.

You, in my respect, are all the world :
Then how can it be said, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me ?

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 2, S. 2.

—— The spring, the summer,
The childing autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries ; and the 'mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 2, S. 2.

—— Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world,
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it. *Othello, A. 5, S. 2.*

O, world, thy slippery turns ! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour
On a diffension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity. *Coriolanus, A. 4, S. 4.*

O my good lord, the world is but a word¹ ;
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone !

Timon of Athens, A. 2, S. 2.

¹ O my good lord, the world is but a world.] The folio reads :
“ —— but a word,”

And this is right. The meaning is, as the world itself may be
comprised in a word, you might give it away in a breath.

WARBURTON:

I think the reading—“ the world is but a world,” meaning
that the goods of this world are in our possession, and that we may
dispose of them as we think proper, the more forcible of the
two. If, however, we must admit the change of world to word,
it would be better to read,

“ O my good lord, the world's but as a word.”

In the Merchant of Venice, Anthonio says,

“ I hold the world but as the world.”

A. B.

I saw

I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on,
 His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
 Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
 As if an angel dropt down from the clouds,
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
 And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 4, S. 1.

—— He doth bestride the narrow world,
 Like a Coloffus; and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

Julius Cæsar, A. 1, S. 2.

—— Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestick world,
 And bear the palm alone.

Julius Cæsar, A. 1, S. 2.

Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
 Our enemies have beat us to the pit:
 It is more worthy, to leap in ourselves,
 Than tarry till they push us.

Julius Cæsar, A. 5, S. 5.

Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
 Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
 For Cassius is a weary of the world:
 Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
 Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observed,
 Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
 To cast into my teeth. *Julius Cæsar, A. 4, S. 3.*

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
 A stage, where every man must play a part.

Merchant of Venice, A. 1, S. 1.

You

You have too much respect upon the world :
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.

Merchant of Venice, A. 1, S. 1.

I am too high-born to be property'd,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.

King John, A. 5, S. 2.

About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold, should be his last) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Henry VIII. A. 4, S. 2.

— Good old man; how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!

As you like it, A. 2, S. 3.

Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

As you like it, A. 2, S. 3.

Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

As you like it, A. 2, S. 7.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players :
They have their exits, and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many parts.

As you like it, A. 2, S. 7.

He's gentle; never school'd, and yet learned; full
of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved;
and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world,
and

and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised.

As you like it, A. 1, S. 1.

His nature is too noble for the world:

He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,

Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his mouth,

What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent:

And, being angry, doth forget that ever

He heard the name of death. *Coriolanus*, A. 3, S. 1.

Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,

Unapt to toil and trouble in the world;

But that our soft condition, and our hearts,

Should well agree with our external parts?

Taming of the Shrew, A. 5, S. 2.

You must die: the general says, you that have so traiterously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no very honest use.

All's well that ends well, A. 4, S. 3.

We must suggest the people, in what hatred

He still hath held them; that, to his power, he would

Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and

Disproperty'd their freedoms: holding them,

In human action and capacity,

Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,

Than camels in their war. *Coriolanus*, A. 2, S. 1.

Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath, proceeded

The sweet degrees that this brief world affords

To such as may the passive drugs of it

Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd thyself

In general riot.

Timon of Athens, A. 4, S. 3.

I, that

I, that am
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionably,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them;—
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time;
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity.

Richard III. A. 1, S. 1.

This is the excellent foppery of the world! that, when we are sick in fortune (after the surfeit of our own behaviour), we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars; as if we were villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on.

Lear, A. 1, S. 2.

W O R M.

—— Thou art by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm¹. *Measure for Measure, A. 3, S. 1.*

¹ —— *the soft and tender fork*

Of a poor worm.] *Worm* is used for any creeping thing or *serpent*. Shakespeare supposes falsely, but according to the vulgar notion, that a serpent wounds with his tongue, and that his tongue is *forked*. He confounds reality and fiction; a serpent's tongue is *soft*, but not *forked* nor hurtful. If it could hurt, it could not be soft. JOHNSON.

Shakespeare could never suppose that a serpent wounds with his tongue, or he would not have said, the “soft and tender fork.” He insinuates that the tongue of the serpent is exactly the reverse of hurtful; but that men are apt to be frightened by appearance, or alarmed from vulgar prejudice. “Fork” is not *forked*, but used simply for *tongue*. A. B.

W O R T H.

W O R T H.

—— 'Twas you incens'd the rabble :
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know. *Coriolanus*, A. 4, S. 2.

—— It so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it ; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value¹.
Much ado about nothing, A. 4, S. 1.

W R O N G.

—— The wrongs I have done thee, stir
Afresh within me : and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness !

Winter's Tale, A. 5, S. 1.

—— I cannot forget
The wrong I did myself : which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom ; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of. *Winter's Tale*, A. 5, S. 1.

—— Such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and phyfic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.

King John, A. 5, S. 2.

—— Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none.

All's well that ends well, A. 1, S. 1.

¹ —— *we rack the value.*] i. e. We exaggerate the value. The allusion is to *rack-rents*. STEEVENS.

It were better to read,

“ —— *reck the value.*”

i. e. Rate it according to its worth.

A. B.

Y.

Y O U T H.

NOW all the youth of England are on fire,
 And filken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;
 Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
 Reigns solely in the breast of every man:
 They sell the pasture now to buy the horse;
 Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
 With winged heels, as English mercuries.

Henry V. A. 2, Chorus.

—— By his light,
 Did all the chivalry of England move
 To do brave acts; he was, indeed, the glass
 Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 2, S. 3.

—— There is my hand;
 You shall be as a father to my youth:
 My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear;
 And I will stoop and humble my intents
 To your well-practis'd wise directions.

Henry IV. P. 2, A. 5, S. 2.

—— Turn two mincing steps
 Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
 Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
 How honourable ladies sought my love,
 Which I denying, they fell sick and dy'd.

Merchant of Venice, A. 3, S. 4.

—— In

———— In her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men.

Measure for Measure, A. 1, S. 3.

It is a pretty youth;—not very pretty:—
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes
him:

He'll make a proper man.

As you like it, A. 3, S. 5.

At which time would I, being but a moonish youth,
grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and
liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant,
full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion some-
thing, and for no passion truly any thing.

As you like it, A. 3, S. 2.

— In my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.

As you like it, A. 2, S. 3.

I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' the blade of youth;
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

All's well that ends well, A. 5, S. 3.

———— Such extenuation let me beg,
As in reproof of many tales devis'd,—
By smiling pick-thanks and base news-mongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 3, S. 2.

O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth:
I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;

H h 2

They

They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword my
flesh,

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool.

Henry IV. P. 1, A. 5, S. 4.

Cease to persuade, my loving Protheus;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 1, S. 1.

———— If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart¹ disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits²,
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child! *Lear, A. 1, S. 4.*

¹ ——— *thwart.*] *Thwart*, as a noun adjective, is not frequent in our language; it is however to be found in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578, "Sith fortune thwarte doth cross my joys with care!"
HENDERSON.

Thwart is an adjective, and is very common with the earlier writers: it is sometimes employed as a substantive, as—"a thwart" for an *abortion*.
A. B.

² *Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits, To laughter and contempt.*] Her "mother's pains" here signifies, not bodily sufferings, or the throes of child-birth, but *maternal cares*; the solicitude of a mother for her child. Mr. Roderic is mistaken in supposing that the sex of this child is ascertained by the word *her*, which clearly relates, not to Goneril's issue, but to herself. "Her mother's pains" means, the pains she takes as a mother.
MALONE.

Mr. Malone's observation is very just. I would, however, read "mother-pains"—the sense will then be clearer. It is the mark of the genitive case which obscures the meaning.
A. B.

———— There

———— There is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths¹, that even now
Protest their first of manhood. *Macbeth*, A. 5, S. 2.

———— Choak his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise².
King John, A. 4, S. 2.

Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth,
that are written down old with all the characters of
age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yel-
low cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an
increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your
wind short? your chin double? your wit single³?
and every part about you blasted with antiquity?
Henry IV. P. 2, A. 1, S. 2.

¹ ——— *unrough youths.*] An odd expression. It means smooth-
faced, unbearded. STEEVENS.

“Unrough” is surely *unhardy*; such as have never experi-
enced the fatigues of war. A. B.

² ——— *good exercise.*] In the middle ages, the whole educa-
tion of princes and noble youths consisted in martial exercises,
&c. These could not be easily had in a prison, where mental
improvements might have been afforded, as well as any where
else; but this sort of education never entered into the thoughts
of our active, warlike, but illiterate nobility. PERCY.

If, in the middle ages, the *whole education* of princes and no-
ble youths consisted in martial exercises, &c.—what is meant
by the following passage?

“———— to choak his days
“ With barbarous ignorance.” A. B.

³ *Your wit single.*] We call a man single-witted, who attains
but one species of knowledge. This sense I know not how to
apply to Falstaff, and rather think that the Chief Justice hints at
a calamity always incident to a grey-haired wit, whose misfor-
tune is, that his merriment is unfashionable. His allusions are
to forgotten facts; his illustrations are drawn from notions ob-
scured by time; his *wit* is therefore *single*, such as none has any
part in but himself. JOHNSON.

“Single” is *poor, weak*. *Single beer* is the weakest kind of
malt liquor, A. B.

And,

And, like a gallant in the brow of youth¹,
Repairs him with occasion?

Henry VI. P. 2, A. 5, S. 3.

¹ — gallant in the brow of youth.] The brow of youth is an expression not very easily explained. I read, the *blow of youth*—the blossom, the spring. JOHNSON.

The *brow of youth* is the *height* of youth, as the brow of a hill is its summit. STEEVENS.

“Brow of youth.” We may, perhaps, read *browse of youth*. The metaphor from the *browse wood*, or early shoots of trees.

A. B.

F I N I S.



BOSER & MIHM
JNH. LUDWIG MIHM
BUCHBINDEI
MÜNCHEN
ERSTRASSE 4



Becket, Andrew,

Concordance to Shakespeare

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